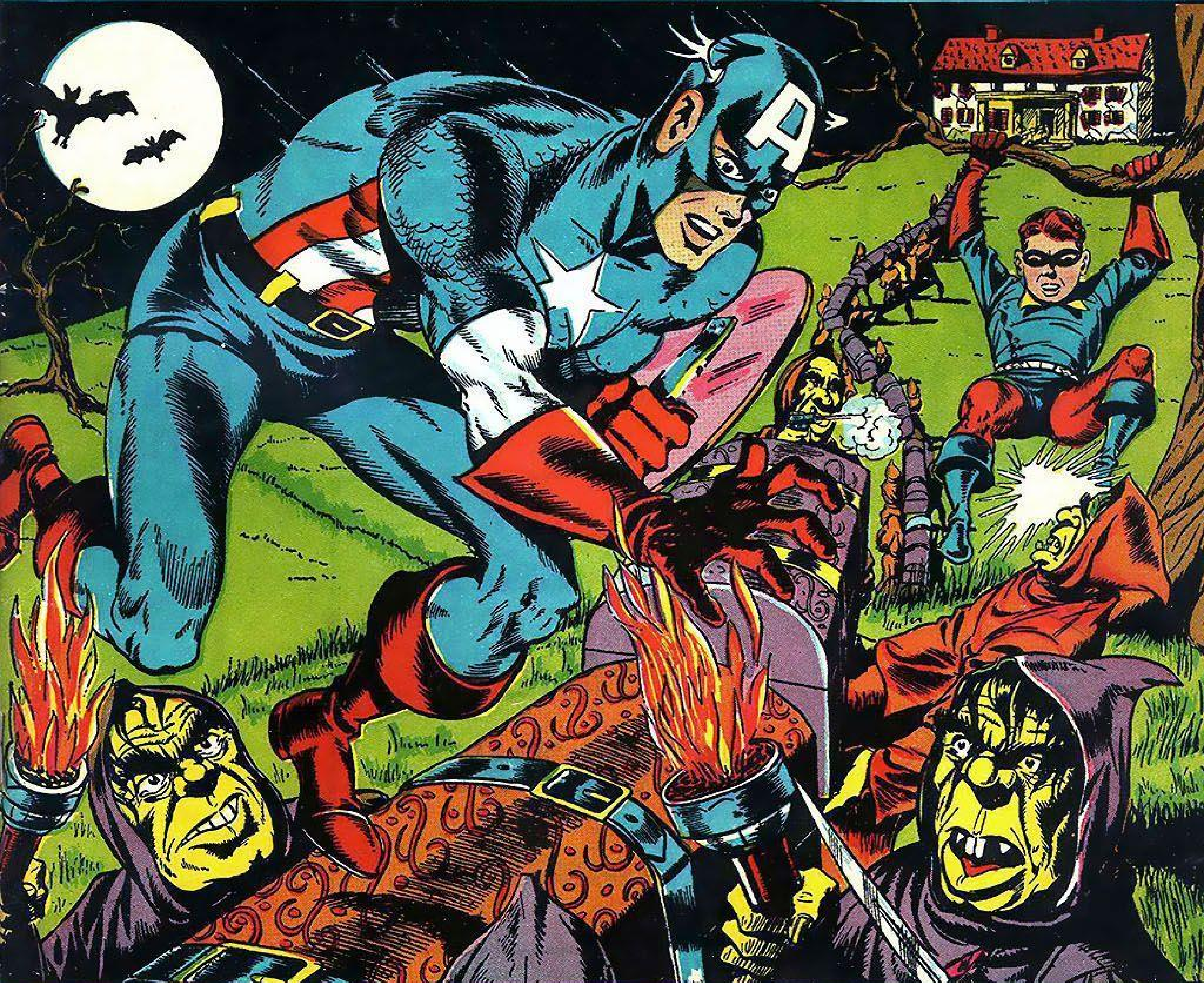
NO. 19

CAPTAIN AMERICA

10¢

OCTOBER

COMICS



Plus

THE HUMAN TORCH

IN THIS ISSUE!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

NEW! DIFFERENT! EXCITING!

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Stan Lee,
Managing Editor

Number 19

Al Avison,
Associate Editor

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BUY
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The Greatest

COMIC

MAGAZINE

in America!

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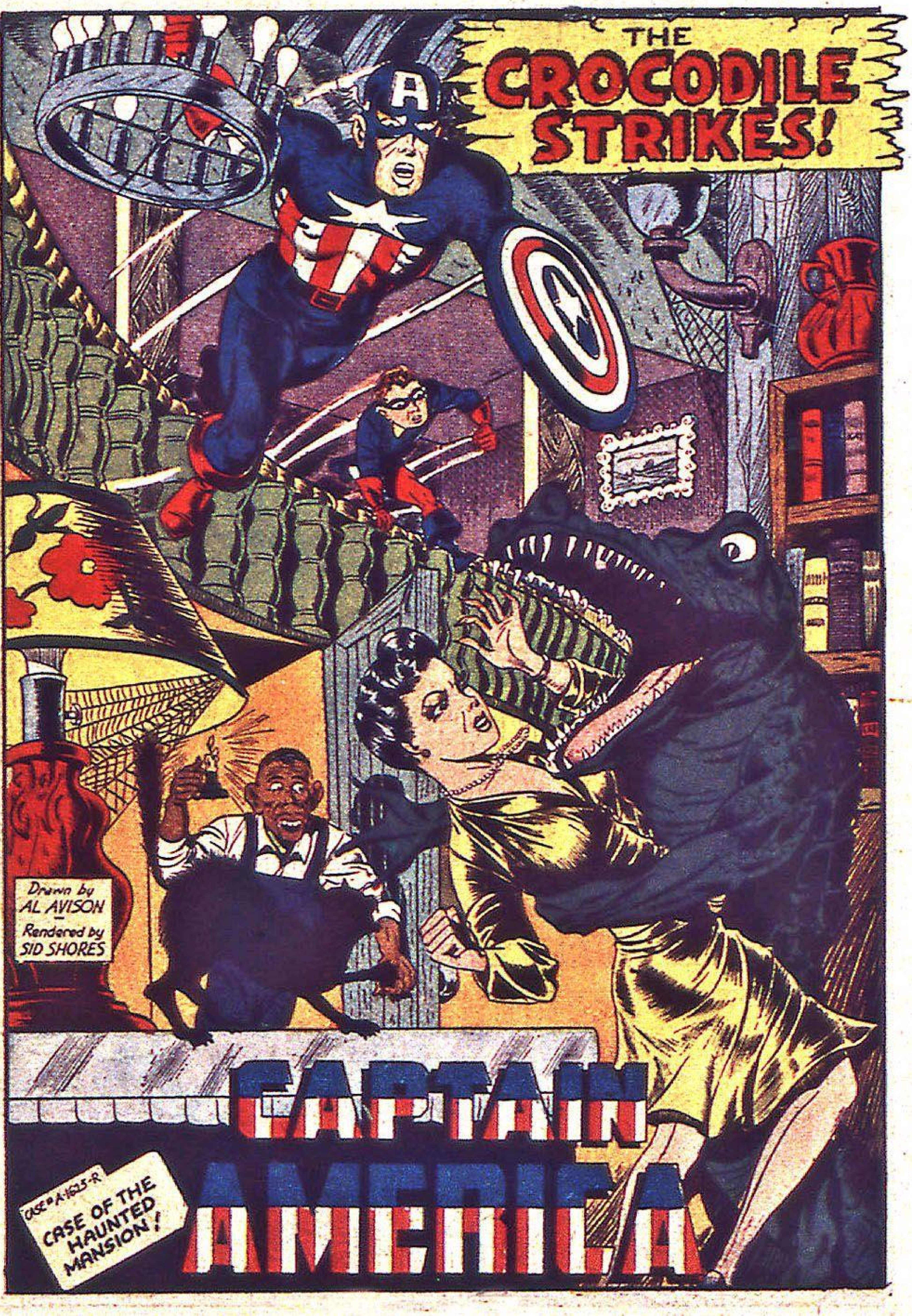
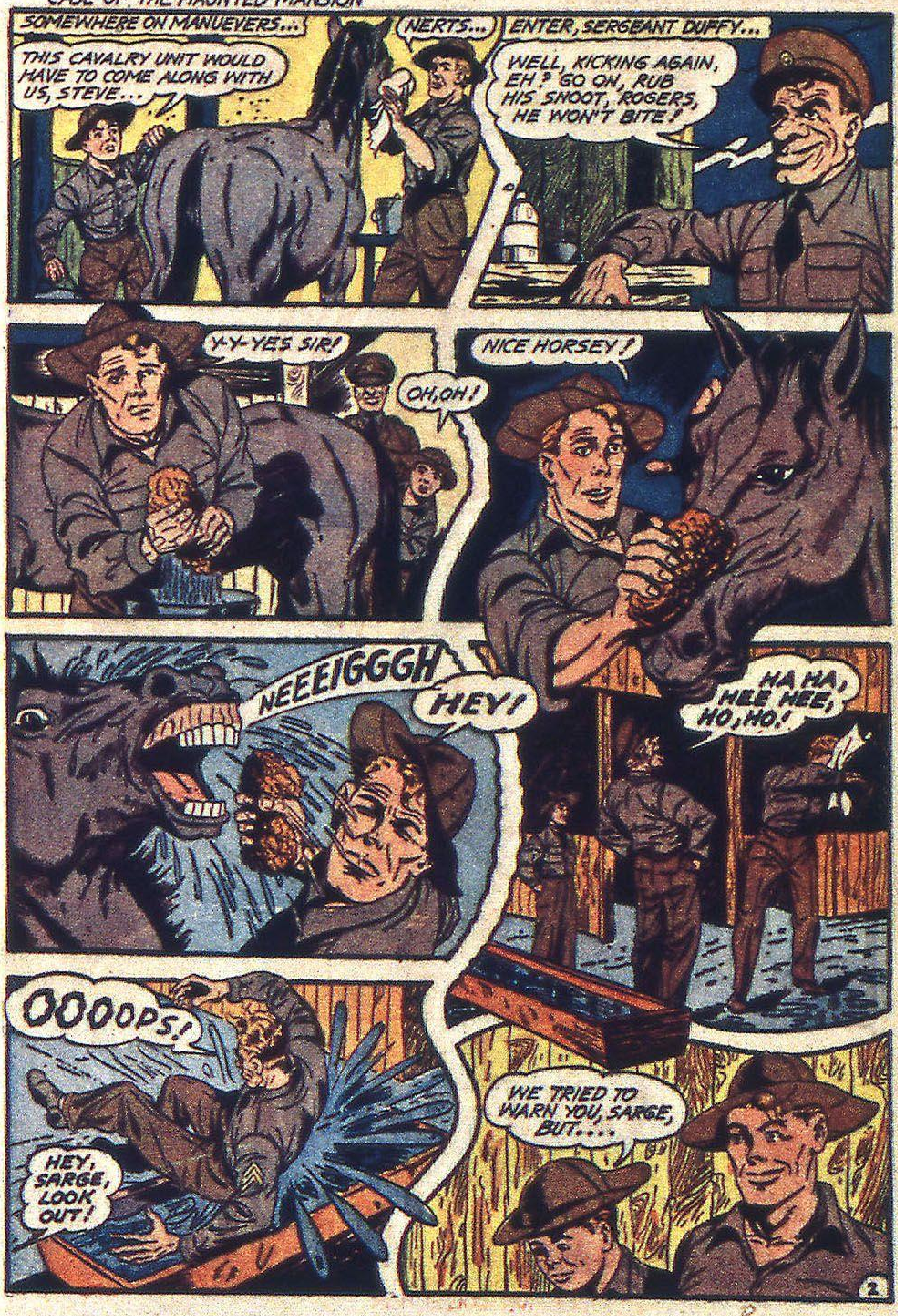
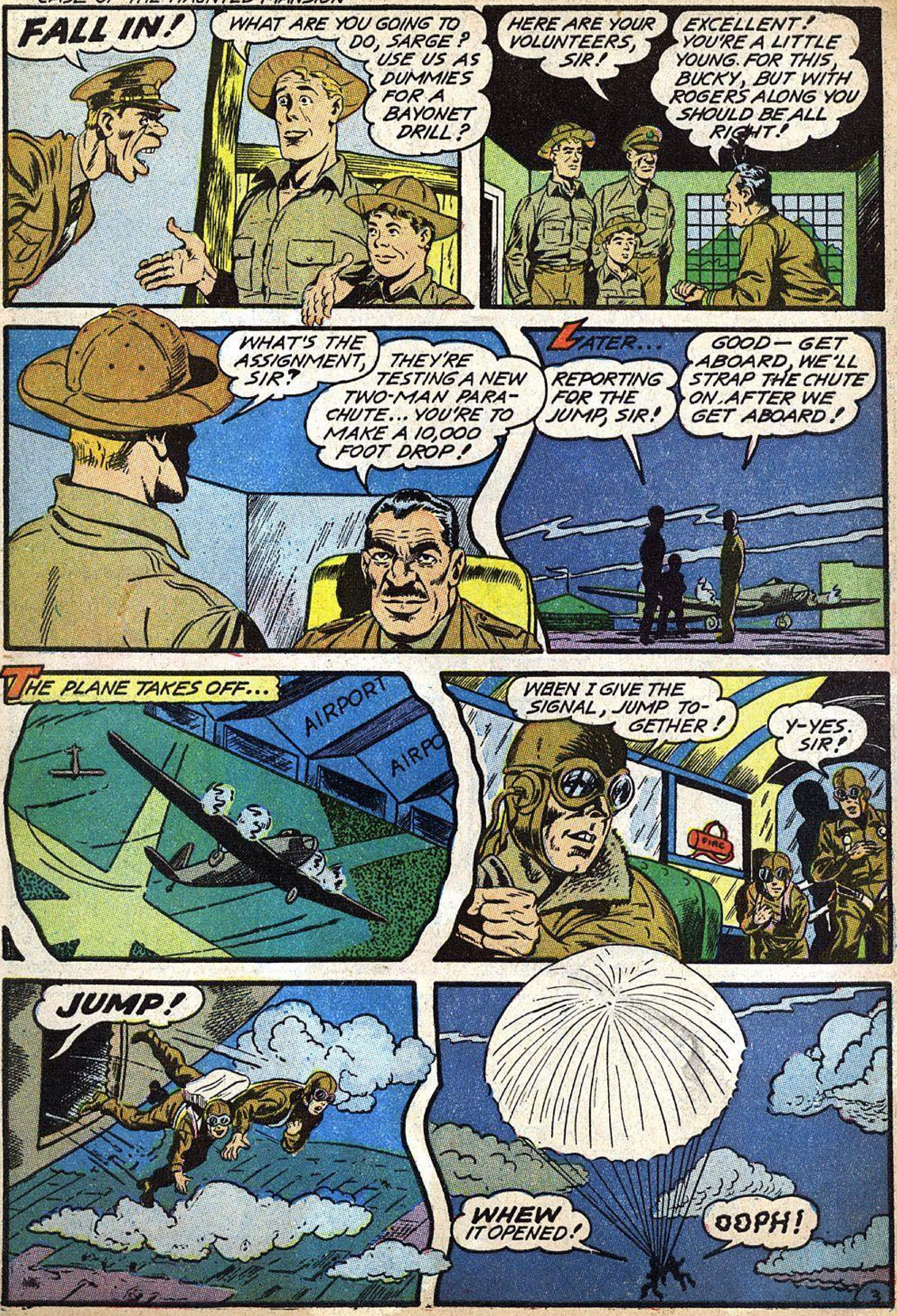
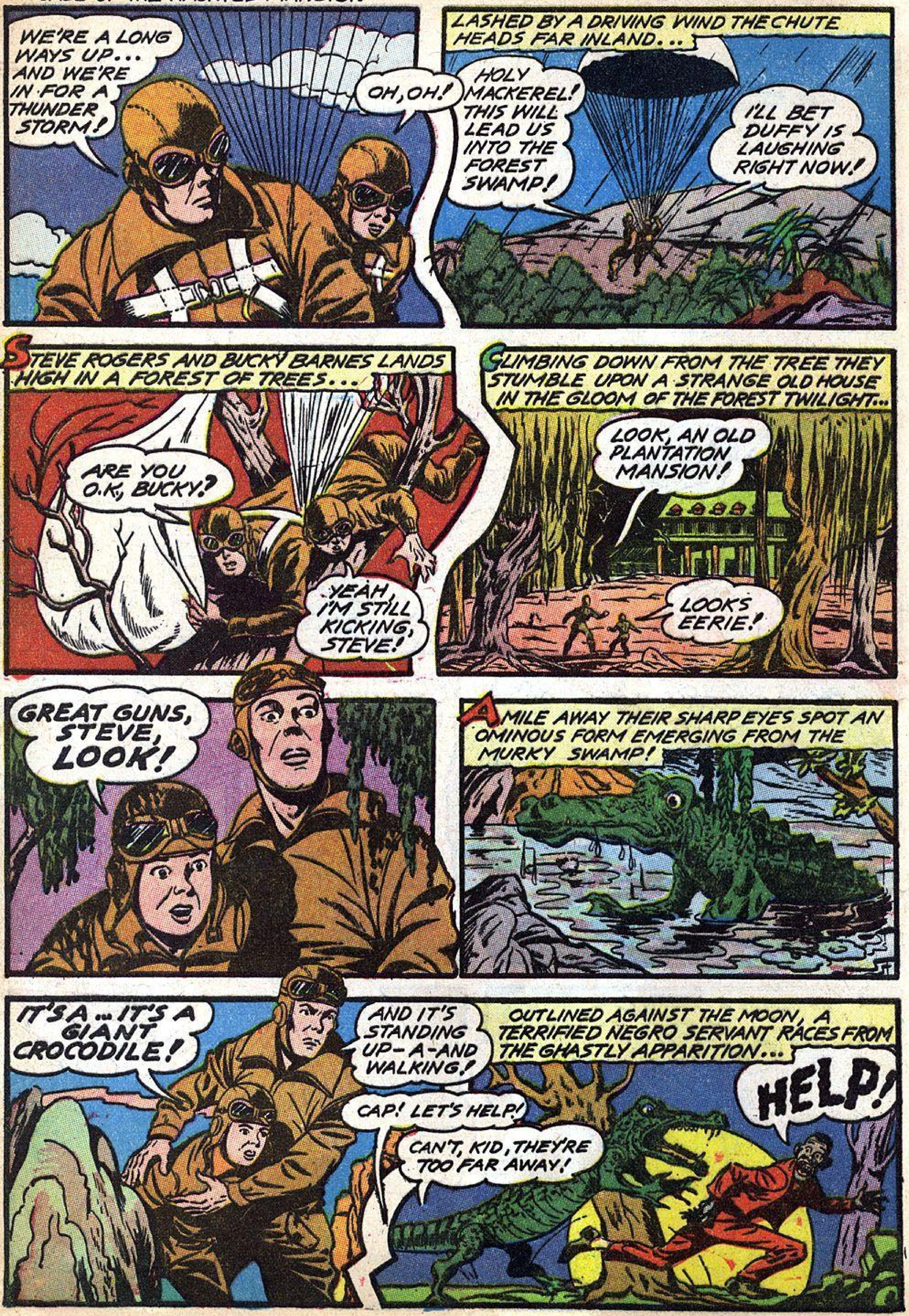
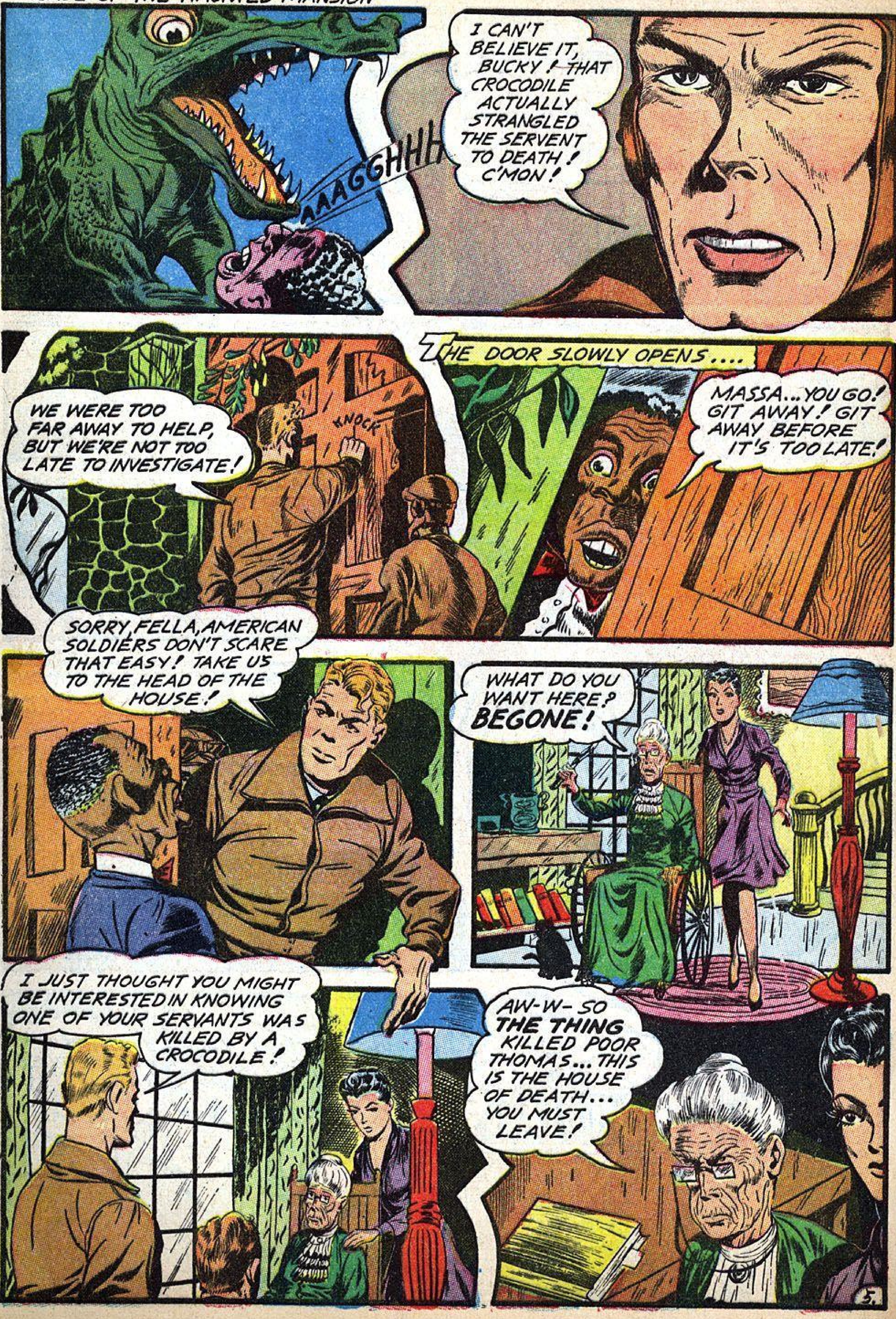
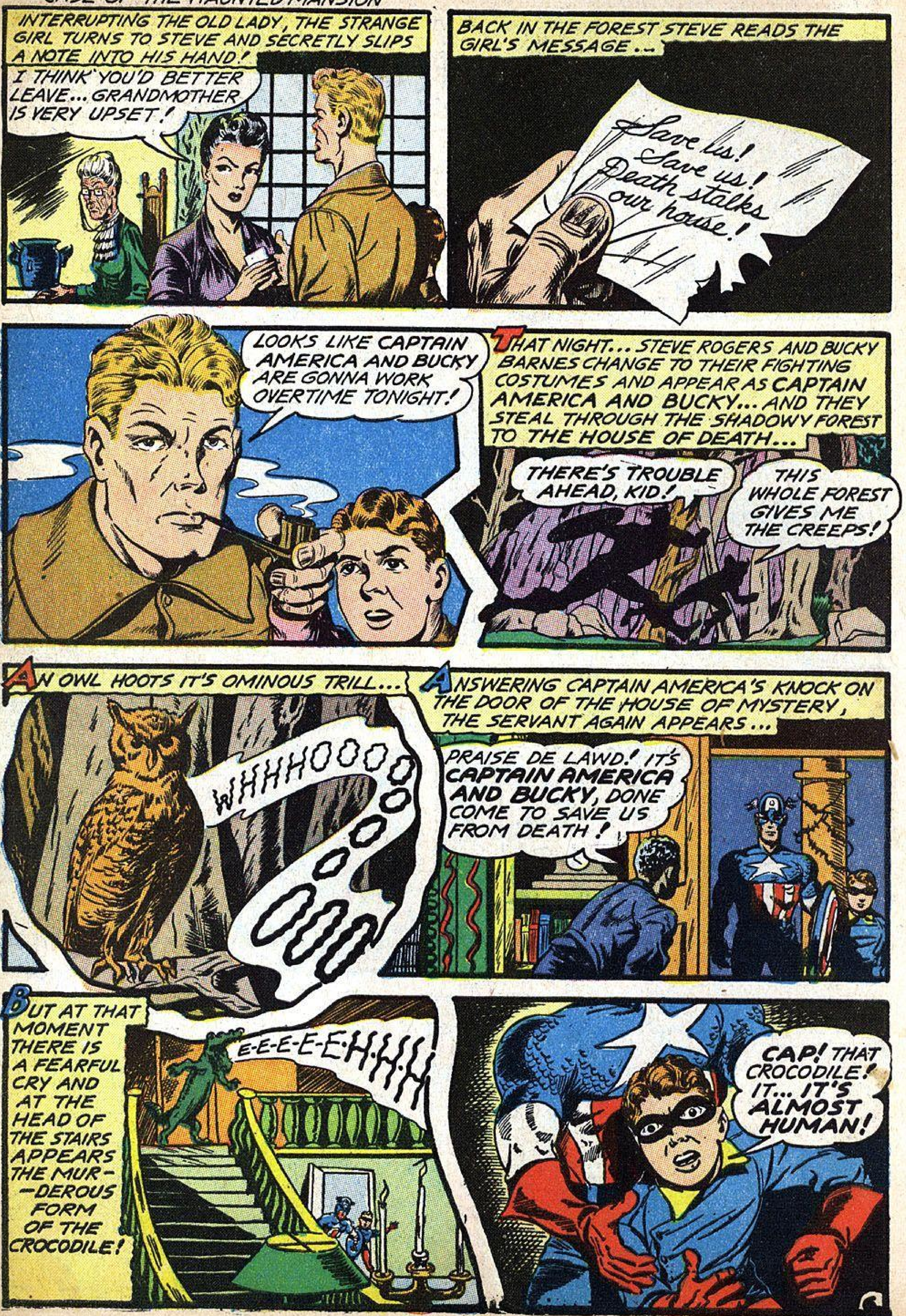

THE CROCODILE STRIKES!
Drawn by AL AVISON — Rendered by SID SHORES
CAPTAIN AMERICA
CASE # A-1625-R
CASE OF THE HAUNTED MANSION!

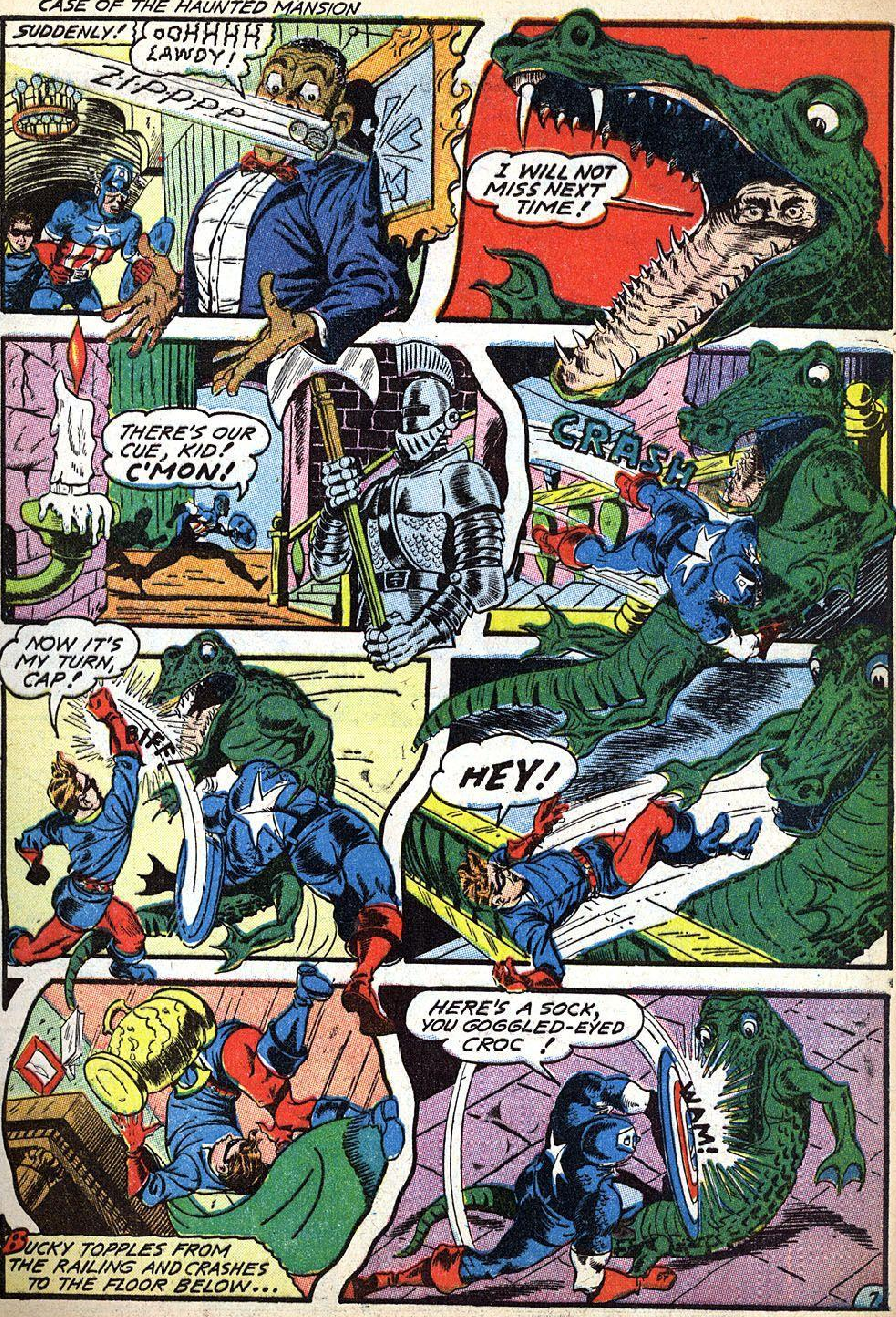

SOMEWHERE ON MANUEVERS...
THIS CAVALRY UNIT WOULD HAVE TO COME ALONG WITH US, STEVE...
NERTS...
ENTER, SERGEANT DUFFY...
WELL, KICKING AGAIN, EH? GO ON, RUB HIS SNOOT, ROGERS, HE WON'T BITE!
Y-Y-YES SIR!
OH, OH!
NICE HORSEY!
NEEEIGGGH
HEY!
HA HA, HEE HEE, HO, HO!
OOOOOPS!
HEY, SARGE, LOOK OUT!
WE TRIED TO WARN YOU, SARGE, BUT....

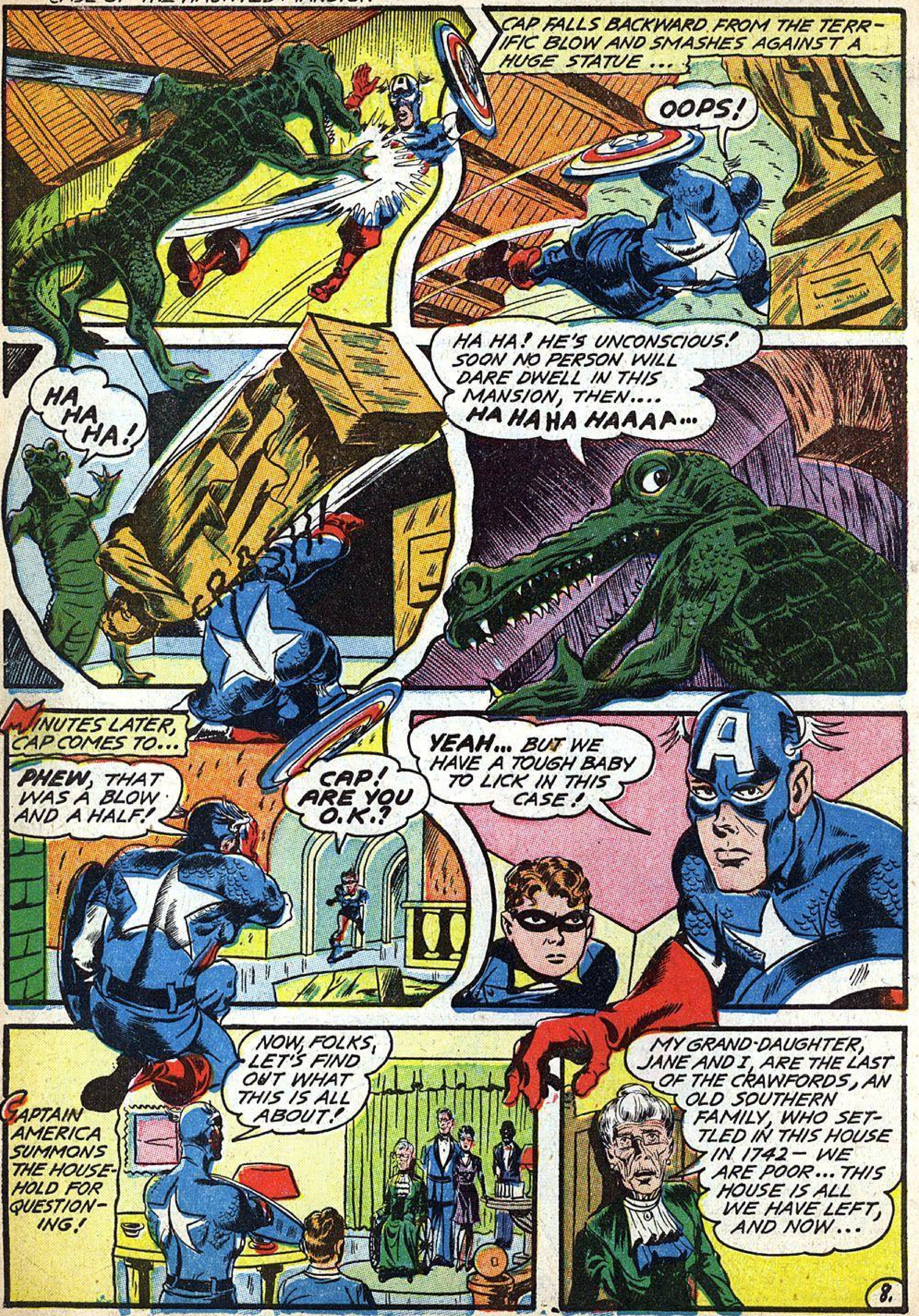

FALL IN!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, SARGE? USE US AS DUMMIES FOR A BAYONET DRILL?
HERE ARE YOUR VOLUNTEERS, SIR!
EXCELLENT! YOU'RE A LITTLE YOUNG FOR THIS, BUCKY, BUT WITH ROGERS ALONG YOU SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT!
WHAT'S THE ASSIGNMENT, SIR?
THEY'RE TESTING A NEW TWO-MAN PARACHUTE... YOU'RE TO MAKE A 10,000 FOOT DROP!
LATER...
REPORTING FOR THE JUMP, SIR!
GOOD— GET ABOARD, WE'LL STRAP THE CHUTE ON AFTER WE GET ABOARD!
THE PLANE TAKES OFF...
AIRPORT
AIRPO
WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, JUMP TOGETHER!
Y-YES. SIR!
FIRE
JUMP!
WHEW IT OPENED!
OOPH!

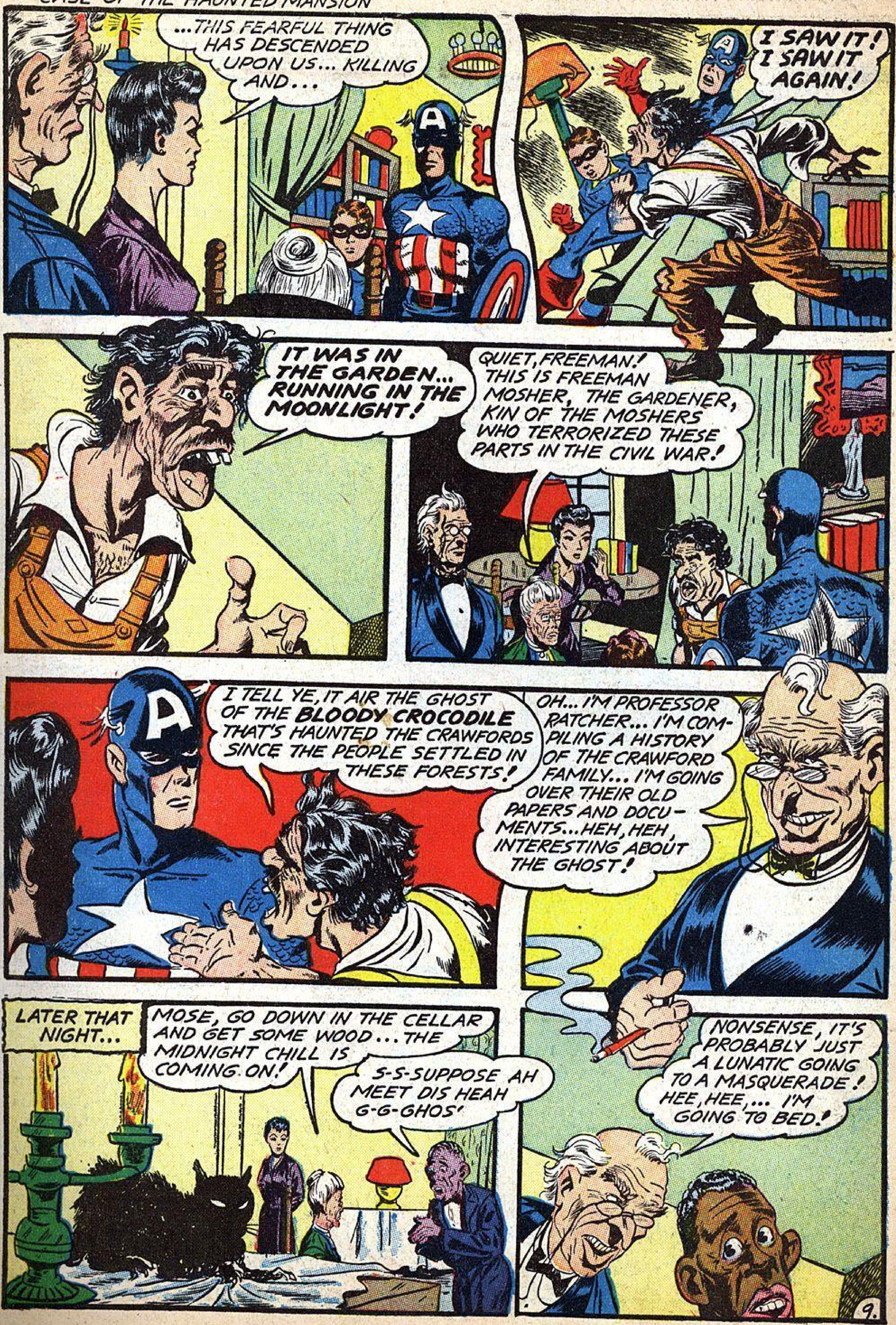

WE'RE A LONG WAYS UP... AND WE'RE IN FOR A THUNDER STORM!
OH, OH!
LASHED BY A DRIVING WIND THE CHUTE HEADS FAR INLAND...
HOLY MACKEREL! THIS WILL LEAD US INTO THE FOREST SWAMP!
I'LL BET DUFFY IS LAUGHING RIGHT NOW!
STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES LANDS HIGH IN A FOREST OF TREES...
ARE YOU O.K, BUCKY?
YEAH, I'M STILL KICKING, STEVE!
CLIMBING DOWN FROM THE TREE THEY STUMBLE UPON A STRANGE OLD HOUSE IN THE GLOOM OF THE FOREST TWILIGHT...
LOOK, AN OLD PLANTATION MANSION!
LOOKS EERIE!
GREAT GUNS, STEVE, LOOK!
A MILE AWAY THEIR SHARP EYES SPOT AN OMINOUS FORM EMERGING FROM THE MURKY SWAMP!
IT'S A... IT'S A GIANT CROCODILE!
AND IT'S STANDING UP-A-AND WALKING!
OUTLINED AGAINST THE MOON, A TERRIFIED NEGRO SERVANT RACES FROM THE GHASTLY APPARITION...
HELP!
CAP! LET'S HELP!
CAN'T, KID, THEY'RE TOO FAR AWAY!

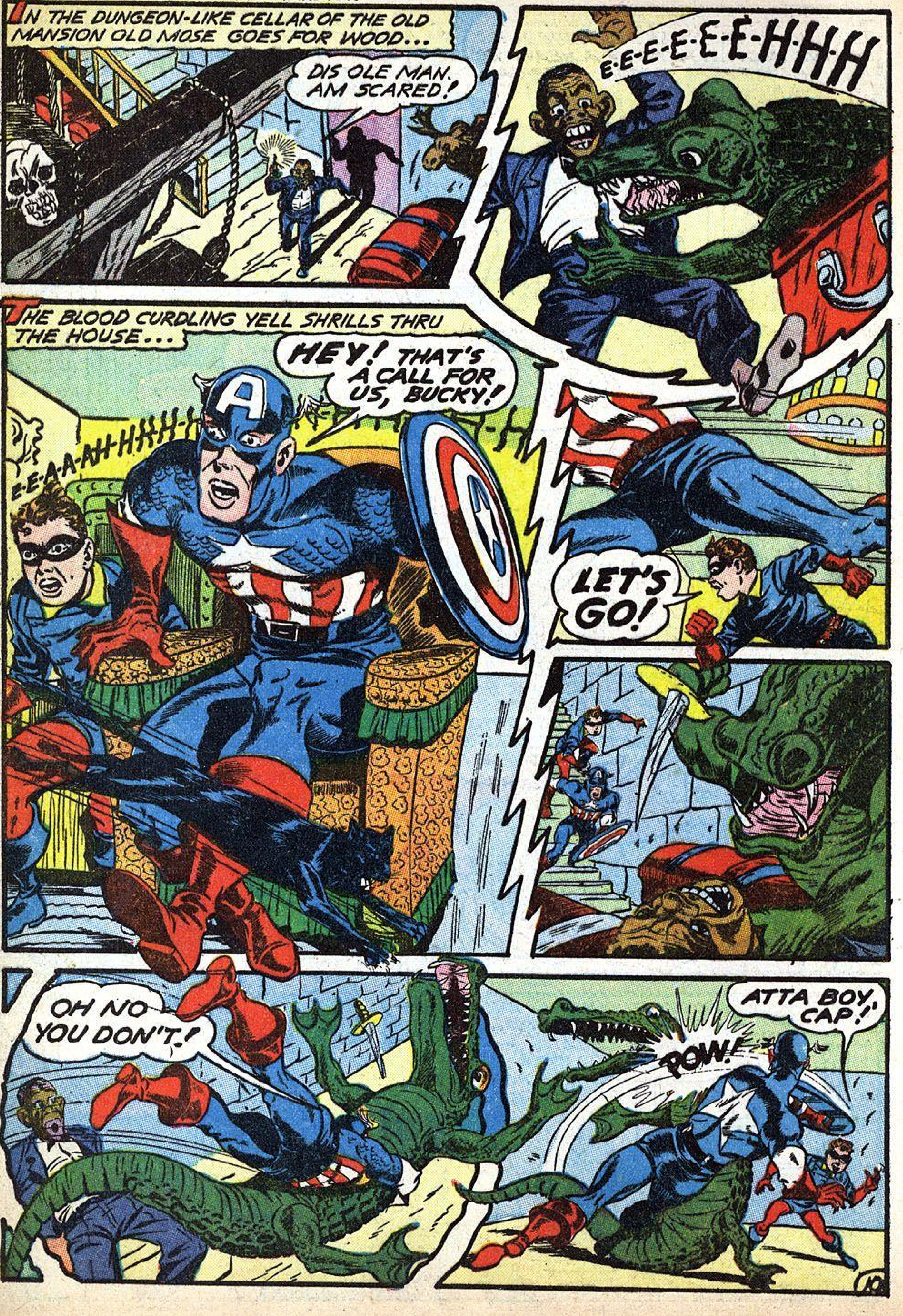

AAAGGHHH
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, BUCKY! THAT CROCODILE ACTUALLY STRANGLED THE SERVENT TO DEATH! C'MON!
WE WERE TOO FAR AWAY TO HELP, BUT WE'RE NOT TOO LATE TO INVESTIGATE!
KNOCK
THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS....
MASSA...YOU GO! GIT AWAY! GIT AWAY BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
SORRY, FELLA, AMERICAN SOLDIERS DON'T SCARE THAT EASY! TAKE US TO THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE!
WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE? BEGONE!
I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN KNOWING ONE OF YOUR SERVANTS WAS KILLED BY A CROCODILE!
AW-W- SO THE THING KILLED POOR THOMAS...THIS IS THE HOUSE OF DEATH... YOU MUST LEAVE!

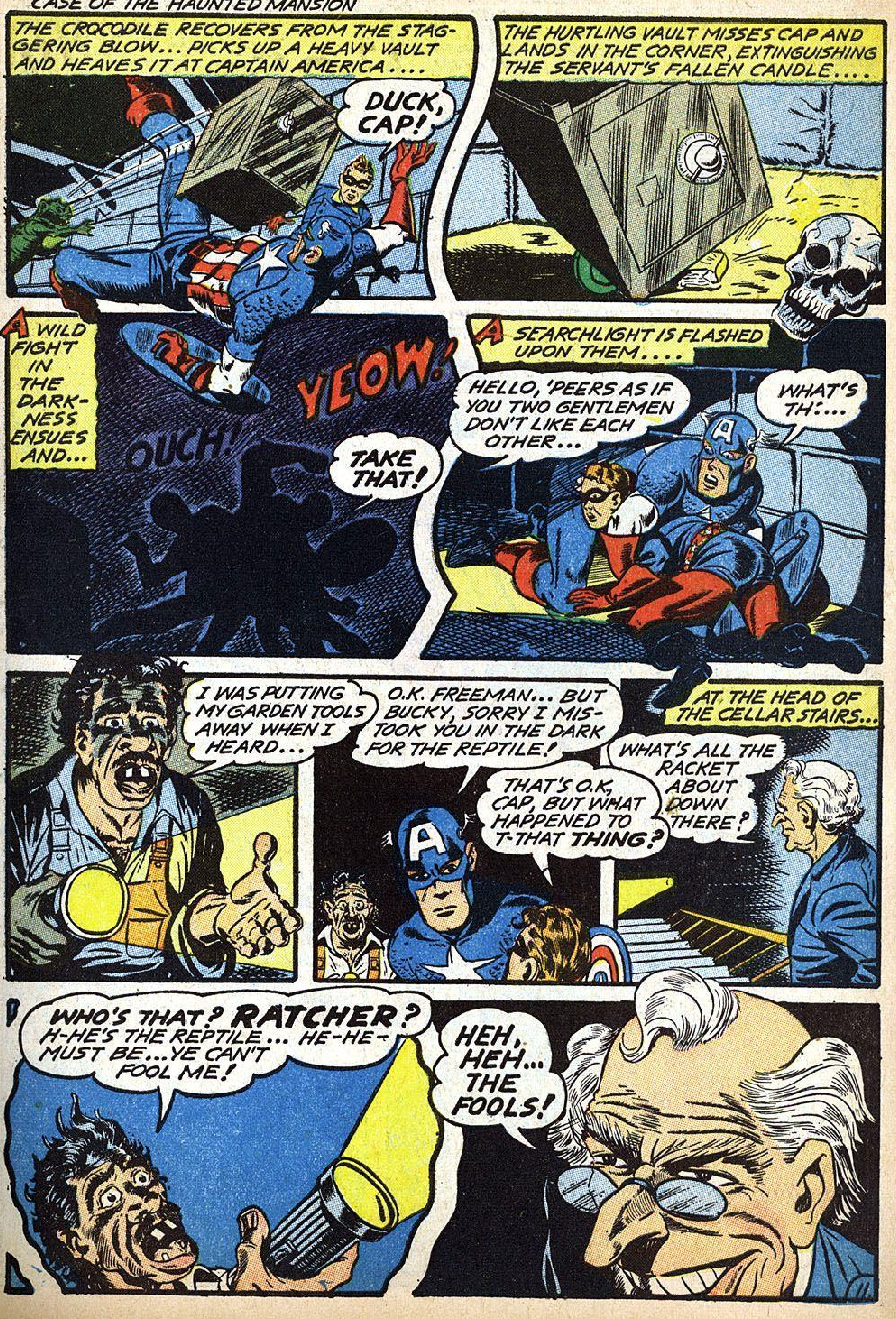

INTERRUPTING THE OLD LADY, THE STRANGE GIRL TURNS TO STEVE AND SECRETLY SLIPS A NOTE INTO HIS HAND!
I THINK YOU'D BETTER LEAVE... GRANDMOTHER IS VERY UPSET!
BACK IN THE FOREST STEVE READS THE GIRL'S MESSAGE...
Save us! Save us! Death stalks our house!
LOOKS LIKE CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARE GONNA WORK OVERTIME TONIGHT!
THAT NIGHT... STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES CHANGE TO THEIR FIGHTING COSTUMES AND APPEAR AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY... AND THEY STEAL THROUGH THE SHADOWY FOREST TO THE HOUSE OF DEATH...
THERE'S TROUBLE AHEAD, KID!
THIS WHOLE FOREST GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
AN OWL HOOTS IT'S OMINOUS TRILL...
WHHHOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
ANSWERING CAPTAIN AMERICA'S KNOCK ON THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY, THE SERVANT AGAIN APPEARS...
PRAISE DE LAWD! IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY, DONE COME TO SAVE US FROM DEATH!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT THERE IS A FEARFUL CRY AND AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS APPEARS THE MURDEROUS FORM OF THE CROCODILE!
E-E-E-E-E-H-H-H-H
CAP! THAT CROCODILE! IT... IT'S ALMOST HUMAN!

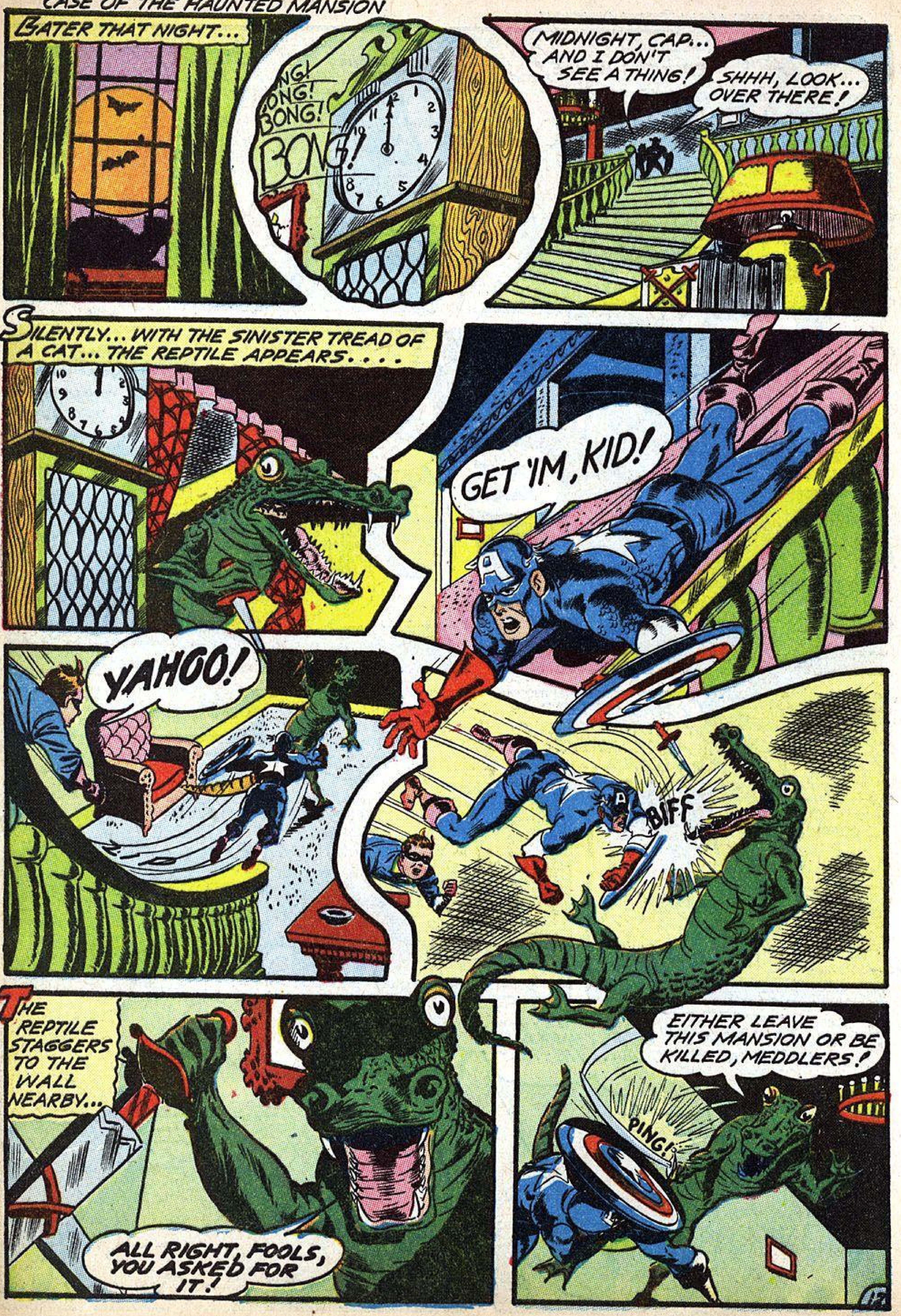

SUDDENLY!
OOHHHHH LAWDY!
Z-I-P-P-P-P
I WILL NOT MISS NEXT TIME!
THERE'S OUR CUE, KID! C'MON!
CRASH
NOW IT'S MY TURN, CAP!
BIFF!
HEY!
BUCKY TOPPLES FROM THE RAILING AND CRASHES TO THE FLOOR BELOW...
HERE'S A SOCK, YOU GOGGLED-EYED CROC!
WAM!

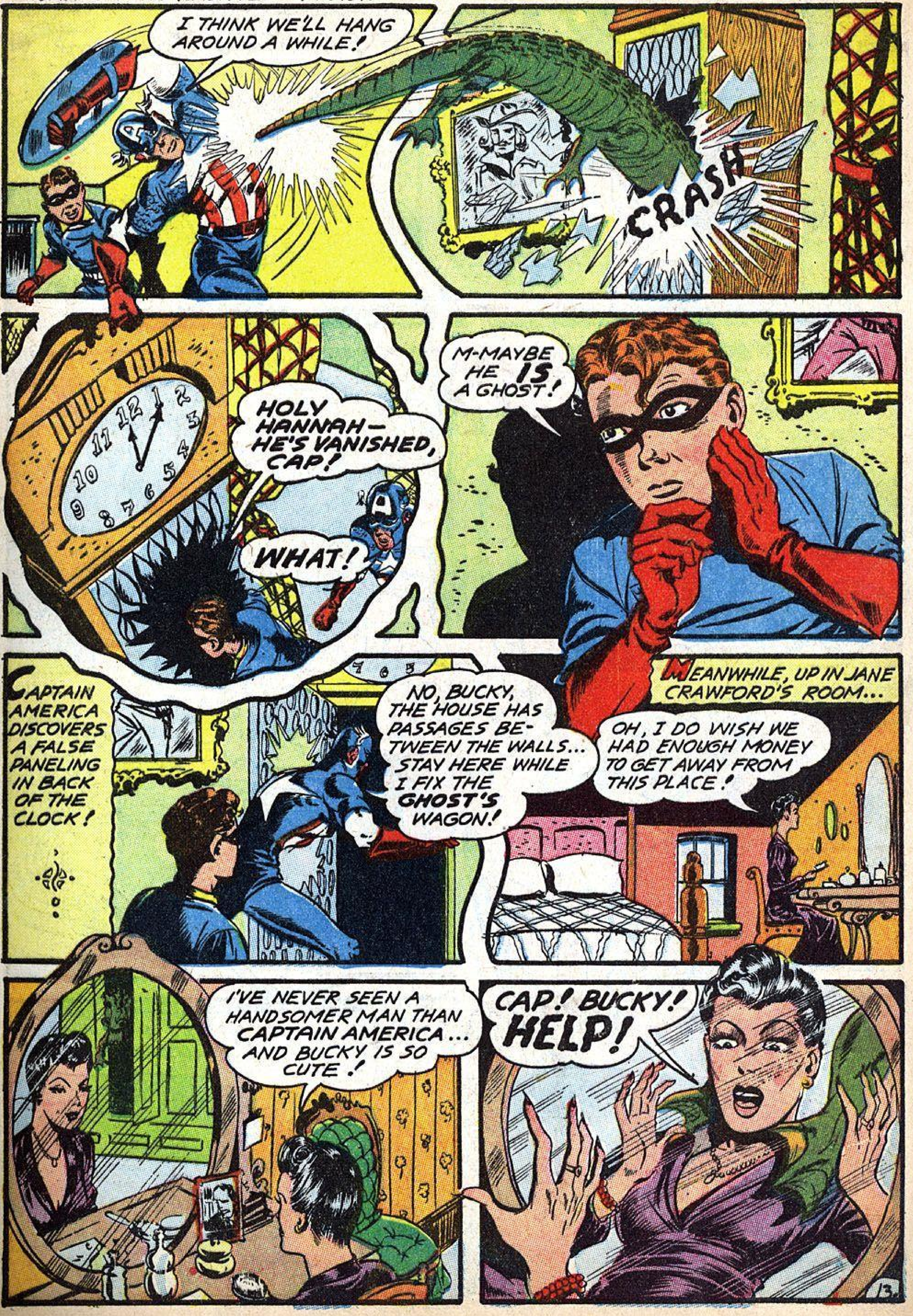

CAP FALLS BACKWARD FROM THE TERRIFIC BLOW AND SMASHES AGAINST A HUGE STATUE ...
OOPS!
HA HA HA!
HA HA! HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! SOON NO PERSON WILL DARE DWELL IN THIS MANSION, THEN.... HA HA HA HA HAAAA...
MINUTES LATER, CAP COMES TO...
PHEW, THAT WAS A BLOW AND A HALF!
CAP! ARE YOU O.K.?
YEAH... BUT WE HAVE A TOUGH BABY TO LICK IN THIS CASE!
CAPTAIN AMERICA SUMMONS THE HOUSEHOLD FOR QUESTIONING!
NOW, FOLKS, LET'S FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
MY GRAND-DAUGHTER, JANE AND I, ARE THE LAST OF THE CRAWFORDS, AN OLD SOUTHERN FAMILY, WHO SETTLED IN THIS HOUSE IN 1742 – WE ARE POOR... THIS HOUSE IS ALL WE HAVE LEFT, AND NOW...

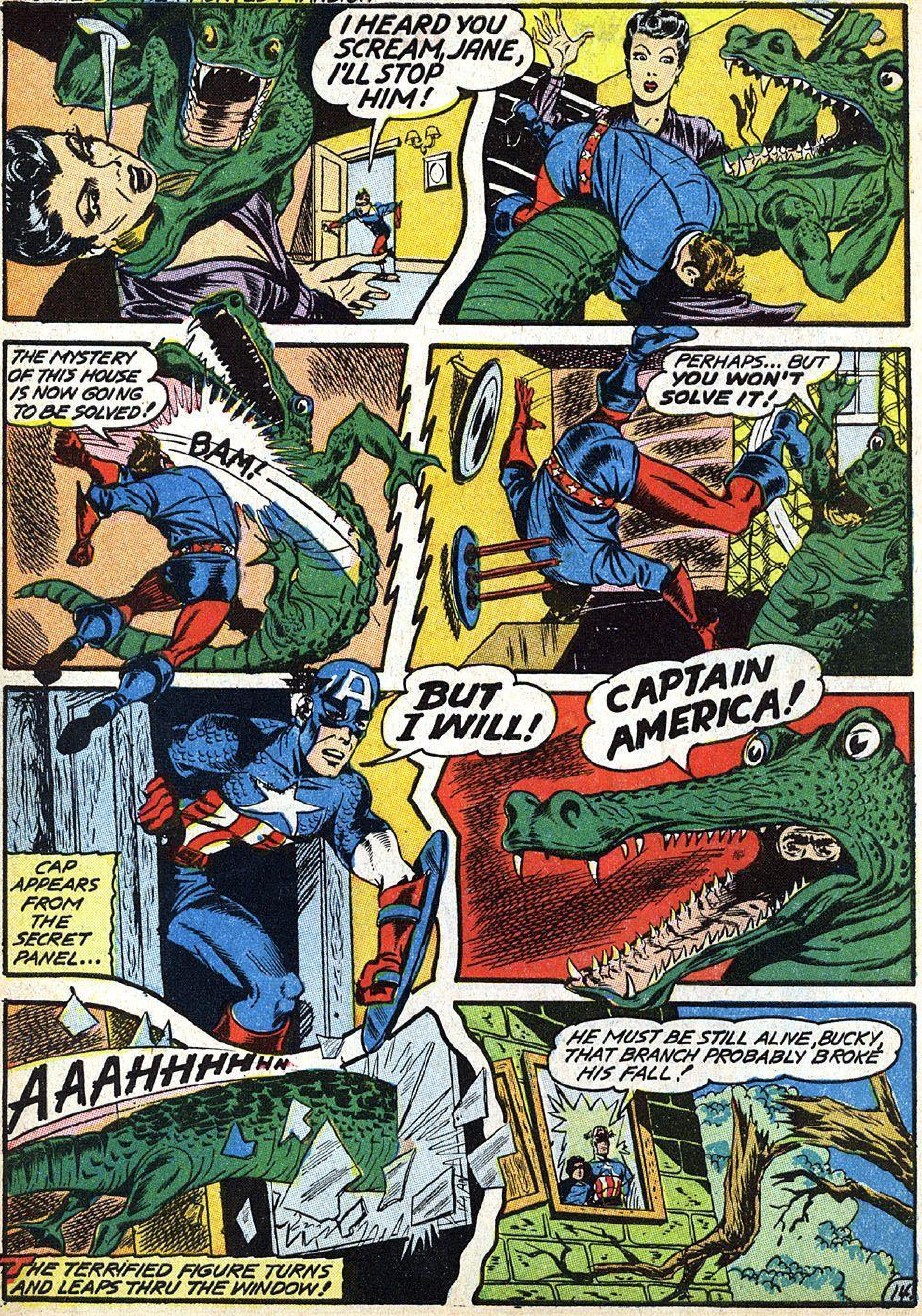

...THIS FEARFUL THING HAS DESCENDED UPON US... KILLING AND...
I SAW IT! I SAW IT AGAIN!
IT WAS IN THE GARDEN... RUNNING IN THE MOONLIGHT!
QUIET, FREEMAN! THIS IS FREEMAN MOSHER, THE GARDENER, KIN OF THE MOSHERS WHO TERRORIZED THESE PARTS IN THE CIVIL WAR!
I TELL YE, IT AIR THE GHOST OF THE BLOODY CROCODILE THAT'S HAUNTED THE CRAWFORDS SINCE THE PEOPLE SETTLED IN THESE FORESTS!
OH... I'M PROFESSOR RATCHER... I'M COMPILING A HISTORY OF THE CRAWFORD FAMILY... I'M GOING OVER THEIR OLD PAPERS AND DOCUMENTS...HEH, HEH, INTERESTING ABOUT THE GHOST!
LATER THAT NIGHT...
MOSE, GO DOWN IN THE CELLAR AND GET SOME WOOD... THE MIDNIGHT CHILL IS COMING ON!
S-S-SUPPOSE AH MEET DIS HEAH G-G-GHOS'
NONSENSE, IT'S PROBABLY JUST A LUNATIC GOING TO A MASQUERADE! HEE, HEE,... I'M GOING TO BED!

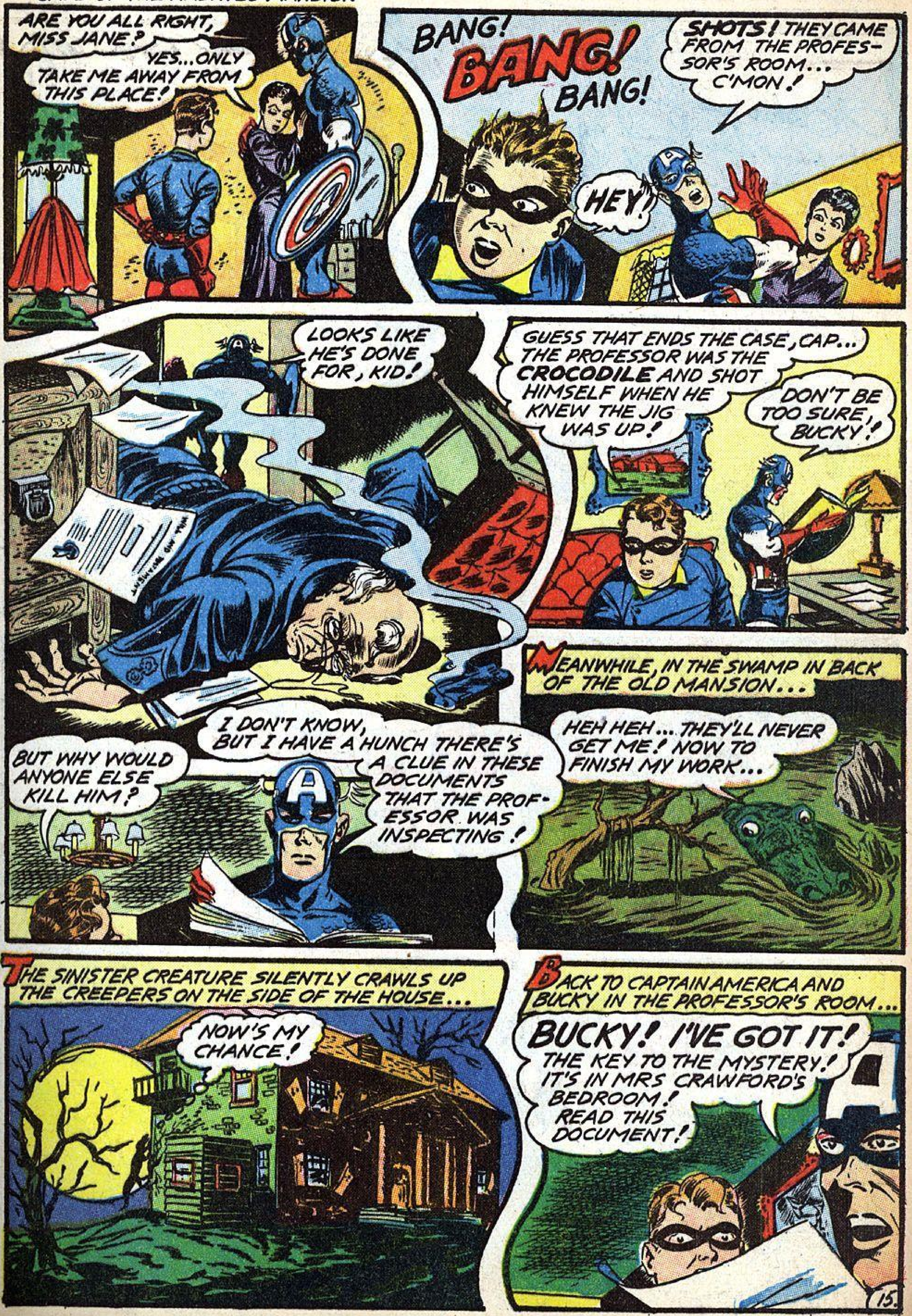

IN THE DUNGEON-LIKE CELLAR OF THE OLD MANSION OLD MOSE GOES FOR WOOD...
DIS OLE MAN AM SCARED!
E-E-E-E-E-E-H-H-H-H
THE BLOOD CURDLING YELL SHRILLS THRU THE HOUSE...
HEY! THAT'S A CALL FOR US, BUCKY!
E-E-A-A-AH-HHHH-H-H-H
LET'S GO!
OH NO YOU DON'T!
POW!
ATTA BOY, CAP!

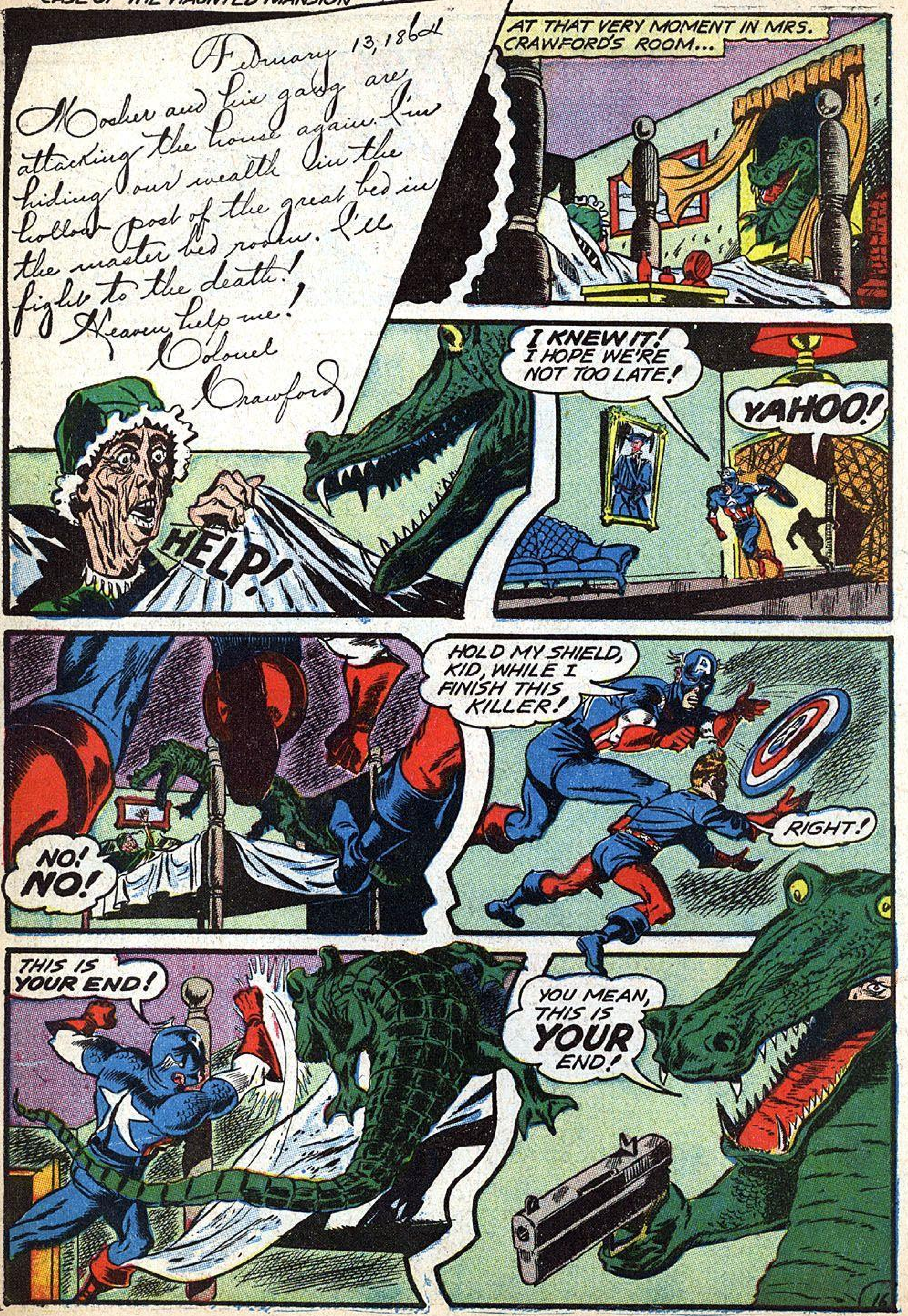

THE CROCODILE RECOVERS FROM THE STAGGERING BLOW... PICKS UP A HEAVY VAULT AND HEAVES IT AT CAPTAIN AMERICA....
DUCK, CAP!
THE HURTLING VAULT MISSES CAP AND LANDS IN THE CORNER, EXTINGUISHING THE SERVANT'S FALLEN CANDLE....
A WILD FIGHT IN THE DARKNESS ENSUES AND...
YEOW!
OUCH!
TAKE THAT!
A SEARCHLIGHT IS FLASHED UPON THEM....
HELLO, 'PEERS AS IF YOU TWO GENTLEMEN DON'T LIKE EACH OTHER...
WHAT'S TH'...
I WAS PUTTING MY GARDEN TOOLS AWAY WHEN I HEARD...
O.K. FREEMAN... BUT BUCKY, SORRY I MISTOOK YOU IN THE DARK FOR THE REPTILE!
AT THE HEAD OF THE CELLAR STAIRS...
WHAT'S ALL THE RACKET ABOUT DOWN THERE?
THAT'S O.K, CAP, BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO T-THAT THING?
WHO'S THAT? RATCHER? H-HE'S THE REPTILE... HE-HE-MUST BE...YE CAN'T FOOL ME!
HEH, HEH... THE FOOLS!


LATER THAT NIGHT...
BONG! BONG! BONG! BONG!
MIDNIGHT, CAP... AND I DON'T SEE A THING!
SHHH, LOOK... OVER THERE!
SILENTLY... WITH THE SINISTER TREAD OF A CAT... THE REPTILE APPEARS....
GET 'IM, KID!
YAHOO!
BIFF
THE REPTILE STAGGERS TO THE WALL NEARBY...
ALL RIGHT, FOOLS, YOU ASKED FOR IT!
EITHER LEAVE THIS MANSION OR BE KILLED, MEDDLERS!
PING!


I THINK WE'LL HANG AROUND A WHILE!
CRASH
HOLY HANNAH— HE'S VANISHED, CAP!
WHAT!
M-MAYBE HE **IS** A GHOST!
CAPTAIN AMERICA DISCOVERS A FALSE PANELING IN BACK OF THE CLOCK!
NO, BUCKY, THE HOUSE HAS PASSAGES BETWEEN THE WALLS... STAY HERE WHILE I FIX THE **GHOST'S** WAGON!
MEANWHILE, UP IN JANE CRAWFORD'S ROOM...
OH, I DO WISH WE HAD ENOUGH MONEY TO GET AWAY FROM THIS PLACE!
I'VE NEVER SEEN A HANDSOMER MAN THAN CAPTAIN AMERICA... AND BUCKY IS SO CUTE!
CAP! BUCKY! **HELP!**

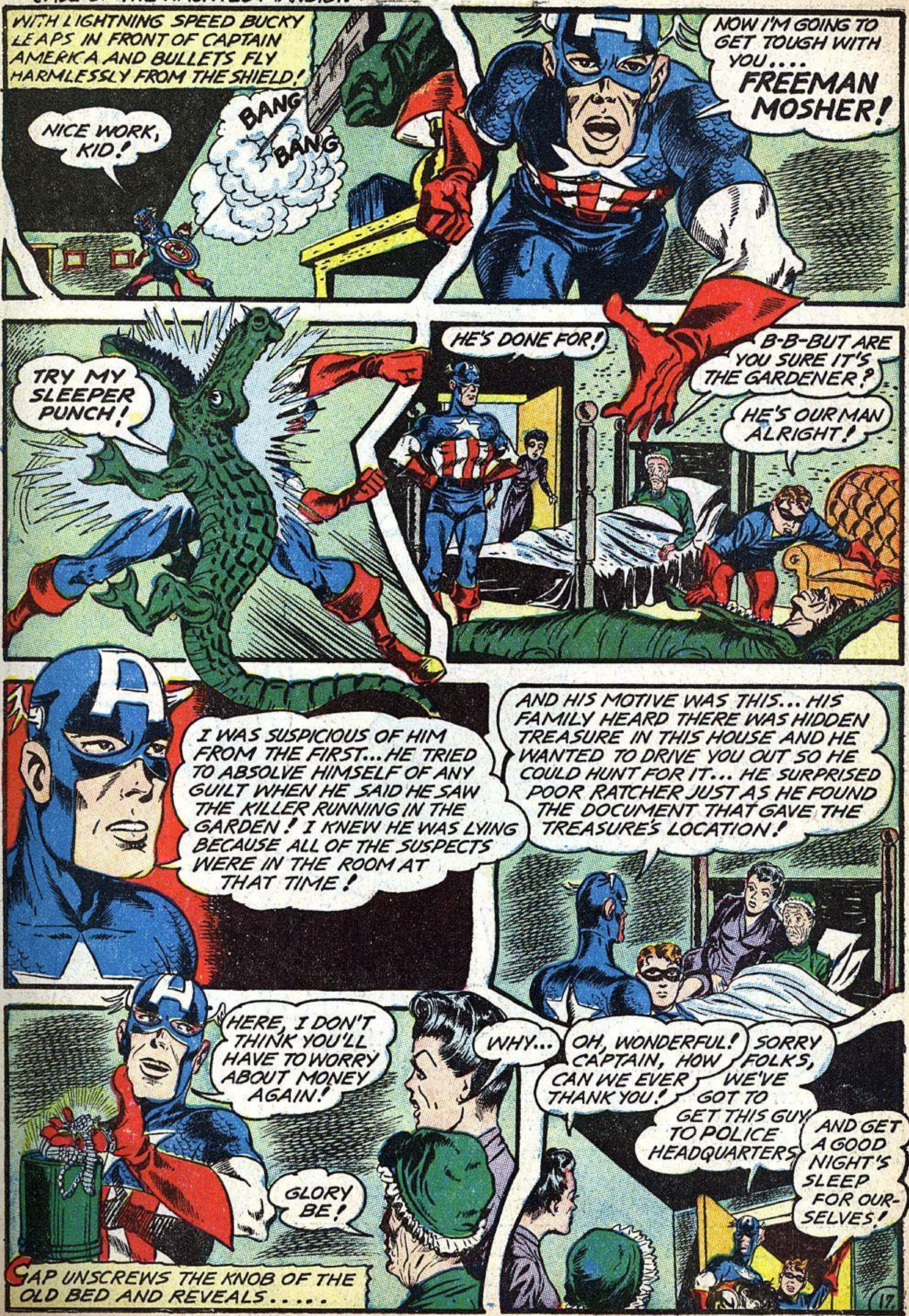

I HEARD YOU SCREAM, JANE, I'LL STOP HIM!
THE MYSTERY OF THIS HOUSE IS NOW GOING TO BE SOLVED!
BAM!
PERHAPS... BUT YOU WON'T SOLVE IT!
BUT I WILL!
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
CAP APPEARS FROM THE SECRET PANEL...
AAAHHHHHH
THE TERRIFIED FIGURE TURNS AND LEAPS THRU THE WINDOW!
HE MUST BE STILL ALIVE, BUCKY, THAT BRANCH PROBABLY BROKE HIS FALL!

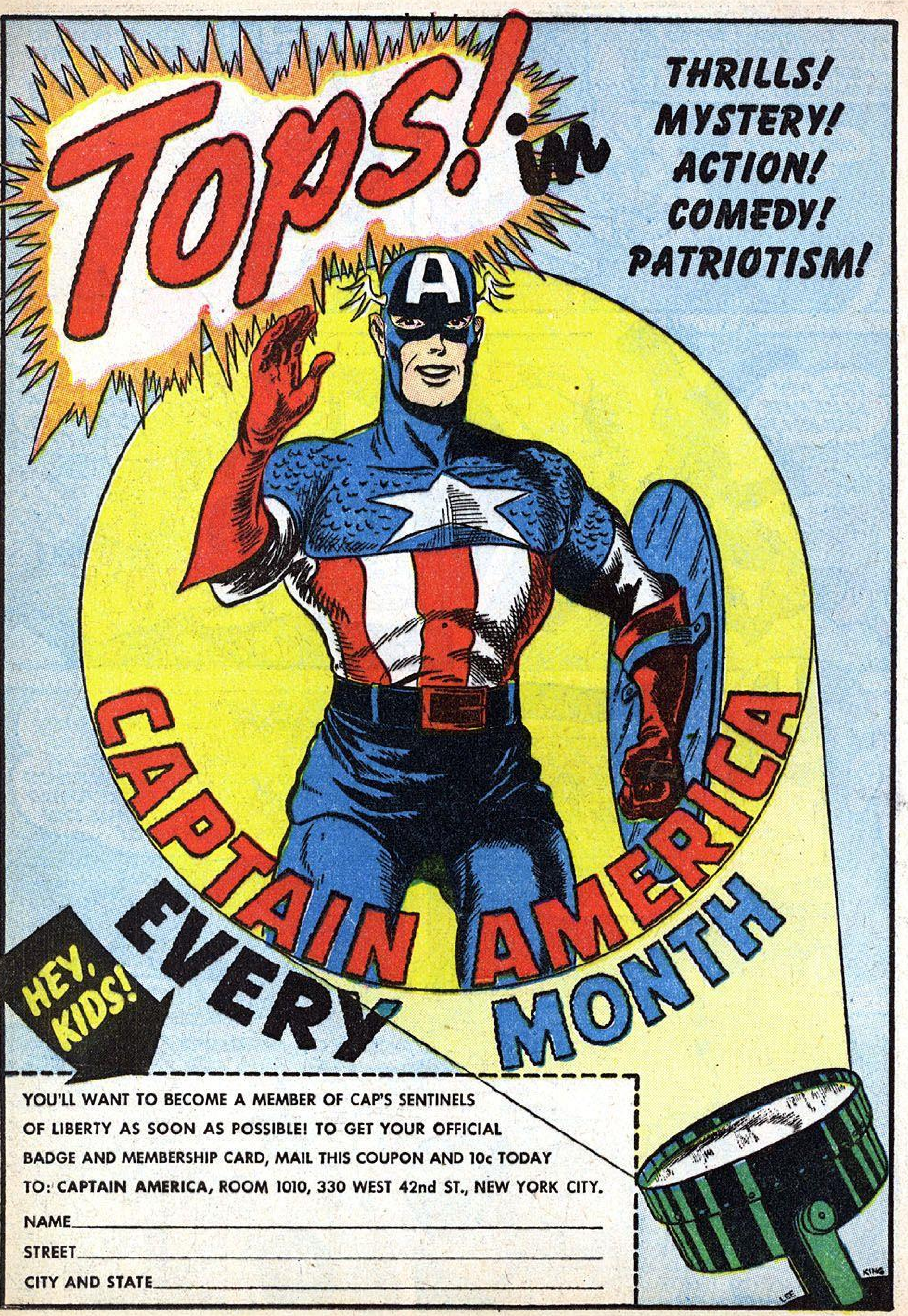

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS JANE?
YES... ONLY TAKE ME AWAY FROM THIS PLACE!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
SHOTS! THEY CAME FROM THE PROFESSOR'S ROOM... C'MON!
HEY!
LOOKS LIKE HE'S DONE FOR, KID!
GUESS THAT ENDS THE CASE, CAP... THE PROFESSOR WAS THE CROCODILE AND SHOT HIMSELF WHEN HE KNEW THE JIG WAS UP!
DON'T BE TOO SURE, BUCKY!
BUT WHY WOULD ANYONE ELSE KILL HIM?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I HAVE A HUNCH THERE'S A CLUE IN THESE DOCUMENTS THAT THE PROFESSOR WAS INSPECTING!
MEANWHILE, IN THE SWAMP IN BACK OF THE OLD MANSION...
HEH HEH... THEY'LL NEVER GET ME! NOW TO FINISH MY WORK...
THE SINISTER CREATURE SILENTLY CRAWLS UP THE CREEPERS ON THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE...
NOW'S MY CHANCE!
BACK TO CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY IN THE PROFESSOR'S ROOM...
BUCKY! I'VE GOT IT! THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY! IT'S IN MRS CRAWFORD'S BEDROOM! READ THIS DOCUMENT!



February 13, 1864
Mosher and his gang are attacking the house again. I'm hiding our wealth in the hollow post of the great bed in the master bed room. I'll fight to the death!
Heaven help me!
Colonel Crawford

AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN MRS. CRAWFORD'S ROOM...
HELP!
I KNEW IT! I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
YAHOO!
NO! NO!
HOLD MY SHIELD, KID, WHILE I FINISH THIS KILLER!
RIGHT!
THIS IS YOUR END!
YOU MEAN, THIS IS YOUR END!


WITH LIGHTNING SPEED BUCKY LEAPS IN FRONT OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BULLETS FLY HARMLESSLY FROM THE SHIELD!
NICE WORK, KID!
BANG
BANG
NOW I'M GOING TO GET TOUGH WITH YOU.... FREEMAN MOSHER!
TRY MY SLEEPER PUNCH!
HE'S DONE FOR!
B-B-BUT ARE YOU SURE IT'S THE GARDENER?
HE'S OUR MAN ALRIGHT!
I WAS SUSPICIOUS OF HIM FROM THE FIRST... HE TRIED TO ABSOLVE HIMSELF OF ANY GUILT WHEN HE SAID HE SAW THE KILLER RUNNING IN THE GARDEN! I KNEW HE WAS LYING BECAUSE ALL OF THE SUSPECTS WERE IN THE ROOM AT THAT TIME!
AND HIS MOTIVE WAS THIS... HIS FAMILY HEARD THERE WAS HIDDEN TREASURE IN THIS HOUSE AND HE WANTED TO DRIVE YOU OUT SO HE COULD HUNT FOR IT... HE SURPRISED POOR RATCHER JUST AS HE FOUND THE DOCUMENT THAT GAVE THE TREASURE'S LOCATION!
HERE, I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MONEY AGAIN!
WHY...
GLORY BE!
CAP UNSCREWS THE KNOB OF THE OLD BED AND REVEALS.....
OH, WONDERFUL! CAPTAIN, HOW CAN WE EVER THANK YOU!
SORRY FOLKS, WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS GUY TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS
AND GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP FOR OURSELVES!


Tops! in
THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
HEY, KIDS!
EVERY MONTH
KING
LEE

YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY.

NAME_______________________________

STREET_______________________________

CITY AND STATE_______________________________

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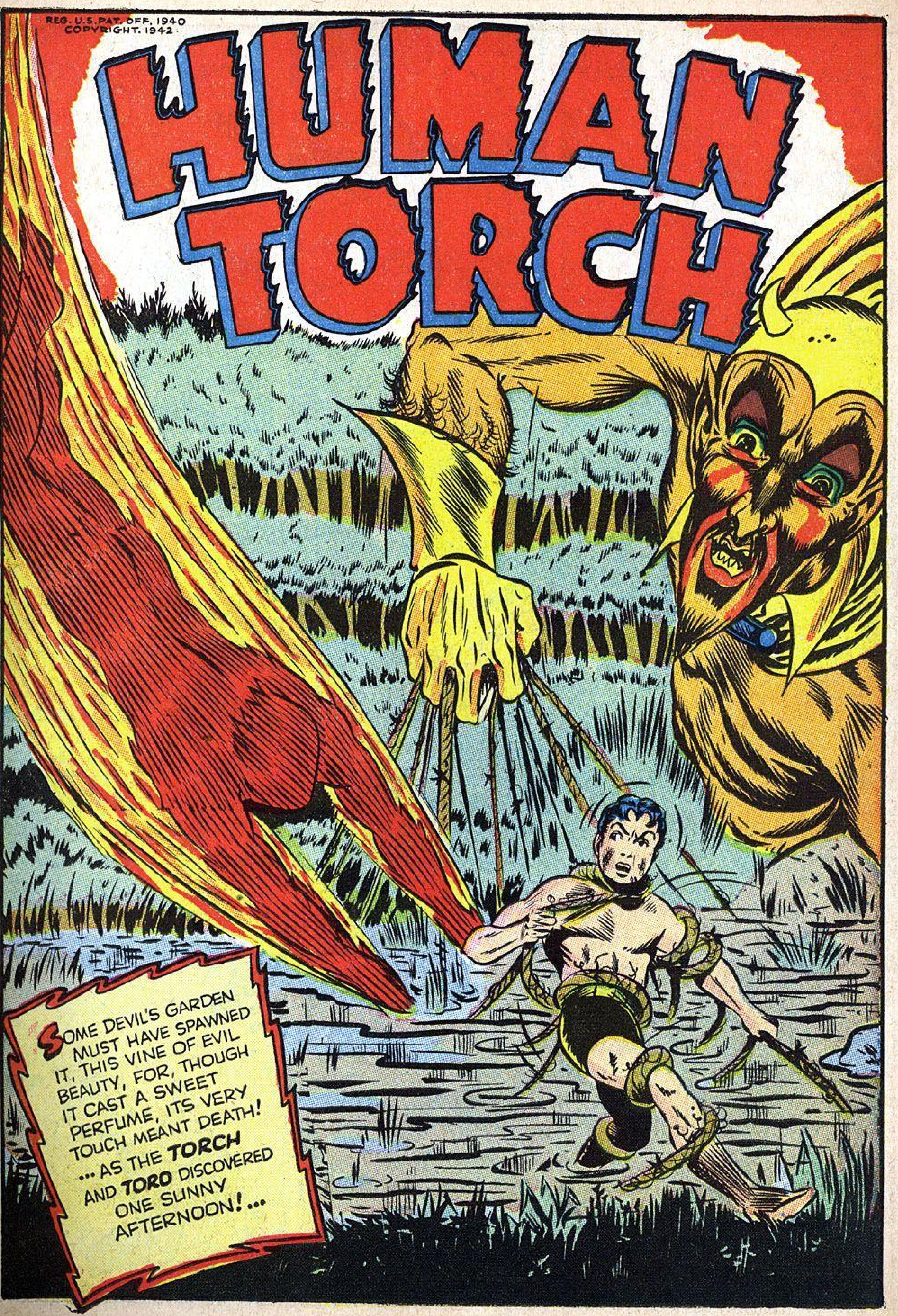
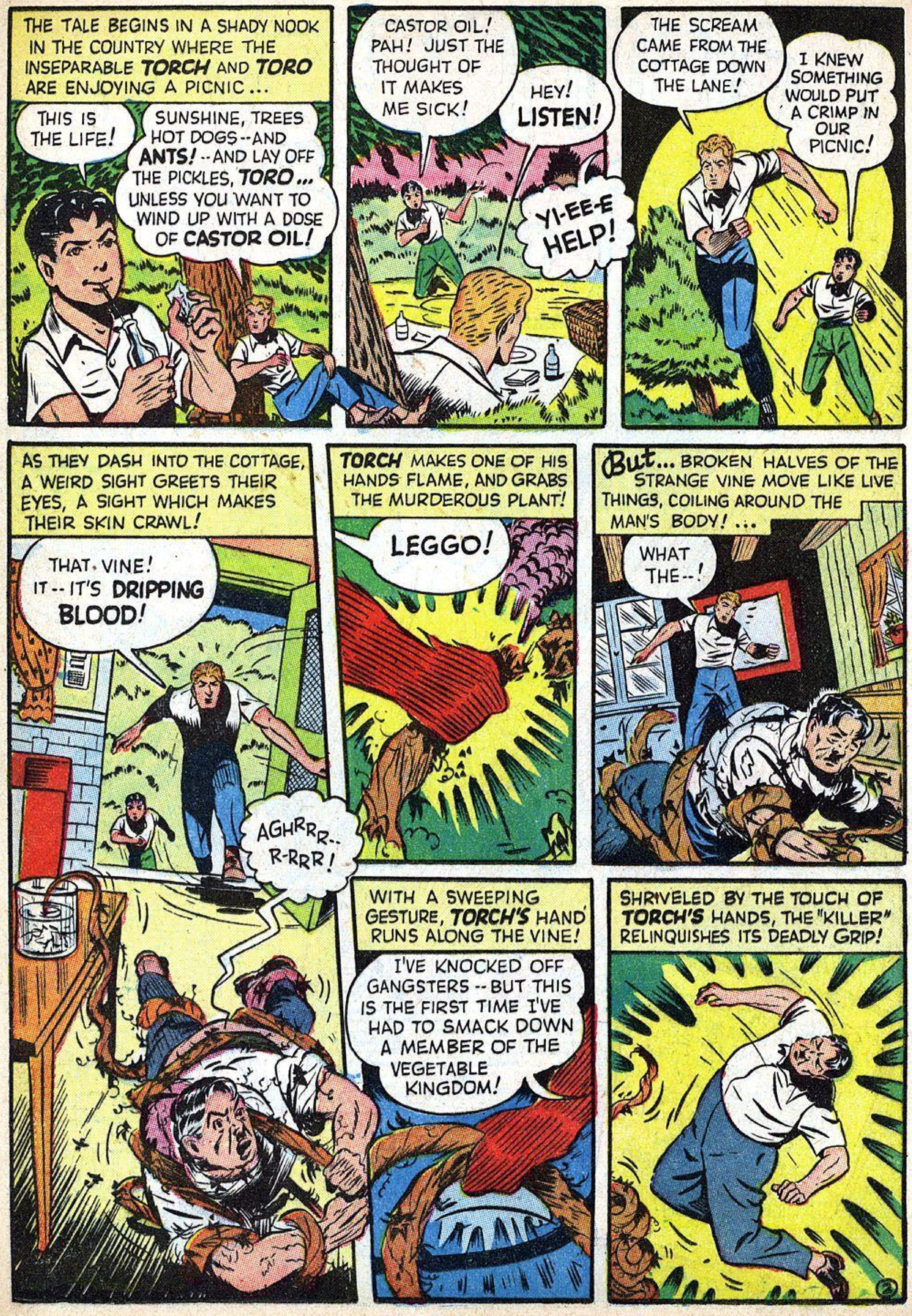
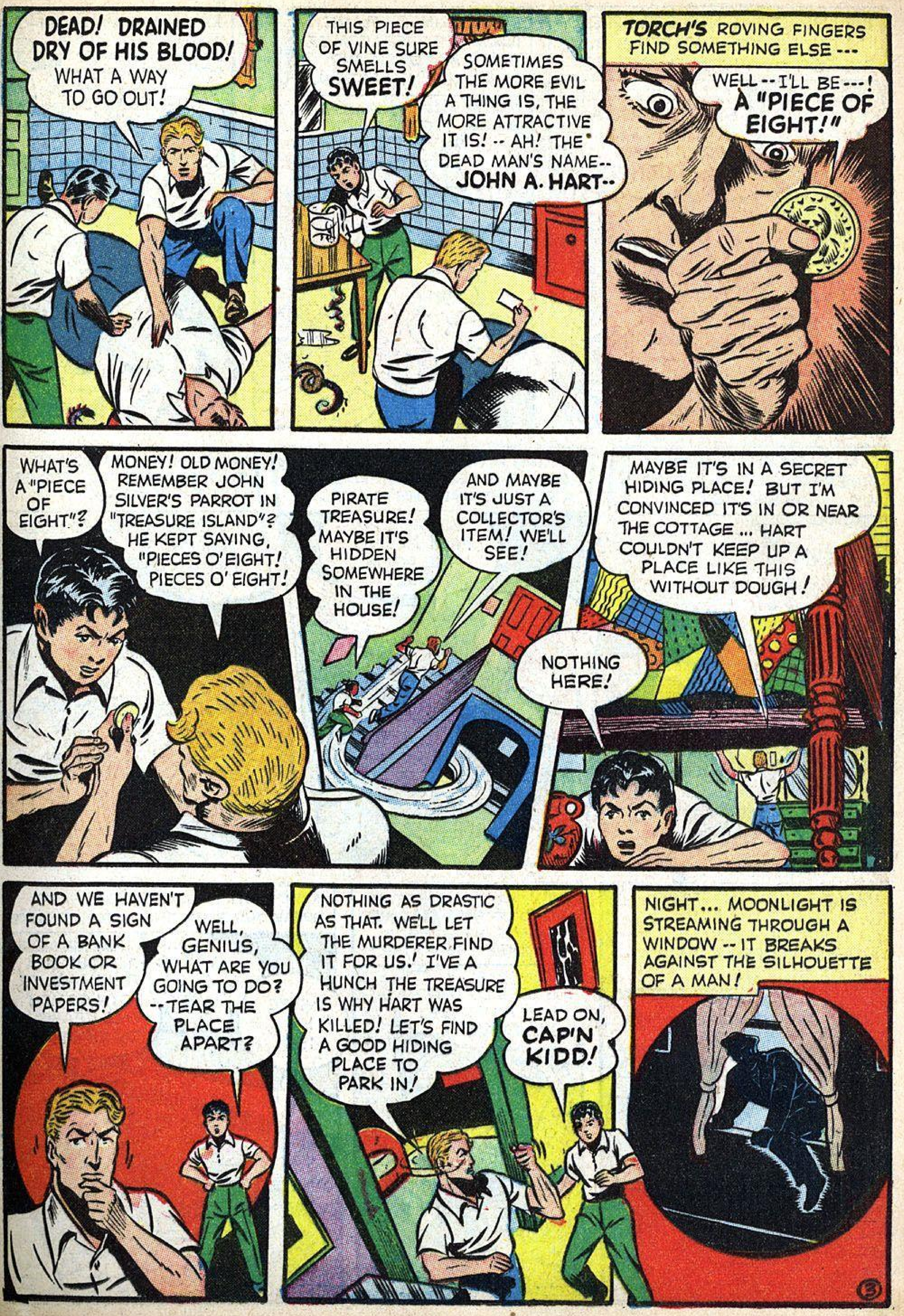
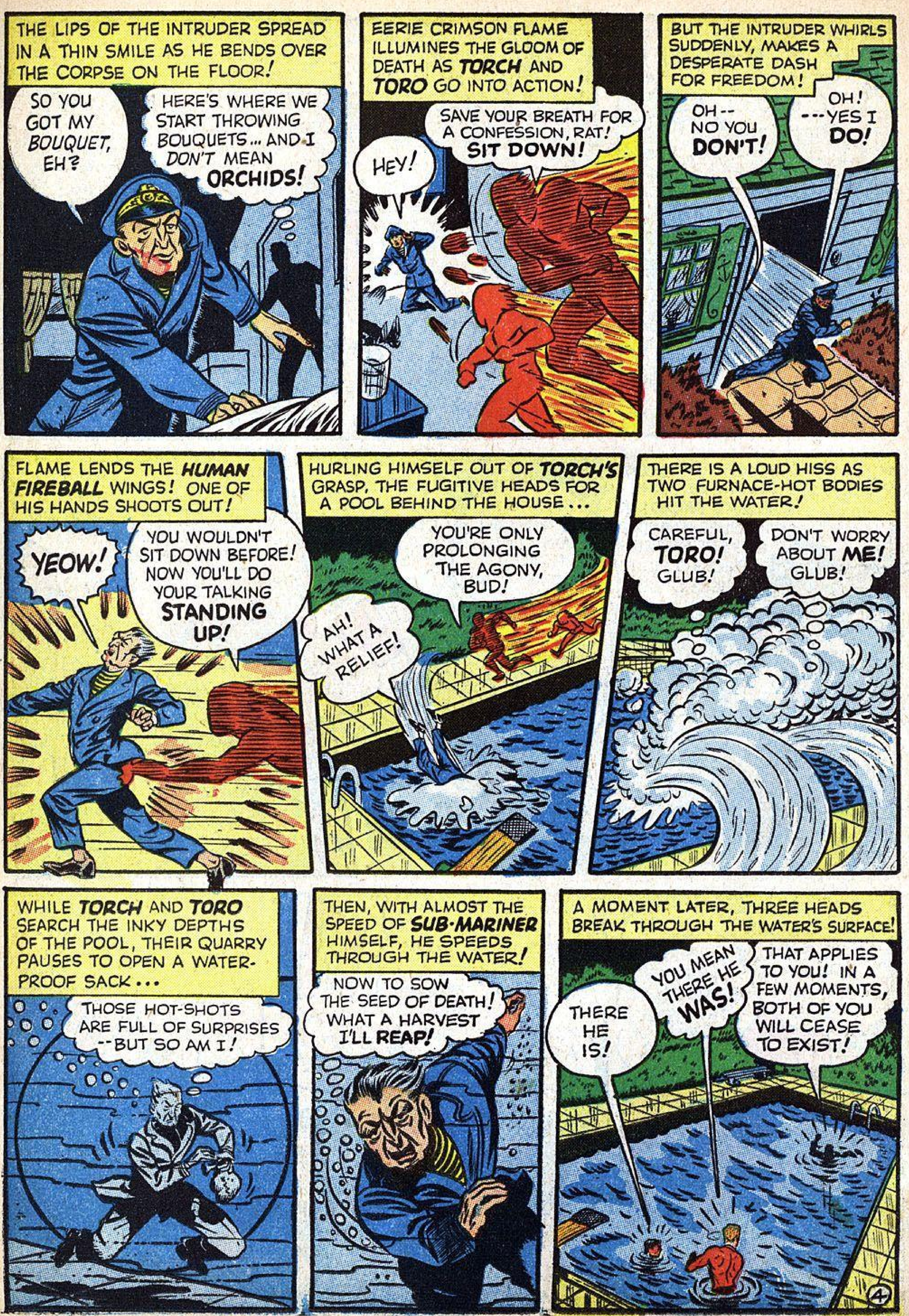
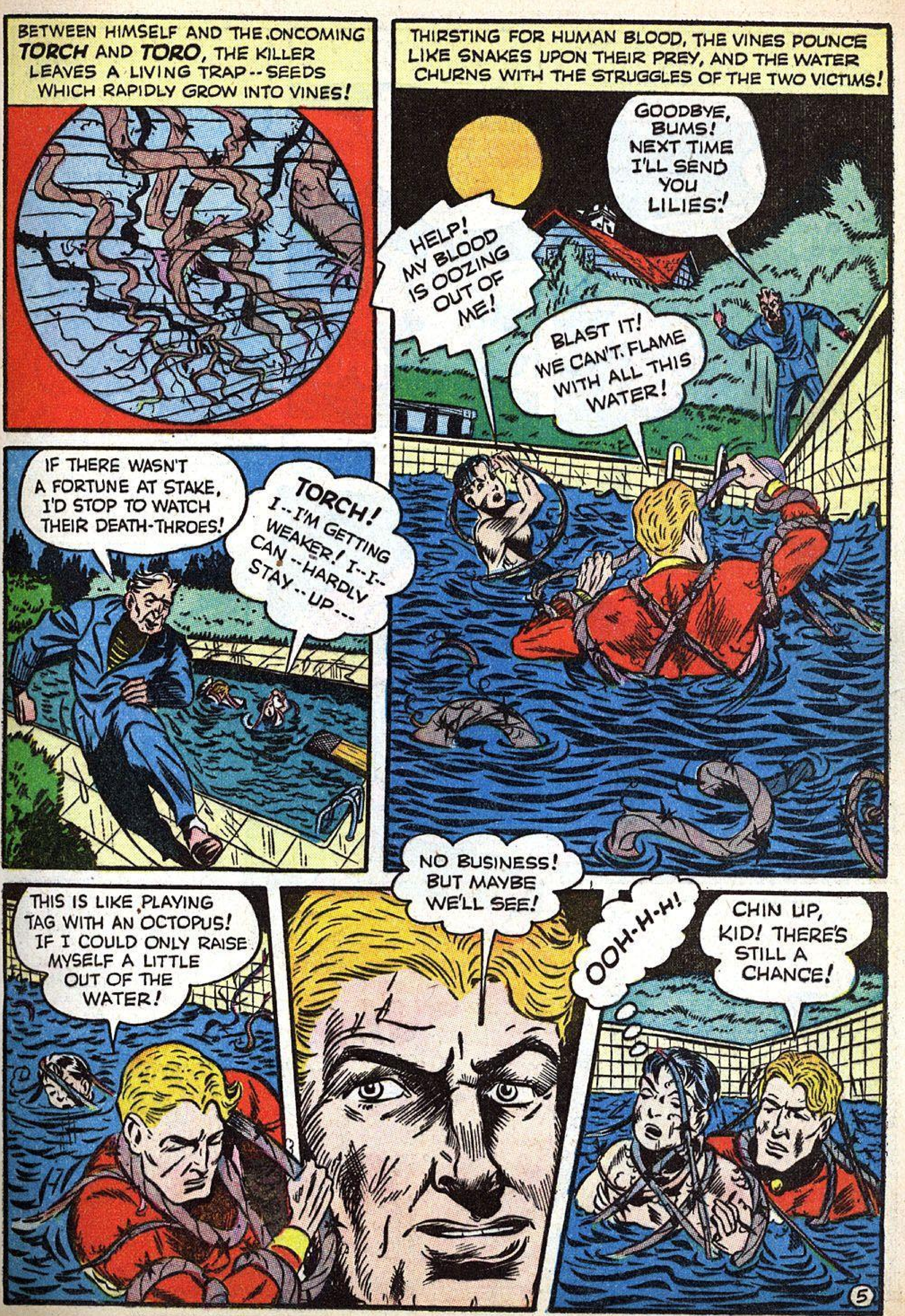
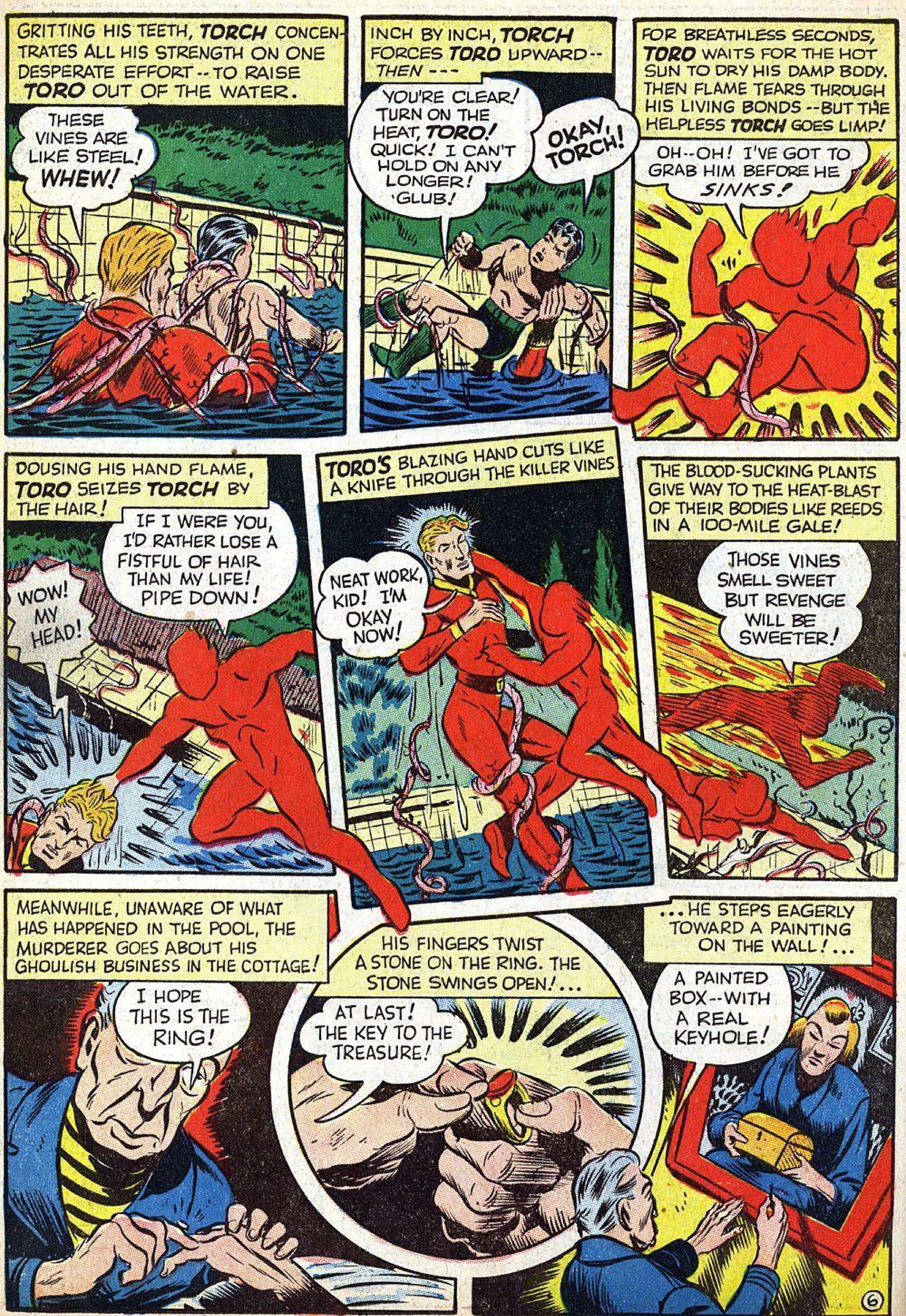

HUMAN TORCH
SOME DEVIL'S GARDEN MUST HAVE SPAWNED IT, THIS VINE OF EVIL BEAUTY, FOR, THOUGH IT CAST A SWEET PERFUME, ITS VERY TOUCH MEANT DEATH! ... AS THE TORCH AND TORO DISCOVERED ONE SUNNY AFTERNOON! ...

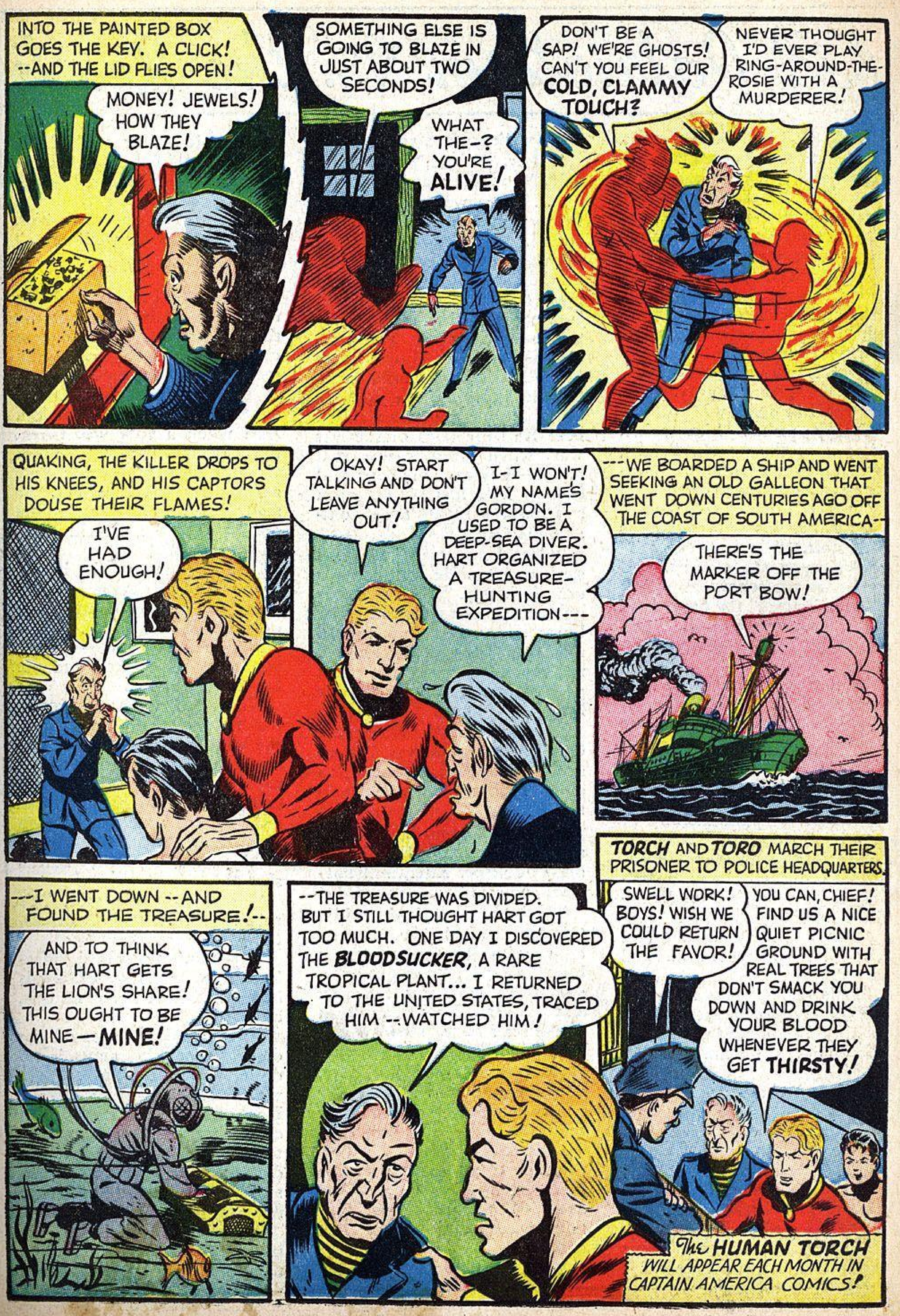

THE TALE BEGINS IN A SHADY NOOK IN THE COUNTRY WHERE THE INSEPARABLE **TORCH** AND **TORO** ARE ENJOYING A PICNIC...
THIS IS THE LIFE!
SUNSHINE, TREES HOT DOGS--AND **ANTS!** --AND LAY OFF THE PICKLES, **TORO...** UNLESS YOU WANT TO WIND UP WITH A DOSE OF **CASTOR OIL!**
CASTOR OIL! PAH! JUST THE THOUGHT OF IT MAKES ME SICK!
HEY! **LISTEN!**
YI-EE-E HELP!
THE SCREAM CAME FROM THE COTTAGE DOWN THE LANE!
I KNEW SOMETHING WOULD PUT A CRIMP IN OUR PICNIC!
AS THEY DASH INTO THE COTTAGE, A WEIRD SIGHT GREETS THEIR EYES, A SIGHT WHICH MAKES THEIR SKIN CRAWL!
THAT VINE! IT--IT'S **DRIPPING BLOOD!**
AGHRRR.. R-RRR!
TORCH MAKES ONE OF HIS HANDS FLAME, AND GRABS THE MURDEROUS PLANT!
LEGGO!
But... BROKEN HALVES OF THE STRANGE VINE MOVE LIKE LIVE THINGS, COILING AROUND THE MAN'S BODY!...
WHAT THE--!
WITH A SWEEPING GESTURE, **TORCH'S** HAND RUNS ALONG THE VINE!
I'VE KNOCKED OFF GANGSTERS--BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE HAD TO SMACK DOWN A MEMBER OF THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM!
SHRIVELED BY THE TOUCH OF **TORCH'S** HANDS, THE "KILLER" RELINQUISHES ITS DEADLY GRIP!


DEAD! DRAINED DRY OF HIS BLOOD! WHAT A WAY TO GO OUT!
THIS PIECE OF VINE SURE SMELLS SWEET!
SOMETIMES THE MORE EVIL A THING IS, THE MORE ATTRACTIVE IT IS! -- AH! THE DEAD MAN'S NAME-- JOHN A. HART--
TORCH'S ROVING FINGERS FIND SOMETHING ELSE---
WELL--I'LL BE---! A "PIECE OF EIGHT!"
WHAT'S A "PIECE OF EIGHT"?
MONEY! OLD MONEY! REMEMBER JOHN SILVER'S PARROT IN "TREASURE ISLAND"? HE KEPT SAYING, "PIECES O' EIGHT! PIECES O' EIGHT!
PIRATE TREASURE! MAYBE IT'S HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THE HOUSE!
AND MAYBE IT'S JUST A COLLECTOR'S ITEM! WE'LL SEE!
MAYBE IT'S IN A SECRET HIDING PLACE! BUT I'M CONVINCED IT'S IN OR NEAR THE COTTAGE ... HART COULDN'T KEEP UP A PLACE LIKE THIS WITHOUT DOUGH!
NOTHING HERE!
AND WE HAVEN'T FOUND A SIGN OF A BANK BOOK OR INVESTMENT PAPERS!
WELL, GENIUS, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? --TEAR THE PLACE APART?
NOTHING AS DRASTIC AS THAT. WE'LL LET THE MURDERER FIND IT FOR US! I'VE A HUNCH THE TREASURE IS WHY HART WAS KILLED! LET'S FIND A GOOD HIDING PLACE TO PARK IN!
LEAD ON, CAP'N KIDD!
NIGHT... MOONLIGHT IS STREAMING THROUGH A WINDOW -- IT BREAKS AGAINST THE SILHOUETTE OF A MAN!


THE LIPS OF THE INTRUDER SPREAD IN A THIN SMILE AS HE BENDS OVER THE CORPSE ON THE FLOOR!
SO YOU GOT MY *BOUQUET*, EH?
HERE'S WHERE WE START THROWING BOUQUETS... AND I *DON'T* MEAN **ORCHIDS!**
EERIE CRIMSON FLAME ILLUMINES THE GLOOM OF DEATH AS ***TORCH*** AND ***TORO*** GO INTO ACTION!
HEY!
SAVE YOUR BREATH FOR A CONFESSION, RAT! **SIT DOWN!**
BUT THE INTRUDER WHIRLS SUDDENLY, MAKES A DESPERATE DASH FOR FREEDOM!
OH -- NO YOU **DON'T!**
OH! --- YES I **DO!**
FLAME LENDS THE ***HUMAN FIREBALL*** WINGS! ONE OF HIS HANDS SHOOTS OUT!
YEOW!
YOU WOULDN'T SIT DOWN BEFORE! NOW YOU'LL DO YOUR TALKING **STANDING UP!**
HURLING HIMSELF OUT OF ***TORCH'S*** GRASP, THE FUGITIVE HEADS FOR A POOL BEHIND THE HOUSE...
YOU'RE ONLY PROLONGING THE AGONY, BUD!
AH! WHAT A RELIEF!
THERE IS A LOUD HISS AS TWO FURNACE-HOT BODIES HIT THE WATER!
CAREFUL, **TORO!** GLUB!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT **ME!** GLUB!
WHILE ***TORCH*** AND ***TORO*** SEARCH THE INKY DEPTHS OF THE POOL, THEIR QUARRY PAUSES TO OPEN A WATER-PROOF SACK...
THOSE HOT-SHOTS ARE FULL OF SURPRISES --BUT SO AM I!
THEN, WITH ALMOST THE SPEED OF ***SUB·MARINER*** HIMSELF, HE SPEEDS THROUGH THE WATER!
NOW TO SOW THE SEED OF DEATH! WHAT A HARVEST *I'LL* **REAP!**
A MOMENT LATER, THREE HEADS BREAK THROUGH THE WATER'S SURFACE!
THERE HE *IS!*
YOU MEAN THERE HE **WAS!**
THAT APPLIES TO YOU! IN A FEW MOMENTS, BOTH OF YOU WILL CEASE TO EXIST!


BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE ONCOMING **TORCH** AND **TORO**, THE KILLER LEAVES A LIVING TRAP -- SEEDS WHICH RAPIDLY GROW INTO VINES!
THIRSTING FOR HUMAN BLOOD, THE VINES POUNCE LIKE SNAKES UPON THEIR PREY, AND THE WATER CHURNS WITH THE STRUGGLES OF THE TWO VICTIMS!
GOODBYE, BUMS! NEXT TIME I'LL SEND YOU LILIES!
HELP! MY BLOOD IS OOZING OUT OF ME!
BLAST IT! WE CAN'T FLAME WITH ALL THIS WATER!
IF THERE WASN'T A FORTUNE AT STAKE, I'D STOP TO WATCH THEIR DEATH-THROES!
TORCH! I--I'M GETTING WEAKER! I--I--CAN--HARDLY STAY--UP---
THIS IS LIKE PLAYING TAG WITH AN OCTOPUS! IF I COULD ONLY RAISE MYSELF A LITTLE OUT OF THE WATER!
NO BUSINESS! BUT MAYBE WE'LL SEE!
OOH-H-H!
CHIN UP, KID! THERE'S STILL A CHANCE!


GRITTING HIS TEETH, **TORCH** CONCENTRATES ALL HIS STRENGTH ON ONE DESPERATE EFFORT -- TO RAISE **TORO** OUT OF THE WATER.
THESE VINES ARE LIKE STEEL! **WHEW!**
INCH BY INCH, **TORCH** FORCES **TORO** UPWARD -- *THEN* ---
YOU'RE CLEAR! TURN ON THE HEAT, **TORO!** QUICK! I CAN'T HOLD ON ANY LONGER! 'GLUB!
OKAY, TORCH!
FOR BREATHLESS SECONDS, **TORO** WAITS FOR THE HOT SUN TO DRY HIS DAMP BODY. THEN FLAME TEARS THROUGH HIS LIVING BONDS -- BUT THE HELPLESS **TORCH** GOES LIMP!
OH -- OH! I'VE GOT TO GRAB HIM BEFORE HE *SINKS!*
DOUSING HIS HAND FLAME, **TORO** SEIZES **TORCH** BY THE HAIR!
IF I WERE YOU, I'D RATHER LOSE A FISTFUL OF HAIR THAN MY LIFE! PIPE DOWN!
WOW! MY HEAD!
TORO'S BLAZING HAND CUTS LIKE A KNIFE THROUGH THE KILLER VINES
NEAT WORK, KID! I'M OKAY NOW!
THE BLOOD-SUCKING PLANTS GIVE WAY TO THE HEAT-BLAST OF THEIR BODIES LIKE REEDS IN A 100-MILE GALE!
THOSE VINES SMELL SWEET BUT REVENGE WILL BE SWEETER!
MEANWHILE, UNAWARE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN THE POOL, THE MURDERER GOES ABOUT HIS GHOULISH BUSINESS IN THE COTTAGE!
I HOPE THIS IS THE RING!
HIS FINGERS TWIST A STONE ON THE RING. THE STONE SWINGS OPEN! ...
AT LAST! THE KEY TO THE TREASURE!
... HE STEPS EAGERLY TOWARD A PAINTING ON THE WALL! ...
A PAINTED BOX -- WITH A REAL KEYHOLE!


INTO THE PAINTED BOX GOES THE KEY. A CLICK! --AND THE LID FLIES OPEN!
MONEY! JEWELS! HOW THEY BLAZE!
SOMETHING ELSE IS GOING TO BLAZE IN JUST ABOUT TWO SECONDS!
WHAT THE-? YOU'RE ALIVE!
DON'T BE A SAP! WE'RE GHOSTS! CAN'T YOU FEEL OUR COLD, CLAMMY TOUCH?
NEVER THOUGHT I'D EVER PLAY RING-AROUND-THE-ROSIE WITH A MURDERER!
QUAKING, THE KILLER DROPS TO HIS KNEES, AND HIS CAPTORS DOUSE THEIR FLAMES!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH!
OKAY! START TALKING AND DON'T LEAVE ANYTHING OUT!
I-I WON'T! MY NAME'S GORDON. I USED TO BE A DEEP-SEA DIVER. HART ORGANIZED A TREASURE-HUNTING EXPEDITION---
---WE BOARDED A SHIP AND WENT SEEKING AN OLD GALLEON THAT WENT DOWN CENTURIES AGO OFF THE COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA--
THERE'S THE MARKER OFF THE PORT BOW!
---I WENT DOWN --AND FOUND THE TREASURE!--
AND TO THINK THAT HART GETS THE LION'S SHARE! THIS OUGHT TO BE MINE—MINE!
--THE TREASURE WAS DIVIDED. BUT I STILL THOUGHT HART GOT TOO MUCH. ONE DAY I DISCOVERED THE BLOODSUCKER, A RARE TROPICAL PLANT... I RETURNED TO THE UNITED STATES, TRACED HIM --WATCHED HIM!
TORCH AND TORO MARCH THEIR PRISONER TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS.
SWELL WORK! BOYS! WISH WE COULD RETURN THE FAVOR!
YOU CAN, CHIEF! FIND US A NICE QUIET PICNIC GROUND WITH REAL TREES THAT DON'T SMACK YOU DOWN AND DRINK YOUR BLOOD WHENEVER THEY GET THIRSTY!
The HUMAN TORCH WILL APPEAR EACH MONTH IN CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS!

Kid Patriotism VS. the Reich

BRICKS LEE was up at bat. There were two men out and Bricks knew that if he muffed, his side would lose this stickball game. He gripped the stickbat tightly and waited for the next pitch when suddenly he saw Smitty rushing towards him, shouting.

"Hey Bricks," Smitty shouted. "I've got something awful important to tell you."

Bricks shook his head. "Aw, hold on, Smitty. Can't you see I'm up now?"

Smitty pulled him aside. "Down at the beach, Bricks, we found a rubber boat. Johnnsie says it's from a spy!"

"A spy!" Bricks whispered. He ran his hands through his red hair. "Gee! Let's go!" He dropped the stickbat and ran from the schoolyard.

"Hey Bricks," the other kids yelled. "Come on back." But Bricks kept racing towards the beach.

"There, *see!*" Smitty panted, from behind. "See! Down where Smiley and Johnnsie're standing."

Bricks squinted as he ran across the sand. It looks like a big black doughnut, he thought as he swiftly approached.

"It's made of rubber," Johnnsie said, "and got leather-strap oarlocks and a bellows like a blacksmith has—that's to blow it up. See?"

"Sure," Smiley said. "And it's got funny words marked on it."

"Let's see," Bricks said.

They examined the strange words. "I can't read it," Bricks said. "But I betcha Gramps can."

"Uh-hu," they agreed.

"Okay. Johnnsie, you run and fetch Gramps. Tell him it's very important."

Johnnsie turned away. "Okay," he called back, over his shoulder. "I'll fetch him."

"Now, men," Bricks said, scratching his ear, "let's scout about until Gramps comes. He can't walk so fast, you know."

"Okay, Bricks," the boys said, "lead the way."

. . . There was a shout from below and they turned with its sound. "I'm coming, men," they heard Gramps shout. And as they watched the thin old man hobble over the sand, Johnnsie at his side, they thrilled. Was there ever anyone like Gramps Huston, they thought? The wonderful yarns he told about the sea, and the brave strong men who sailed her? And the tales of the last war, when Gramps was still active—they were the best! And of how he'd lost his leg on a subchaser — right here, outside the Great Reef!

"Here I am, men," Gramps said, puffing. He stamped his cane furiously. "What's all this nonsense about spies in rubber boats . . . waking up an old man from his nap! Bricks boy, tell me now, or by the great god Neptune, I'll strip your hide."

Bricks grinned. He knew Gramps' sternness was but an act. "There, Gramps, see? It's a funny thing, but it's a boat all right."

Gramps turned. 'Harrumph," he snorted. "I'll have me a looksee. Attention! Forward, march!"

The boys waited while Gramps poked the strange craft with his cane. "This boat," he said, "was put overside by a U-boat and it carried a spy ashore. That's as certain as the sea's salty. Now, where would the spy go? Harrumph!"

Gramps stamped his cane. "Now let's see . . . This spy critter landed here to help them sea snakes sink our tankers and freighters . . . The best thing he could do would be to flash light signals from the coast telling the U-boat captain when and where our ships'll be . . . "

Bricks and the boys waited as the old sailor rubbed his tanned wrinkled chin. "I got it! By the Lord Harry, I have!" Gramps shouted and did a sailor's pipe on the sand. "Men, here's what we'll do . . ."

★ ★ ★

When the call to mobilize the entire club was sent out that afternoon, the members came at a rush, full of excitement. They listened eagerly as first Gramps then Bricks explained the plan of action. And when a vote was taken, the chorus of "Ayes!" made Gramps snort with pride. "It's a fine crew, ye are laddies," he said, "and now — clear the decks! To the beach! Forward—march!"

The boys ran to the beach, to the two boats there awaiting them. Gramps commanded one, Bricks the other. "Cast off" Gramps ordered; the young crews pushed and the boats were afloat.

Night fell as they were far out to sea. Cold and damp, the wind hissed over the roily swell, whipping it into whitecaps. Bricks heard Gramps call, "Row to the north, Bricks lad, and watch for a light flash from shore."

"Aye, aye, Gramps," Bricks shouted.

"Gee," Johnnsie said, "it's getting awful rough, Bricks. I don't feel so good."

"Uh-huh," Smitty said. "Maybe Bricks, well, maybe Gramps had a bad idea about all this, huh?"

Bricks took his eyes off the distant shore. "Gramps is no dope," he said firmly. "No, we're staying right here." Bricks held his teeth from chattering with an effort. "After all," he said, "if Gramps can stand it, so can we. Now stop beefing and keep her heading into the swell."

Then it happened! From out of the darkness, the howl of the wind and the steady slap-

slap of water, they heard a new sound, ugly, foreboding. It was like the hissing of a giant snake. And then there it was! Long, low, and ominous —a Nazi U-boat!

They held their breath as the sea raider surfaced a few hundred yards off in the darkness. "Lay down everybody," Bricks whispered. Where's Gramps? he thought wildly. Where's Gramps now? He'd know what to do. But Gramps' boat was out of sight, somewhere out there to the south. Bricks was desperate.

There was steady muffled sound. Bricks jerked to his knees, conscious of sudden fear. Johnnsie moaned softly; the other boys stopped rowing. A huge swell caught the little boat high and let it slap down in a trough. Smitty choked, turned green, then leaned over the side.

Bricks saw movement on the low deck of the undersea boat and realized that its crew had come up for air. They're charging their batteries, Bricks thought. Now's the time for a signal to come—if ever.

Smitty retched again. "Take me back," he begged Bricks, from where he lay in the bilge. "Please, Bricks, I'm so sick. I'll die."

Bricks ignored Smitty's plea. "We haven't a gun or anything, and Gramp's boat is out of sight. What can I do?" He looked about the boat, at the strained faces of the boys, at the pitiful figure of Smitty huddled in a moaning heap. "What can I do?" The thought kept running through Bricks' reeling brain. He knelt down in despair on the coiled painter.

He kept his eyes on the U-boat, praying that the Nazis wouldn't spot the little boat. Idly he kicked the buoy tied to the end of the painter. And at once it came to him! "I know!" he whispered, and kicked off his shoes.

The boys sat up in surprise. "What're you going to do?" Johnnsie asked, in alarm. Bricks talked as he tied the free end of the painter around his stomach. "I'm going to swim over and tie the rope to the sub," Bricks said. "See, the painter's got a red buoy on the other end."

"No!" the boys cried. "Bricks . . . they'll kill you sure."

Bricks let himself over the side, careful not to splash. "Pay out the coil of rope as I swim," he whispered. "S'long."

The water was very cold, and it was difficult for him to breathe. He put his head on a side and bit his lips. "I've got to," he thought. "I've just got to!"

The huge waves buffeted his body and the tug of the trailing painter, heavy with wet, slowed him almost to a standstill. Still he kept on. And then, imperceptibly, the black shape of the Nazi sub came closer and closer. "I'm doing it!" The thought leaped through his fogged brain and gave him strength to go on.

Another few yards . . . now! Bricks felt his heart thump so heavily he was sure for one wild moment that the Nazis up there on the deck would hear. Silently he untied the rope. Holding the icy cold rail with one hand, he hitched the end around the rail. He gave the knot one last tug and then let go, sliding back into the frigid waters.

The trip back to the boat was very vague in his mind. All he knew was the unending heave and fall of the sea and the numbing feeling which spread slowly in him. Ages passed, it seemed, and with each stroke, Bricks felt it would be his last. He could go on no more; he would just stop and let himself sink . .

Dawn was breaking when Bricks came to. He stared at the sky and then realized he was flat in the bottom of the boat, the boys anxiously staring down at him.

"Hi-ya, Bricks," Johnnsie said softly, "Y'all right?"

Bricks nodded. "Uh-huh."

"Smitty saved you," Johnnsie said, "you were sinking. And the sub's gone — they went under before it got light."

"The buoy — how about the buoy? Does it show?" Bricks asked.

The boys stared at each other; then Johnnsie shook his head. "No, it don't, but that's nothing. Maybe it's down too far. When it comes up higher, the buoy will show."

A faint roar from the sky became audible. They watched a large seaplane come skimming over the waves towards their boat. The plane circled, then landed, bouncing on the waves.

"It's ours!" Smitty shouted. "A Navy bomber, I betcha!"

The seaplane taxied alongside. Men in flying jackets clambered up through a top hatch and called, waving. Then the boys saw Gramps' grizzled face smiling through the pilot's hatch. "Ahoy, me hearties, I've brought help," Gramps shouted.

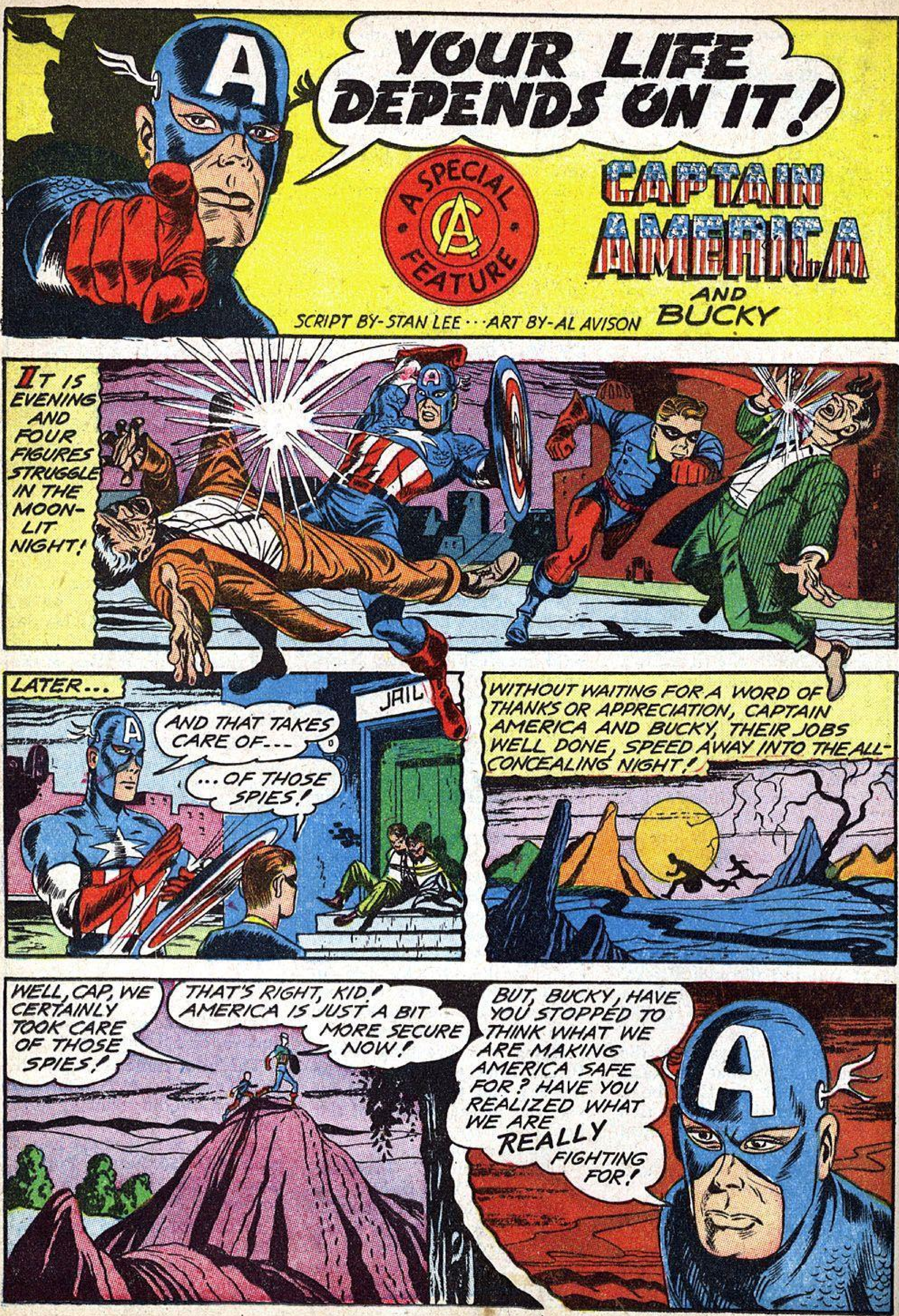
Bricks smiled as the boat was pulled to the plane and the handsome strong men lifted the boys up into the plane. They were told to sit on the cabin floor. The motors roared and they felt the motion of the sea cease. They were flying! Bricks closed his eyes and slept . . .

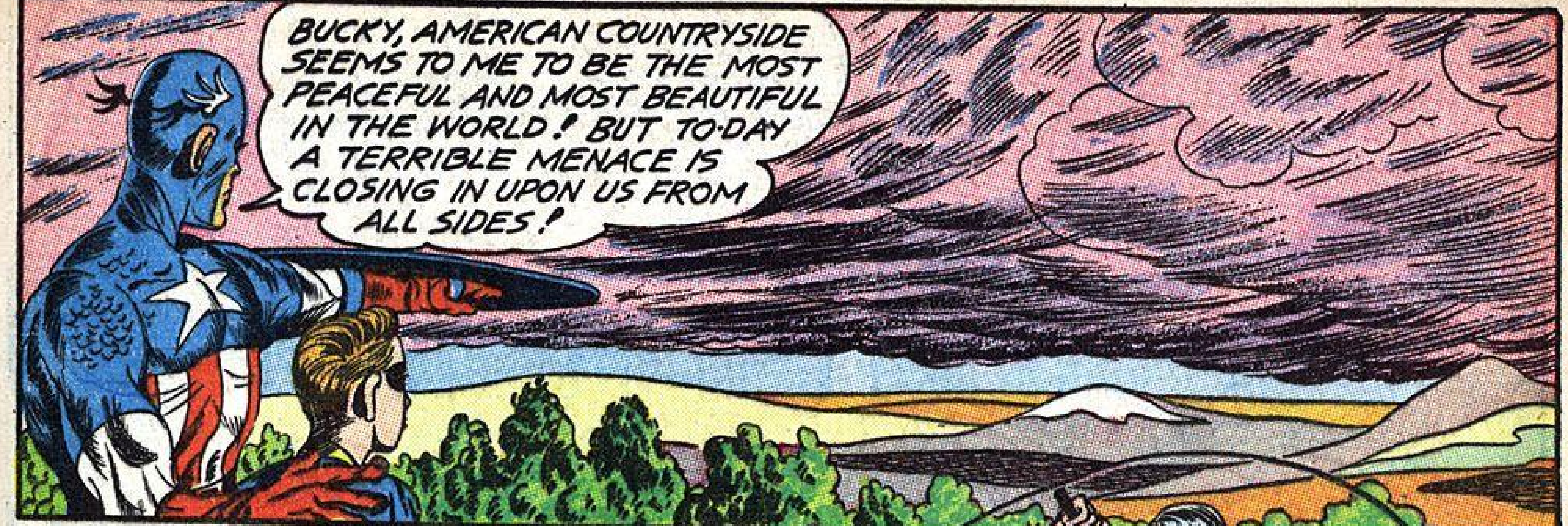
This time when he awakened it was to the sound of cheering. Gramps was bending over him laughing and shaking his head in sheer joy. "We got her, laddie," Gramps was saying. "Blew her up out of the water. And the lads here told me you tied that red buoy to her fanny. That's what gave her away. You're a hero, Bricks. A hero!"

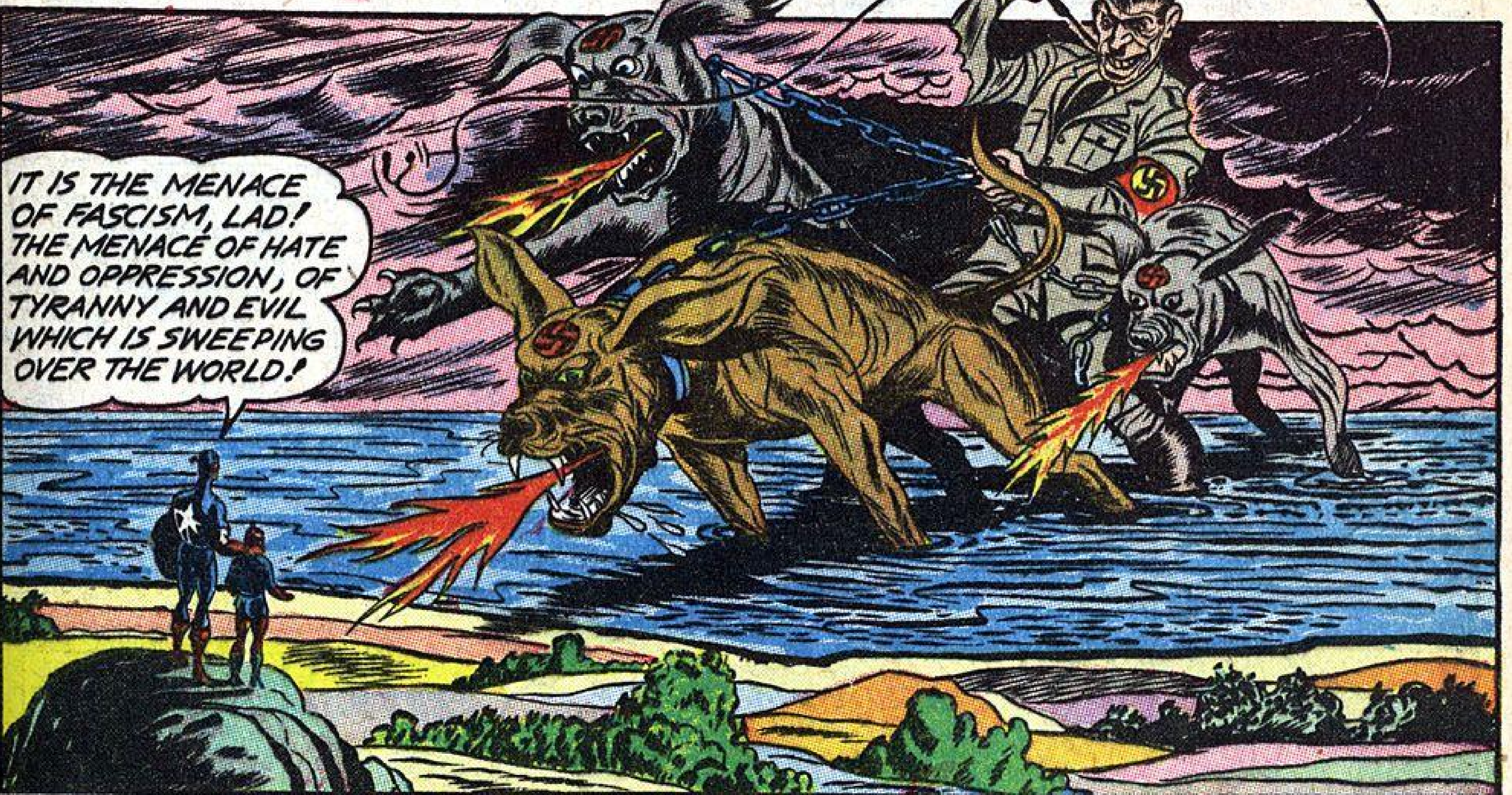
Bricks turned and tried to sit up but Gramps pushed him down. "No, you don't, pipsqueak, or I'll hide you."

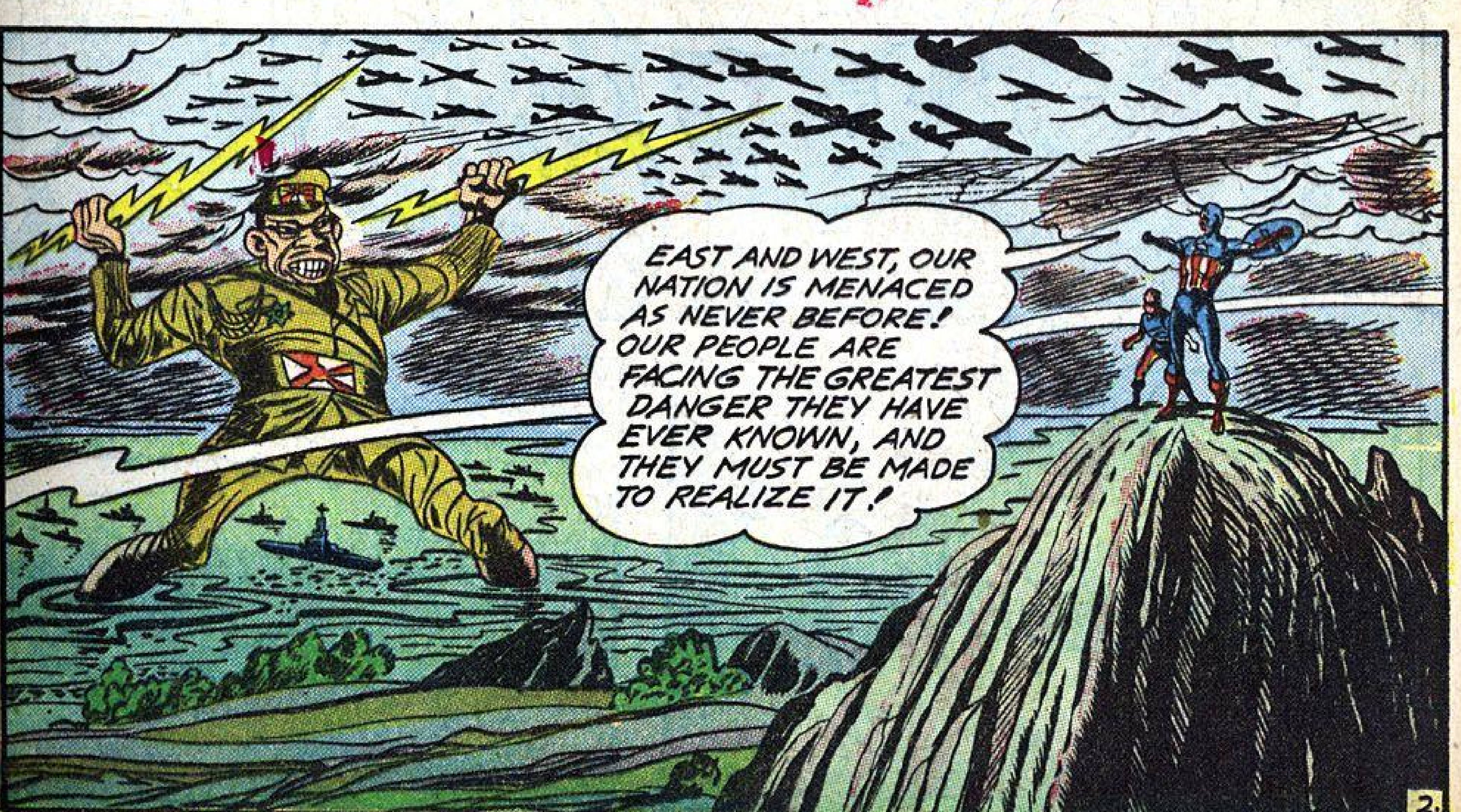
The pilot came through the passageway, and pushed Gramps and the admiring boys aside. "Move over, old-timer," he said, "I want to shake hands with this lad here. Put 'er there, fella. You're a real soldier."

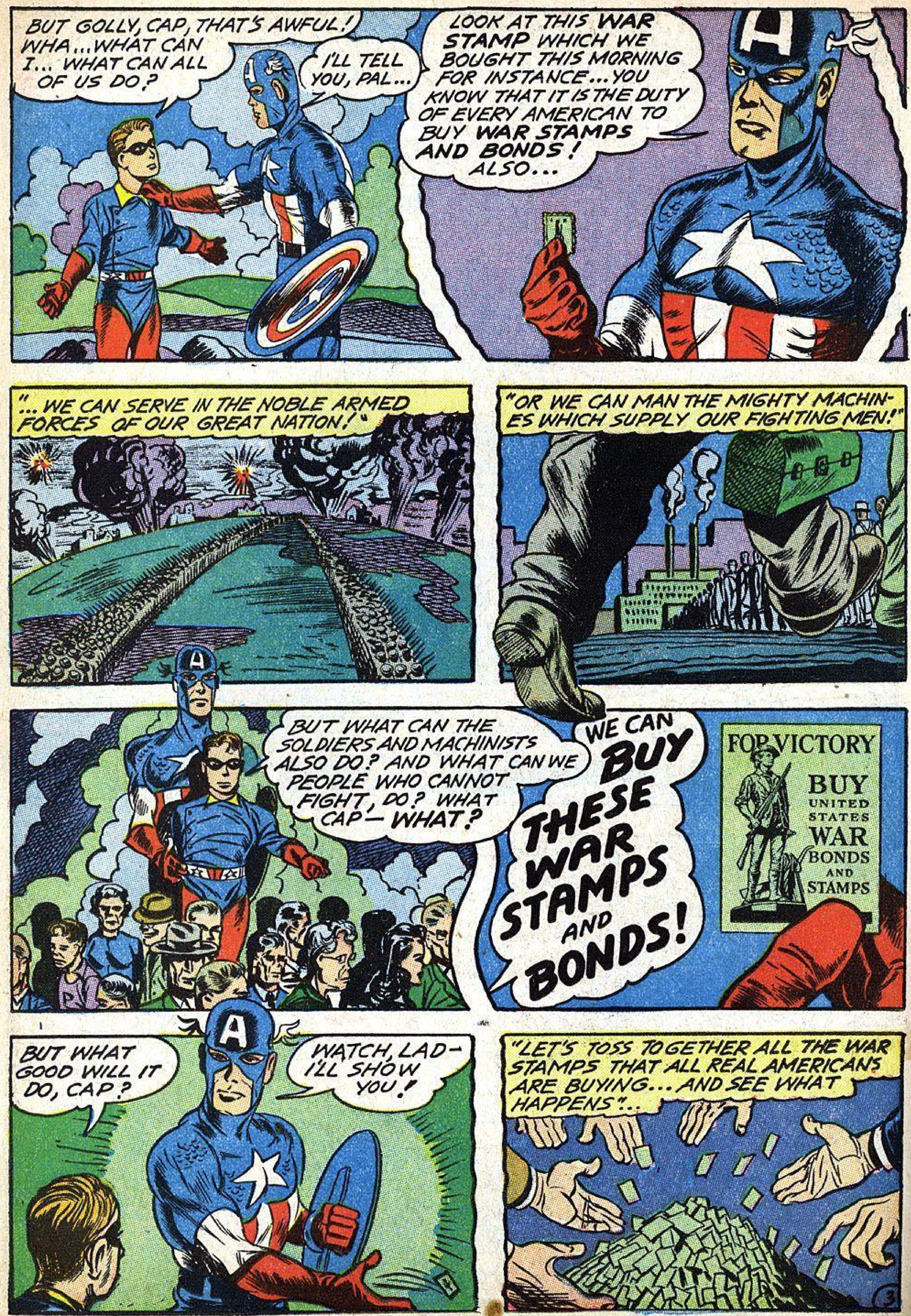
Bricks looked up into the blue smiling eyes of the pilot. He squeezed hard. Gee, he thought. Gee!

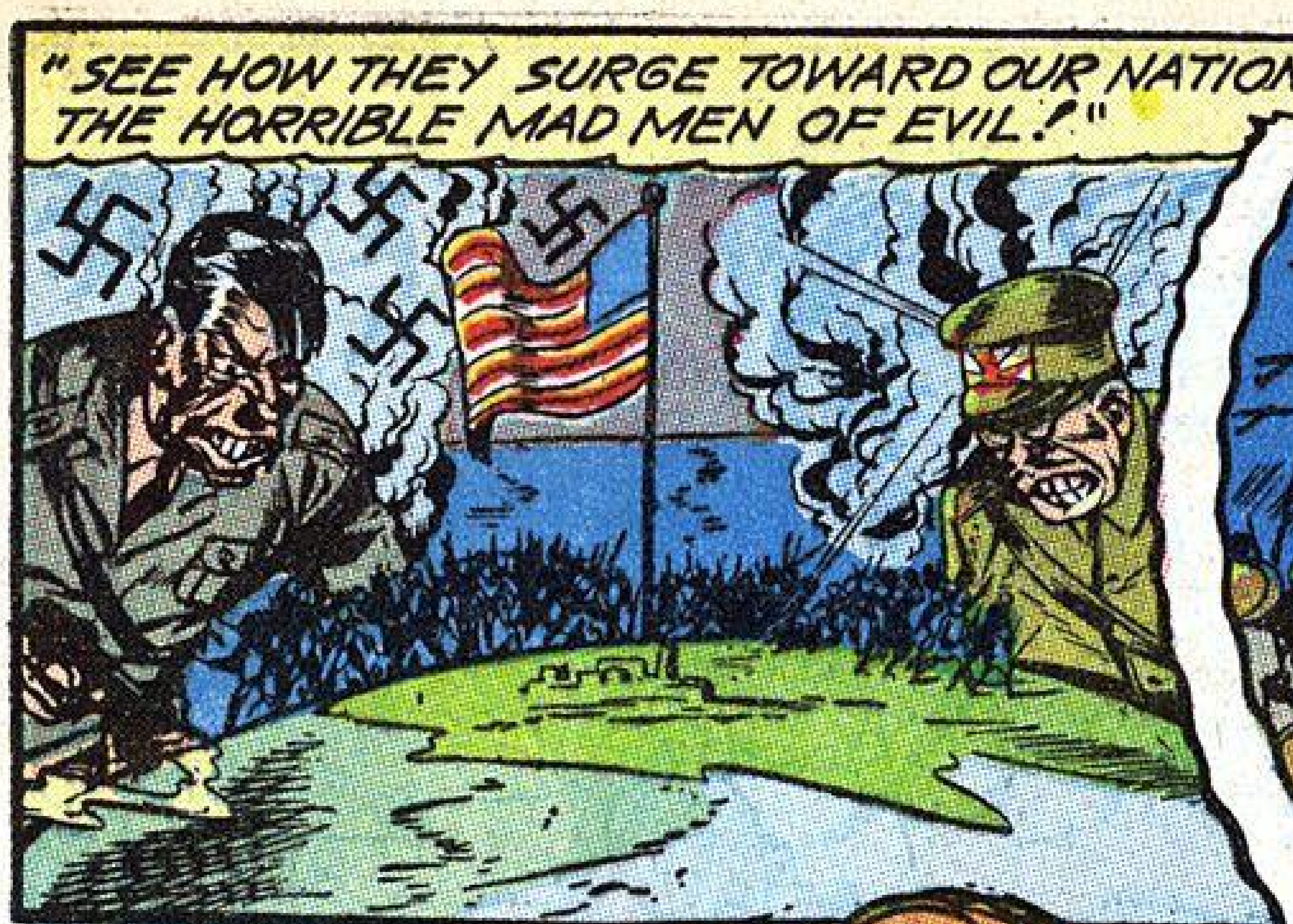

YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!
A SPECIAL FEATURE
CA
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY
SCRIPT BY-STAN LEE···ART BY-AL AVISON
IT IS EVENING AND FOUR FIGURES STRUGGLE IN THE MOON-LIT NIGHT!
LATER...
JAIL
AND THAT TAKES CARE OF---
...OF THOSE SPIES!
WITHOUT WAITING FOR A WORD OF THANKS OR APPRECIATION, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY, THEIR JOBS WELL DONE, SPEED AWAY INTO THE ALL-CONCEALING NIGHT!
WELL, CAP, WE CERTAINLY TOOK CARE OF THOSE SPIES!
THAT'S RIGHT, KID! AMERICA IS JUST A BIT MORE SECURE NOW!
BUT, BUCKY, HAVE YOU STOPPED TO THINK WHAT WE ARE MAKING AMERICA SAFE FOR? HAVE YOU REALIZED WHAT WE ARE REALLY FIGHTING FOR!

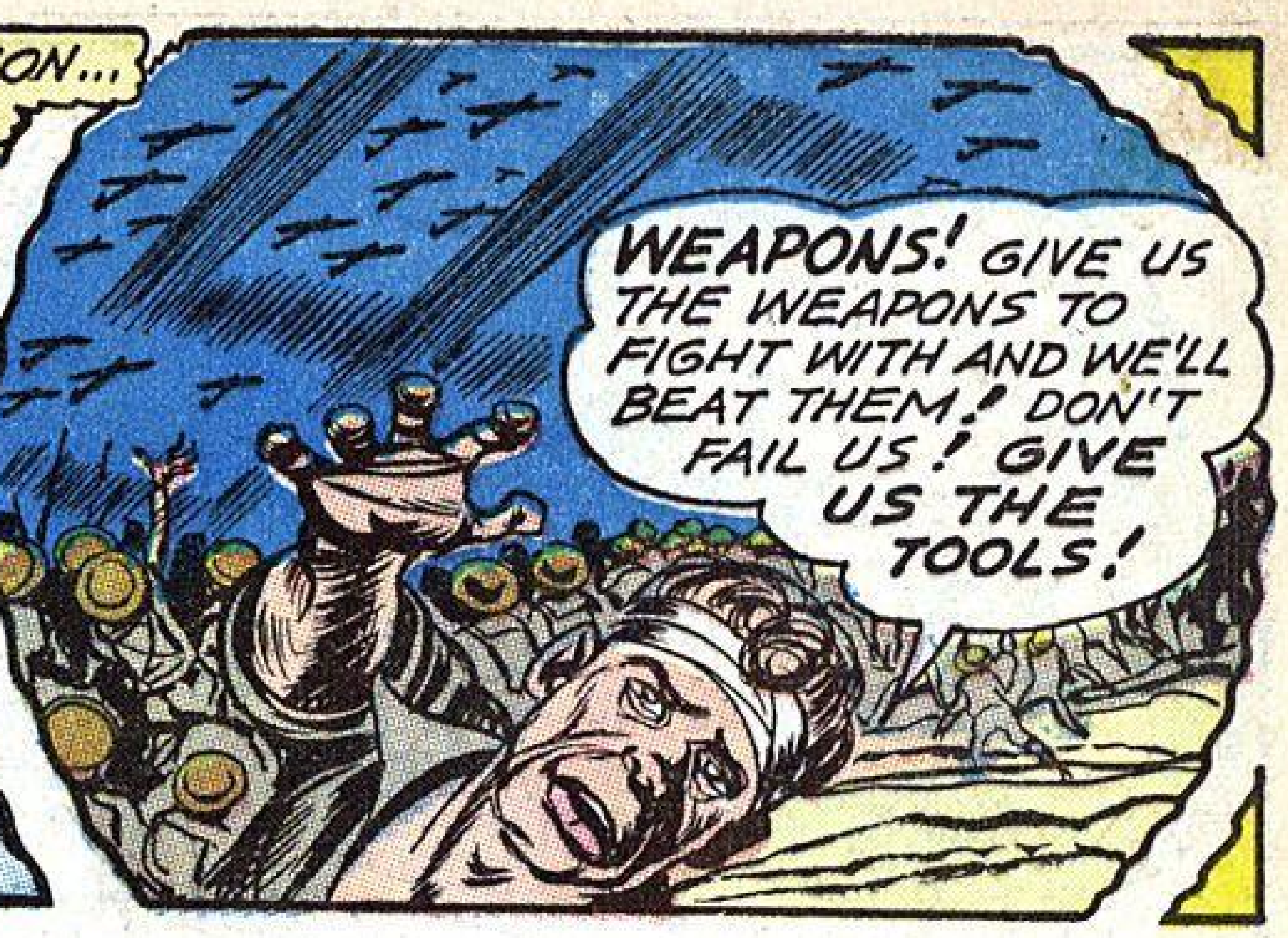

BUCKY, AMERICAN COUNTRYSIDE SEEMS TO ME TO BE THE MOST PEACEFUL AND MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD! BUT TO-DAY A TERRIBLE MENACE IS CLOSING IN UPON US FROM ALL SIDES!

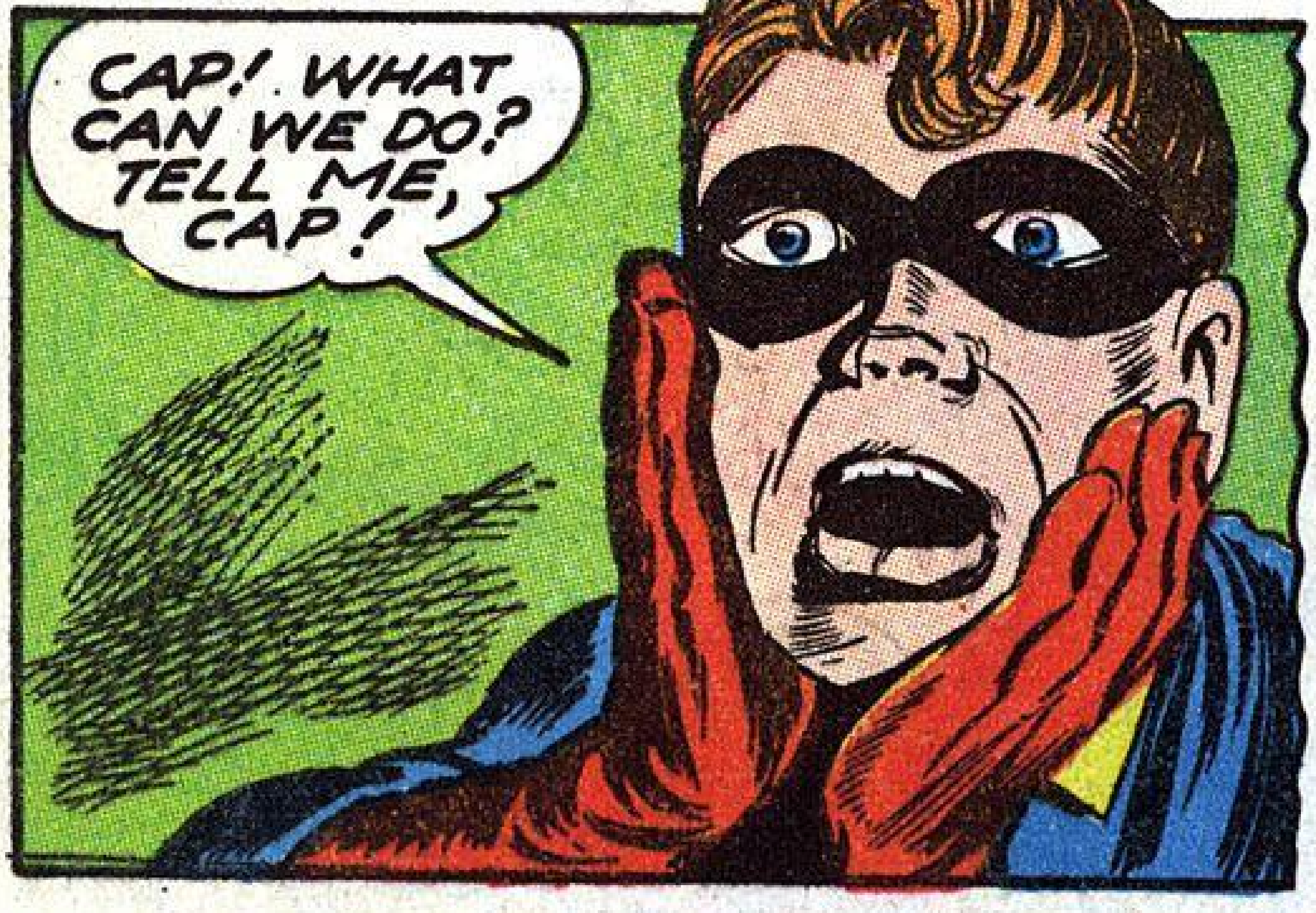

IT IS THE MENACE OF FASCISM, LAD! THE MENACE OF HATE AND OPPRESSION, OF TYRANNY AND EVIL WHICH IS SWEEPING OVER THE WORLD!

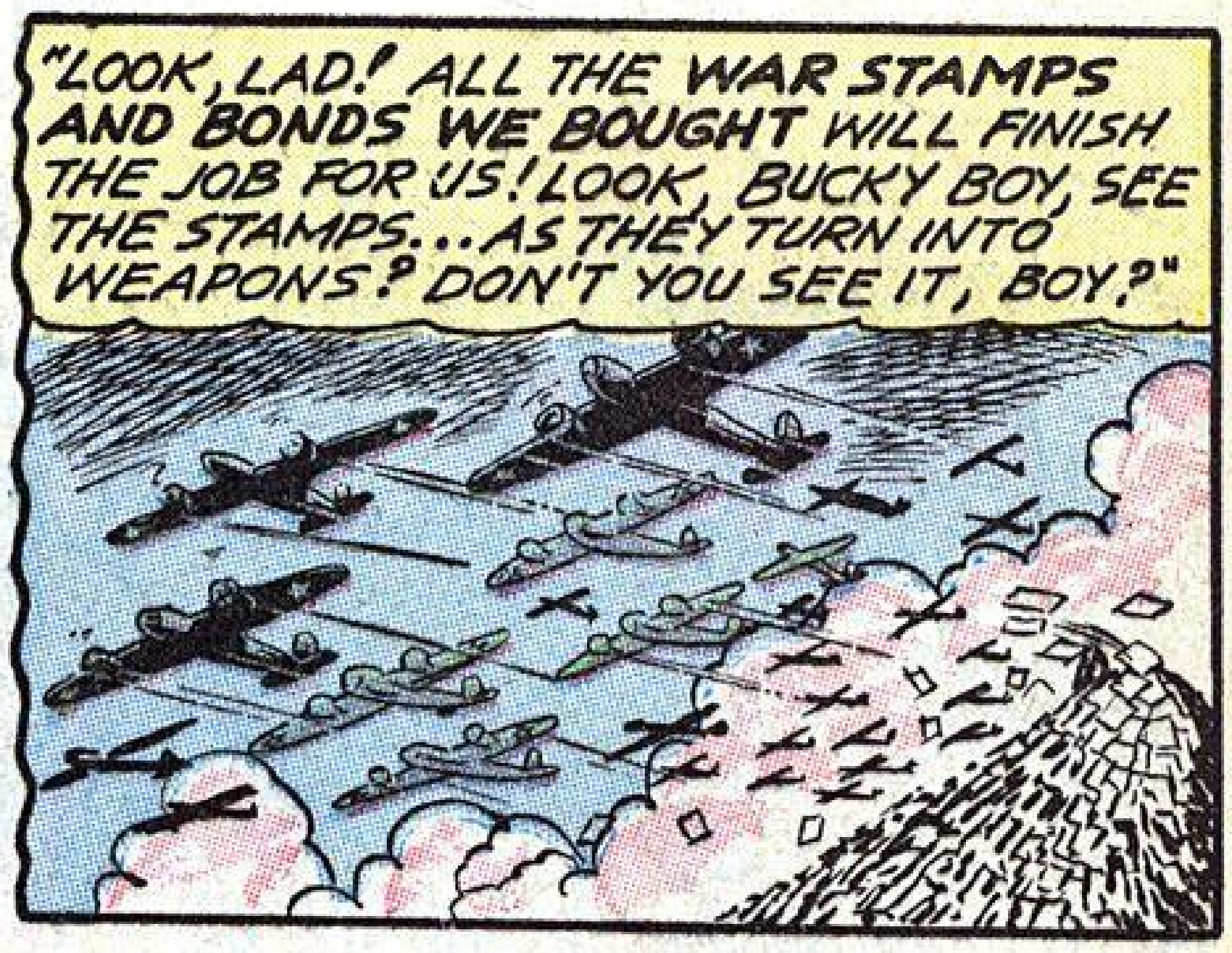

EAST AND WEST, OUR NATION IS MENACED AS NEVER BEFORE! OUR PEOPLE ARE FACING THE GREATEST DANGER THEY HAVE EVER KNOWN, AND THEY MUST BE MADE TO REALIZE IT!

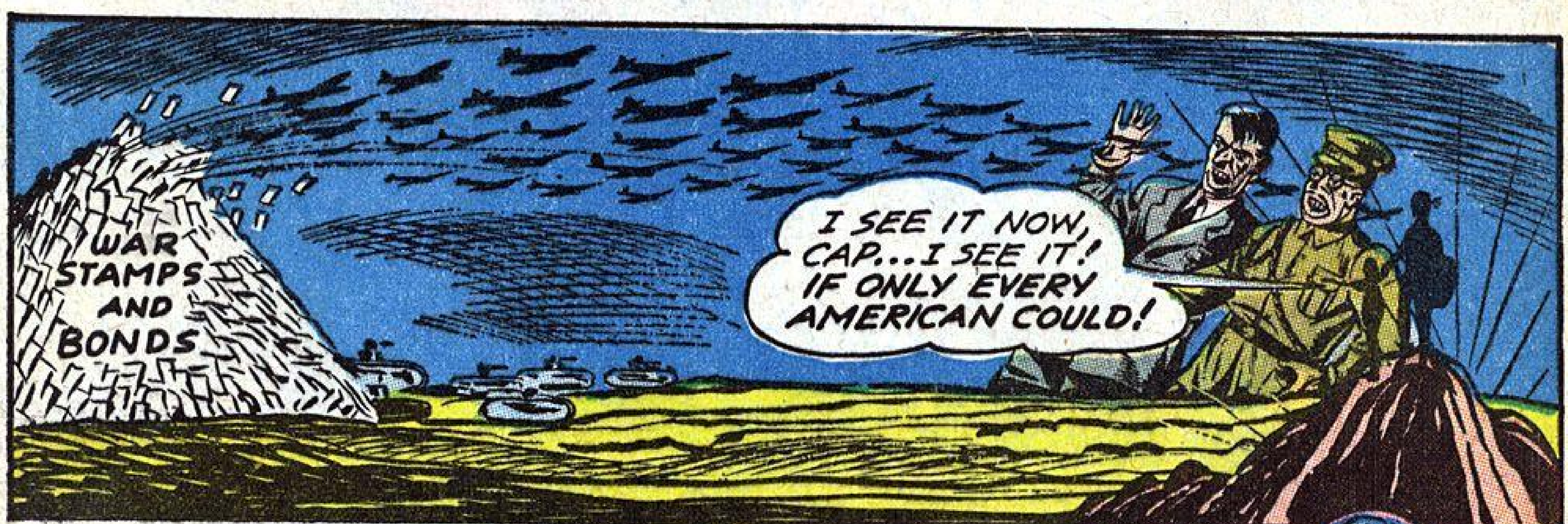

BUT GOLLY, CAP, THAT'S AWFUL! WHA... WHAT CAN I... WHAT CAN ALL OF US DO?
I'LL TELL YOU, PAL...
LOOK AT THIS **WAR STAMP** WHICH WE BOUGHT THIS MORNING FOR INSTANCE... YOU KNOW THAT IT IS THE DUTY OF EVERY AMERICAN TO BUY **WAR STAMPS AND BONDS!** ALSO...
"...WE CAN SERVE IN THE NOBLE ARMED FORCES OF OUR GREAT NATION!"
"OR WE CAN MAN THE MIGHTY MACHINES WHICH SUPPLY OUR FIGHTING MEN!"
BUT WHAT CAN THE SOLDIERS AND MACHINISTS ALSO DO? AND WHAT CAN WE PEOPLE WHO CANNOT FIGHT, DO? WHAT CAP—**WHAT?**
WE CAN **BUY THESE WAR STAMPS AND BONDS!**
FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
BUT WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO, CAP?
WATCH, LAD—I'LL SHOW YOU!
"LET'S TOSS TOGETHER ALL THE WAR STAMPS THAT ALL REAL AMERICANS ARE BUYING... AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS"...

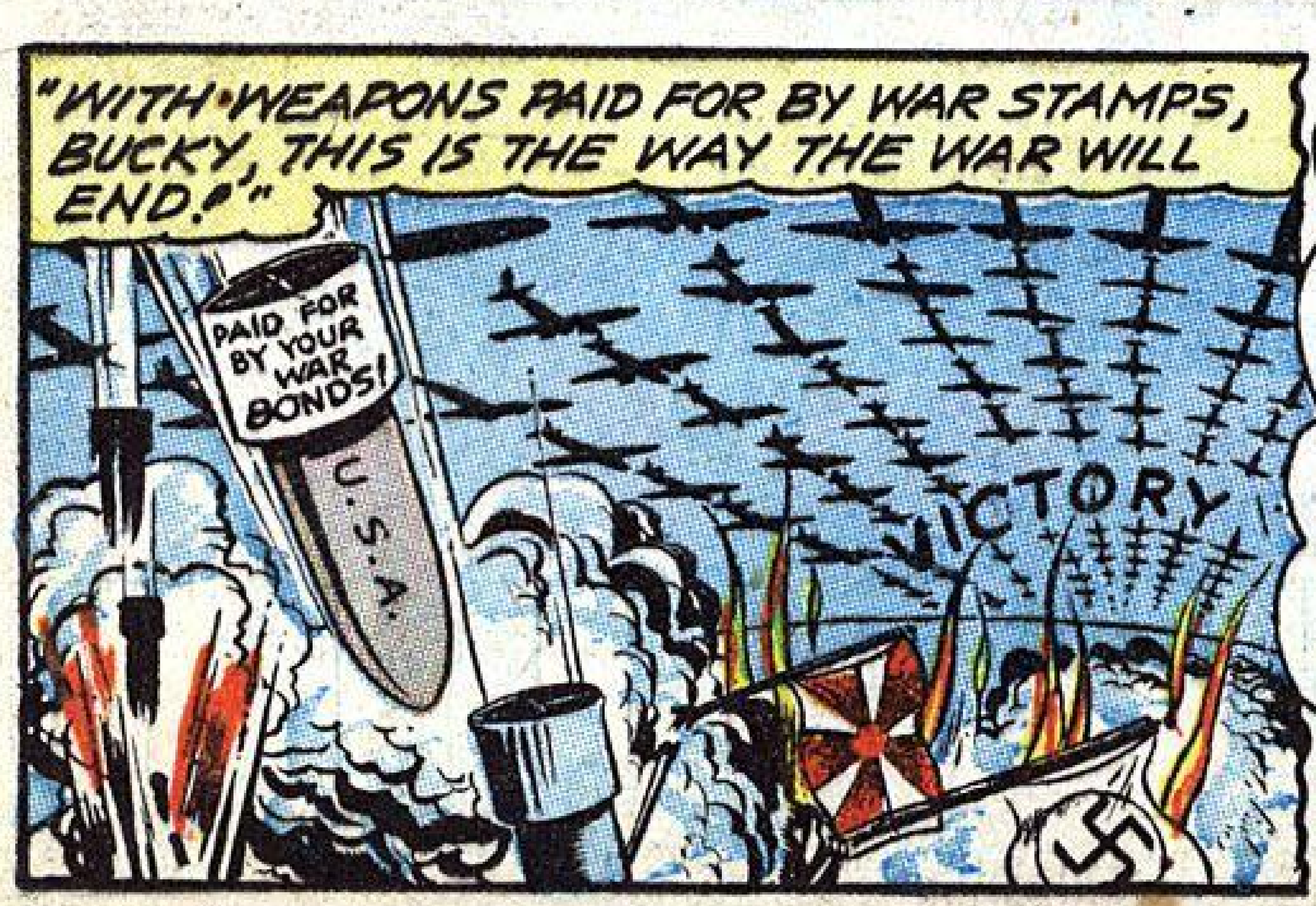

"SEE HOW THEY SURGE TOWARD OUR NATION... THE HORRIBLE MAD MEN OF EVIL!"

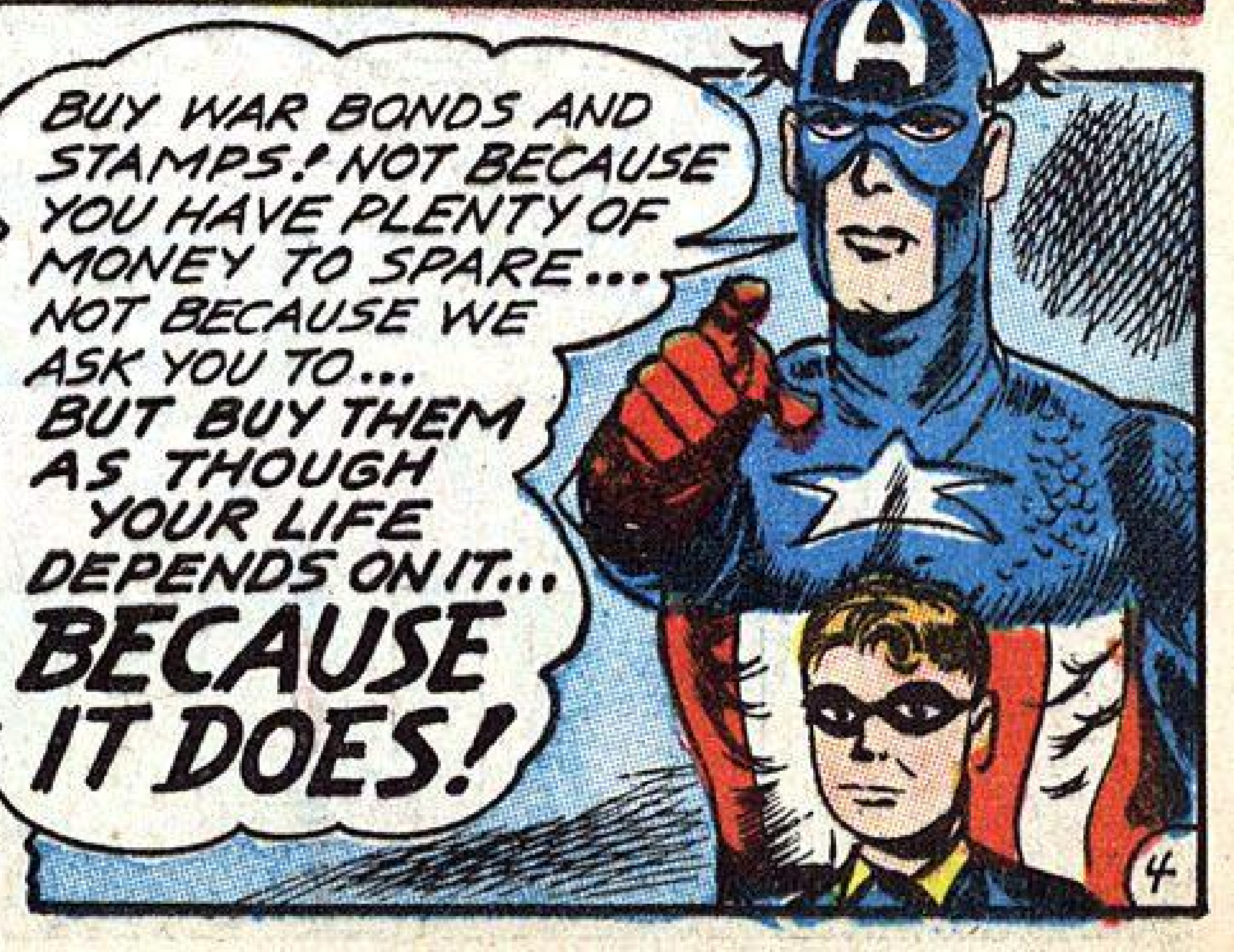

WEAPONS! GIVE US THE WEAPONS TO FIGHT WITH AND WE'LL BEAT THEM! DON'T FAIL US! GIVE US THE TOOLS!

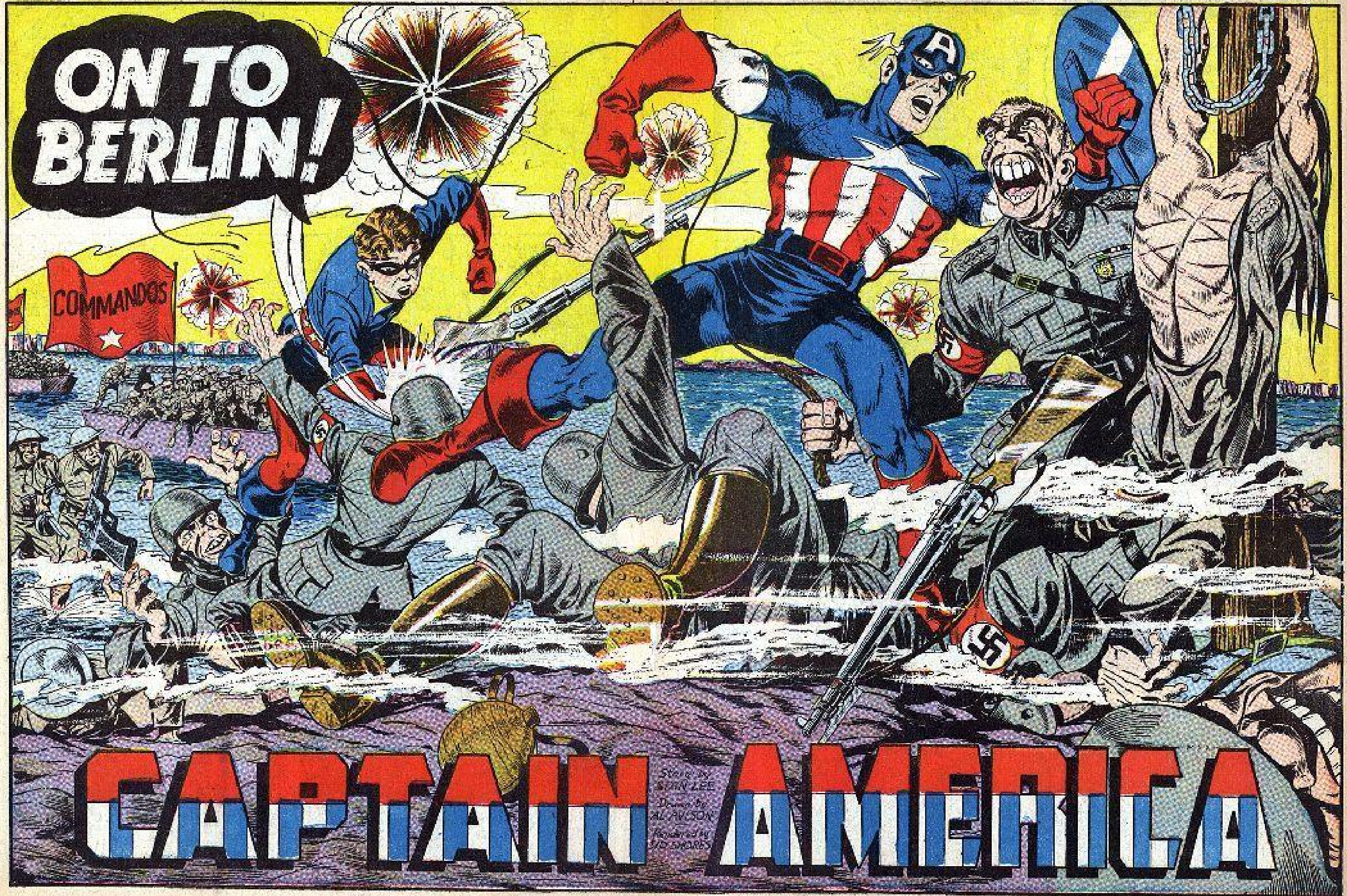

CAP! WHAT CAN WE DO? TELL ME, CAP!

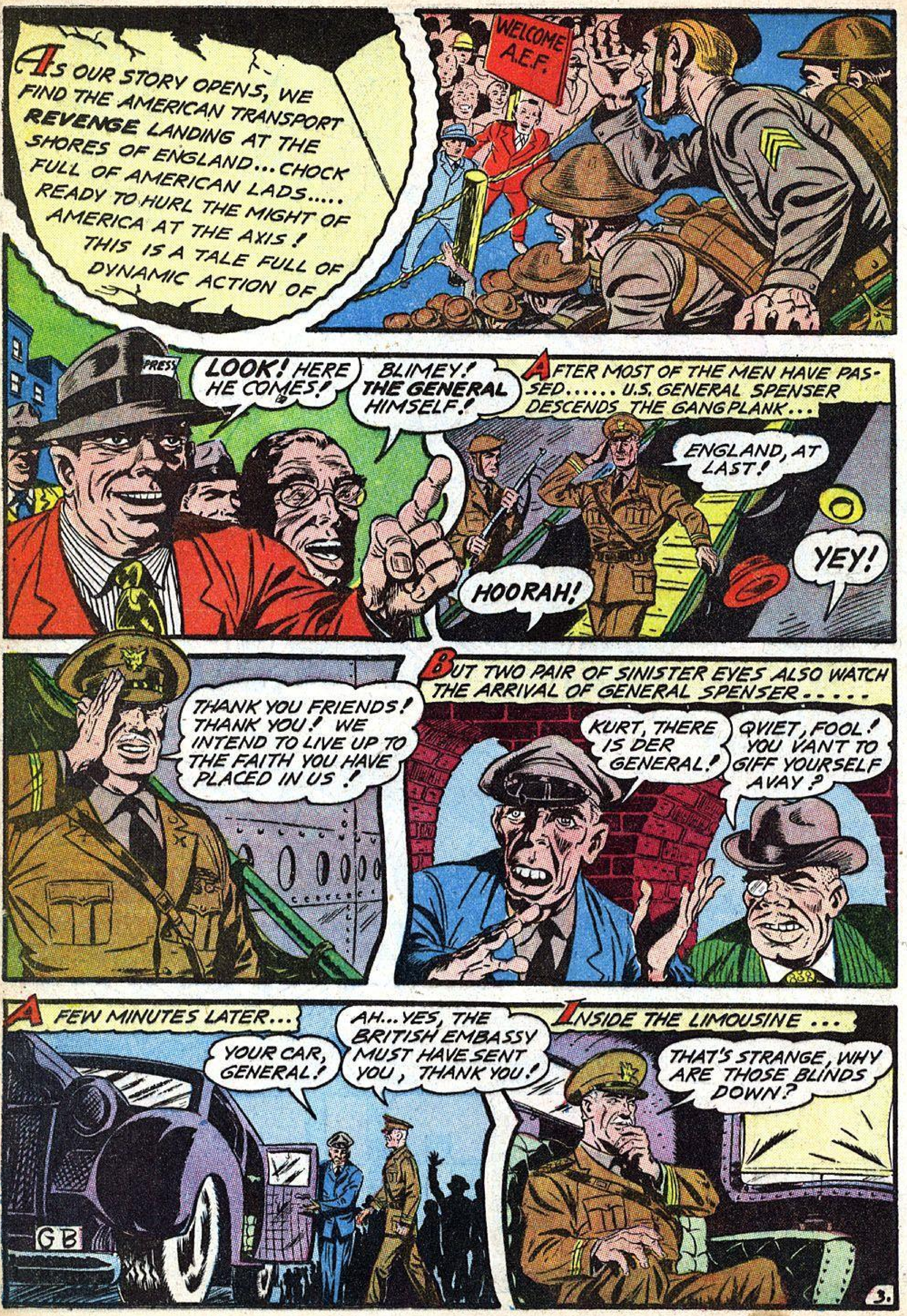

"LOOK, LAD! ALL THE WAR STAMPS AND BONDS WE BOUGHT WILL FINISH THE JOB FOR US! LOOK, BUCKY BOY, SEE THE STAMPS... AS THEY TURN INTO WEAPONS? DON'T YOU SEE IT, BOY?"

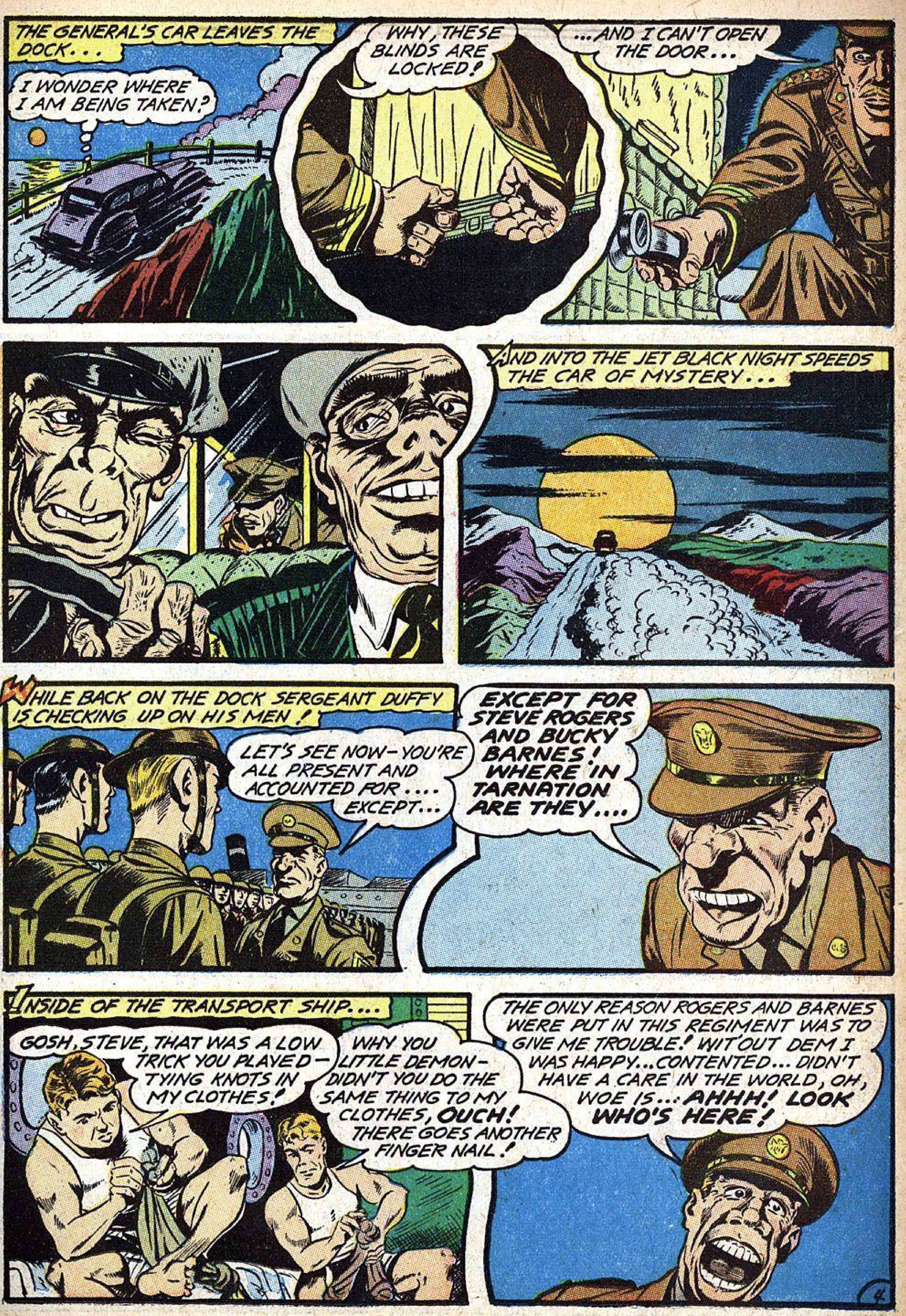

WAR STAMPS AND BONDS
I SEE IT NOW, CAP... I SEE IT! IF ONLY EVERY AMERICAN COULD!

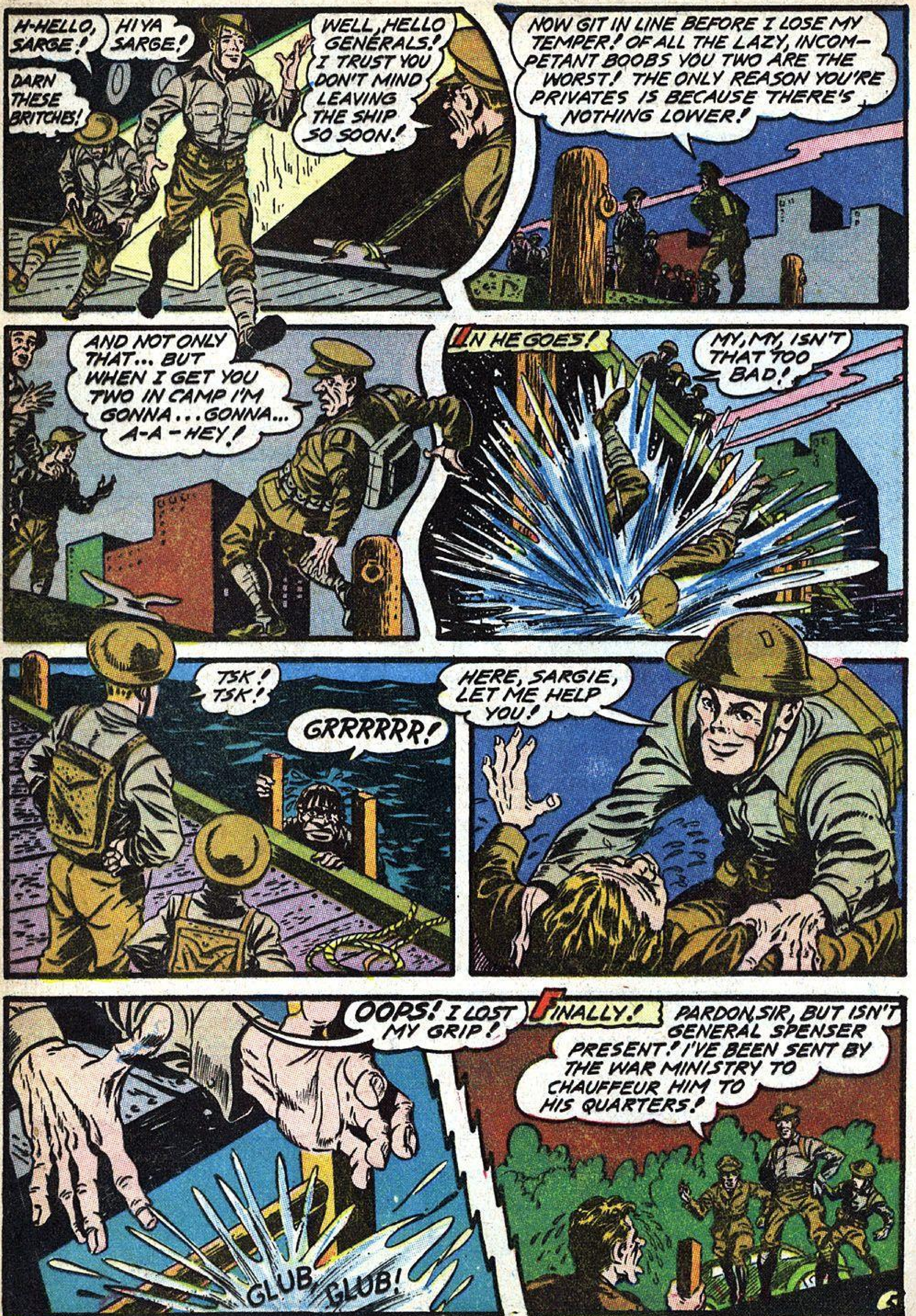

"WITH WEAPONS PAID FOR BY WAR STAMPS, BUCKY, THIS IS THE WAY THE WAR WILL END!"
PAID FOR BY YOUR WAR BONDS!
U.S.A.
VICTORY

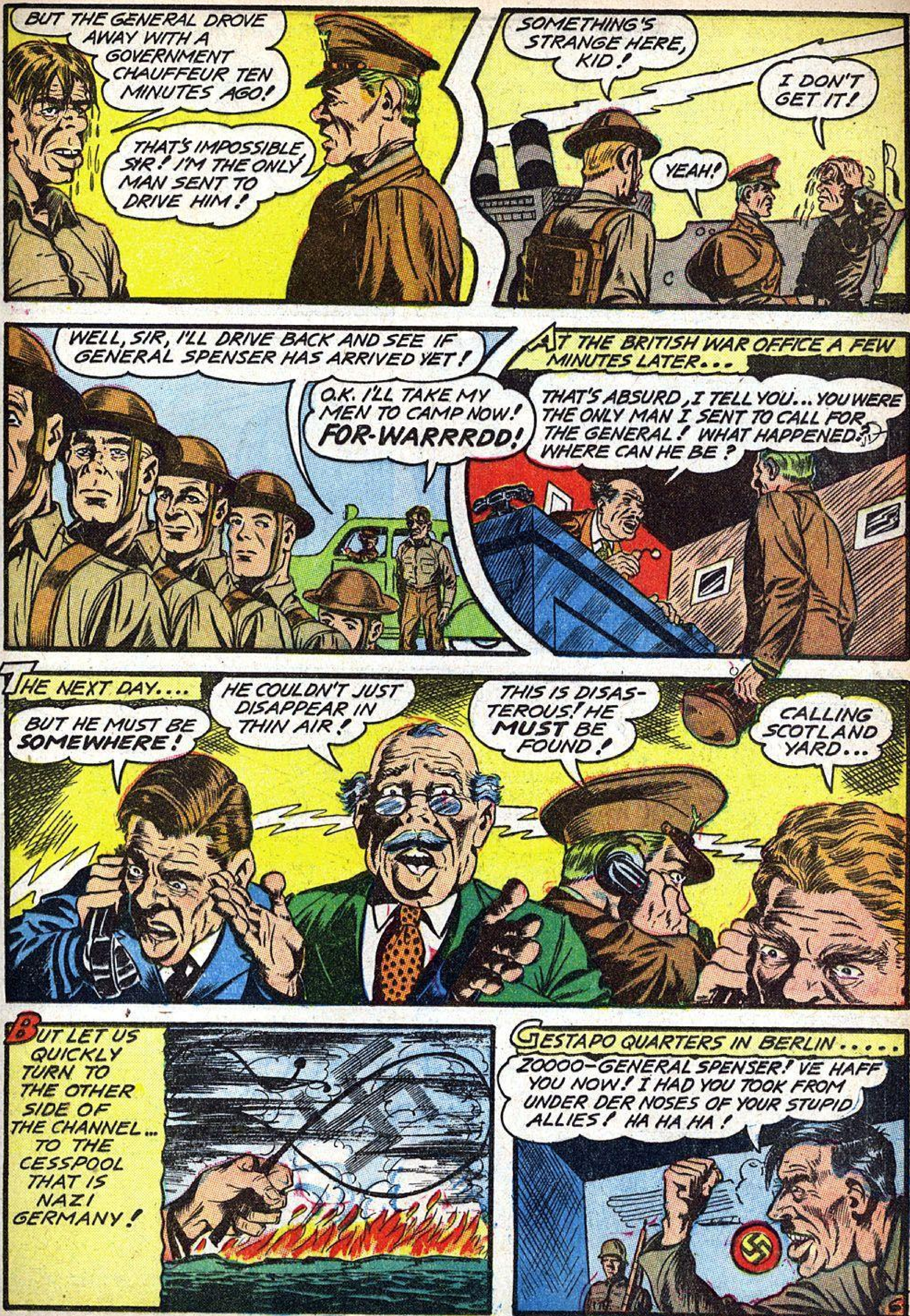

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS! NOT BECAUSE YOU HAVE PLENTY OF MONEY TO SPARE... NOT BECAUSE WE ASK YOU TO... BUT BUY THEM AS THOUGH YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT... BECAUSE IT DOES!

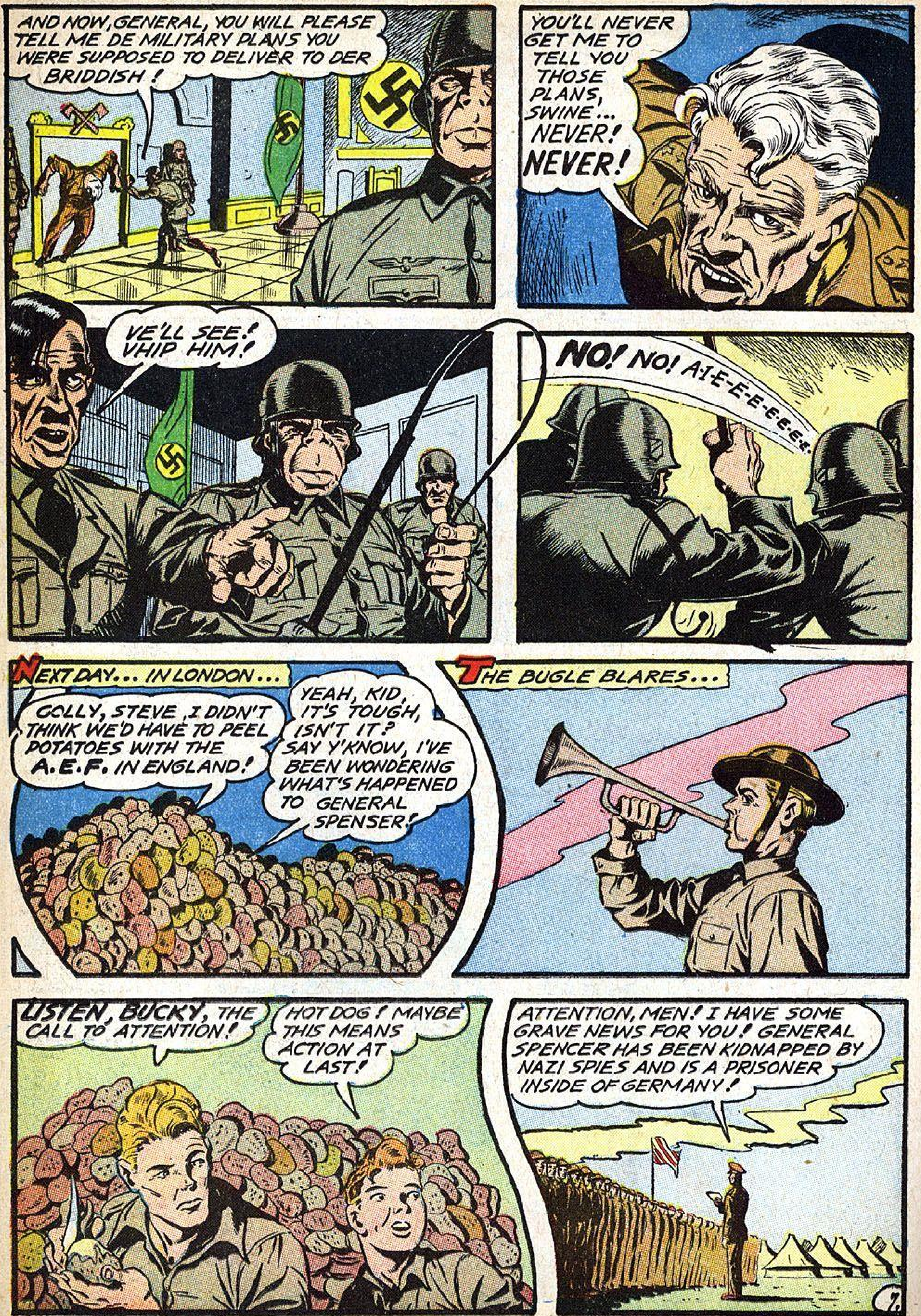

ON TO BERLIN!
COMMANDOS
CAPTAIN AMERICA
Story by STAN LEE
Drawn by AL AVISON
Rendered by SYD SHORES

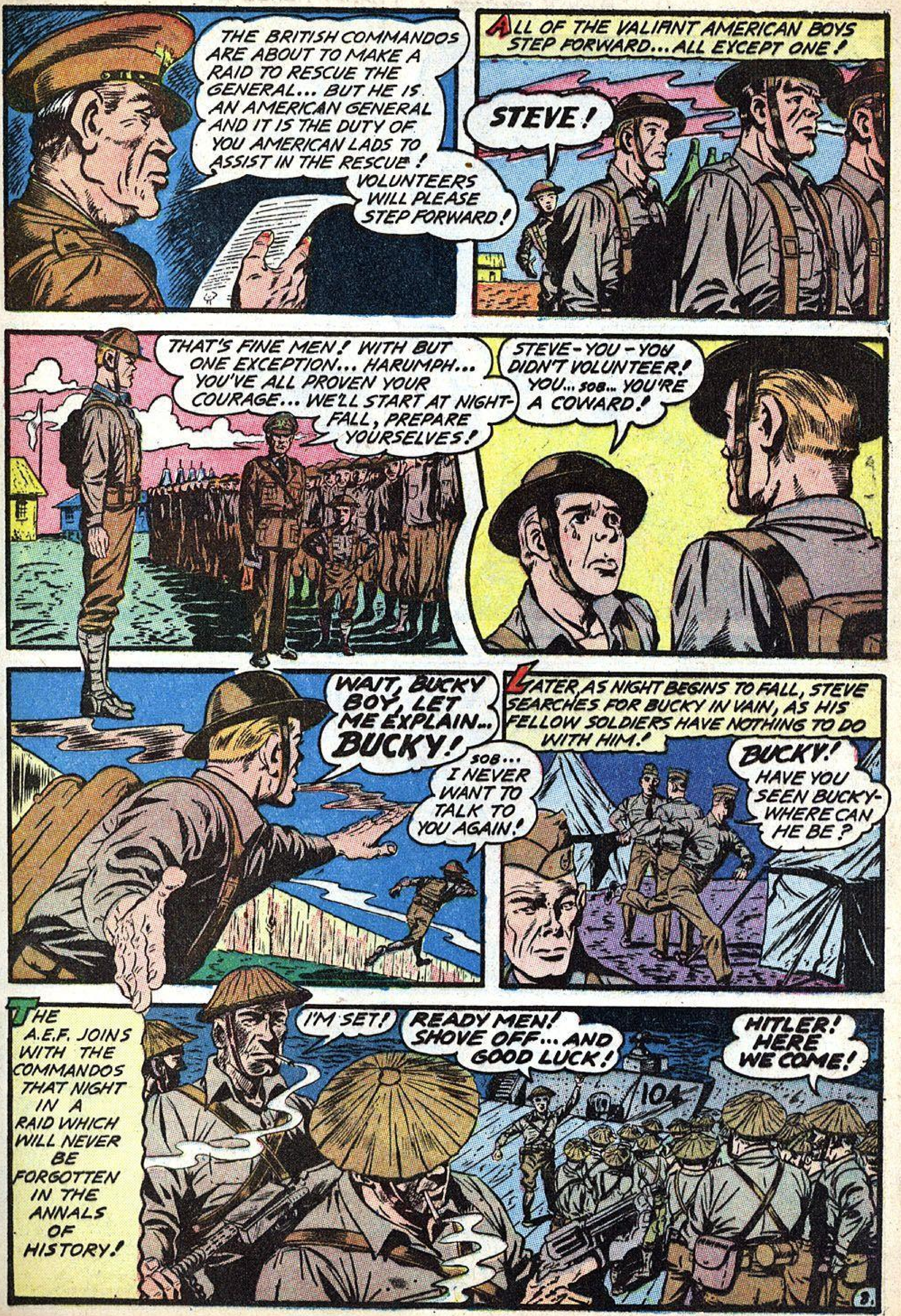

AS OUR STORY OPENS, WE FIND THE AMERICAN TRANSPORT **REVENGE** LANDING AT THE SHORES OF ENGLAND... CHOCK FULL OF AMERICAN LADS..... READY TO HURL THE MIGHT OF AMERICA AT THE AXIS! THIS IS A TALE FULL OF DYNAMIC ACTION OF
WELCOME A.E.F.
PRESS
LOOK! HERE HE COMES!
BLIMEY! **THE GENERAL** HIMSELF!
AFTER MOST OF THE MEN HAVE PASSED..... U.S. GENERAL SPENSER DESCENDS THE GANGPLANK...
ENGLAND, AT LAST!
HOORAH!
YEY!
THANK YOU FRIENDS! THANK YOU! WE INTEND TO LIVE UP TO THE FAITH YOU HAVE PLACED IN US!
BUT TWO PAIR OF SINISTER EYES ALSO WATCH THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL SPENSER....
KURT, THERE IS DER GENERAL!
QVIET, FOOL! YOU VANT TO GIFF YOURSELF AVAY?
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
YOUR CAR, GENERAL!
AH...YES, THE BRITISH EMBASSY MUST HAVE SENT YOU, THANK YOU!
GB
INSIDE THE LIMOUSINE...
THAT'S STRANGE, WHY ARE THOSE BLINDS DOWN?


THE GENERAL'S CAR LEAVES THE DOCK...
I WONDER WHERE I AM BEING TAKEN?
WHY, THESE BLINDS ARE LOCKED!
...AND I CAN'T OPEN THE DOOR...
AND INTO THE JET BLACK NIGHT SPEEDS THE CAR OF MYSTERY...
WHILE BACK ON THE DOCK SERGEANT DUFFY IS CHECKING UP ON HIS MEN!
LET'S SEE NOW—YOU'RE ALL PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR.... EXCEPT...
EXCEPT FOR STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES! WHERE IN TARNATION ARE THEY....
INSIDE OF THE TRANSPORT SHIP....
GOSH, STEVE, THAT WAS A LOW TRICK YOU PLAYED—TYING KNOTS IN MY CLOTHES!
WHY YOU LITTLE DEMON—DIDN'T YOU DO THE SAME THING TO MY CLOTHES, OUCH! THERE GOES ANOTHER FINGER NAIL!
THE ONLY REASON ROGERS AND BARNES WERE PUT IN THIS REGIMENT WAS TO GIVE ME TROUBLE! WIT'OUT DEM I WAS HAPPY...CONTENTED... DIDN'T HAVE A CARE IN THE WORLD, OH, WOE IS... AHHH! LOOK WHO'S HERE!
4


H-HELLO, SARGE!
HIYA SARGE!
DARN THESE BRITCHB!
WELL, HELLO GENERALS! I TRUST YOU DON'T MIND LEAVING THE SHIP SO SOON!
NOW GIT IN LINE BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER! OF ALL THE LAZY, INCOMPETANT BOOBS YOU TWO ARE THE WORST! THE ONLY REASON YOU'RE PRIVATES IS BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING LOWER!
AND NOT ONLY THAT... BUT WHEN I GET YOU TWO IN CAMP I'M GONNA... GONNA... A-A-HEY!
IN HE GOES!
MY, MY, ISN'T THAT TOO BAD!
TSK! TSK!
GRRRRRR!
HERE, SARGIE, LET ME HELP YOU!
OOPS! I LOST MY GRIP!
GLUB GLUB!
FINALLY!
PARDON, SIR, BUT ISN'T GENERAL SPENSER PRESENT! I'VE BEEN SENT BY THE WAR MINISTRY TO CHAUFFEUR HIM TO HIS QUARTERS!


BUT THE GENERAL DROVE AWAY WITH A GOVERNMENT CHAUFFEUR TEN MINUTES AGO!
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, SIR! I'M THE ONLY MAN SENT TO DRIVE HIM!
SOMETHING'S STRANGE HERE, KID!
I DON'T GET IT!
YEAH!
WELL, SIR, I'LL DRIVE BACK AND SEE IF GENERAL SPENSER HAS ARRIVED YET!
O.K. I'LL TAKE MY MEN TO CAMP NOW! **FOR-WARRRDD!**
AT THE BRITISH WAR OFFICE A FEW MINUTES LATER...
THAT'S ABSURD, I TELL YOU... YOU WERE THE ONLY MAN I SENT TO CALL FOR THE GENERAL! WHAT HAPPENED?! WHERE CAN HE BE?
THE NEXT DAY...
BUT HE MUST BE **SOMEWHERE!**
HE COULDN'T JUST DISAPPEAR IN THIN AIR!
THIS IS DISASTEROUS! HE **MUST** BE FOUND!
CALLING SCOTLAND YARD...
BUT LET US QUICKLY TURN TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHANNEL... TO THE CESSPOOL THAT IS NAZI GERMANY!
GESTAPO QUARTERS IN BERLIN....
ZOOOO-GENERAL SPENSER! VE HAFF YOU NOW! I HAD YOU TOOK FROM UNDER DER NOSES OF YOUR STUPID ALLIES! HA HA HA!


AND NOW, GENERAL, YOU WILL PLEASE TELL ME DE MILITARY PLANS YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO DELIVER TO DER BRIDDISH!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME TO TELL YOU THOSE PLANS, SWINE... NEVER! NEVER!
VE'LL SEE! VHIP HIM!
NO! NO! A-I-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E
NEXT DAY... IN LONDON...
GOLLY, STEVE, I DIDN'T THINK WE'D HAVE TO PEEL POTATOES WITH THE A.E.F. IN ENGLAND!
YEAH, KID, IT'S TOUGH, ISN'T IT? SAY Y'KNOW, I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHAT'S HAPPENED TO GENERAL SPENSER!
THE BUGLE BLARES...
LISTEN, BUCKY, THE CALL TO ATTENTION!
HOT DOG! MAYBE THIS MEANS ACTION AT LAST!
ATTENTION, MEN! I HAVE SOME GRAVE NEWS FOR YOU! GENERAL SPENCER HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY NAZI SPIES AND IS A PRISONER INSIDE OF GERMANY!


THE BRITISH COMMANDOS ARE ABOUT TO MAKE A RAID TO RESCUE THE GENERAL... BUT HE IS AN AMERICAN GENERAL AND IT IS THE DUTY OF YOU AMERICAN LADS TO ASSIST IN THE RESCUE!
VOLUNTEERS WILL PLEASE STEP FORWARD!
ALL OF THE VALIANT AMERICAN BOYS STEP FORWARD... ALL EXCEPT ONE!
STEVE!
THAT'S FINE MEN! WITH BUT ONE EXCEPTION... HARUMPH... YOU'VE ALL PROVEN YOUR COURAGE... WE'LL START AT NIGHTFALL, PREPARE YOURSELVES!
STEVE-YOU-YOU DIDN'T VOLUNTEER! YOU... SOB... YOU'RE A COWARD!
WAIT, BUCKY BOY, LET ME EXPLAIN... BUCKY!
SOB... I NEVER WANT TO TALK TO YOU AGAIN!
LATER AS NIGHT BEGINS TO FALL, STEVE SEARCHES FOR BUCKY IN VAIN, AS HIS FELLOW SOLDIERS HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH HIM!
BUCKY!
HAVE YOU SEEN BUCKY-WHERE CAN HE BE?
THE A.E.F. JOINS WITH THE COMMANDOS THAT NIGHT IN A RAID WHICH WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN IN THE ANNALS OF HISTORY!
I'M SET!
READY MEN! SHOVE OFF... AND GOOD LUCK!
HITLER! HERE WE COME!
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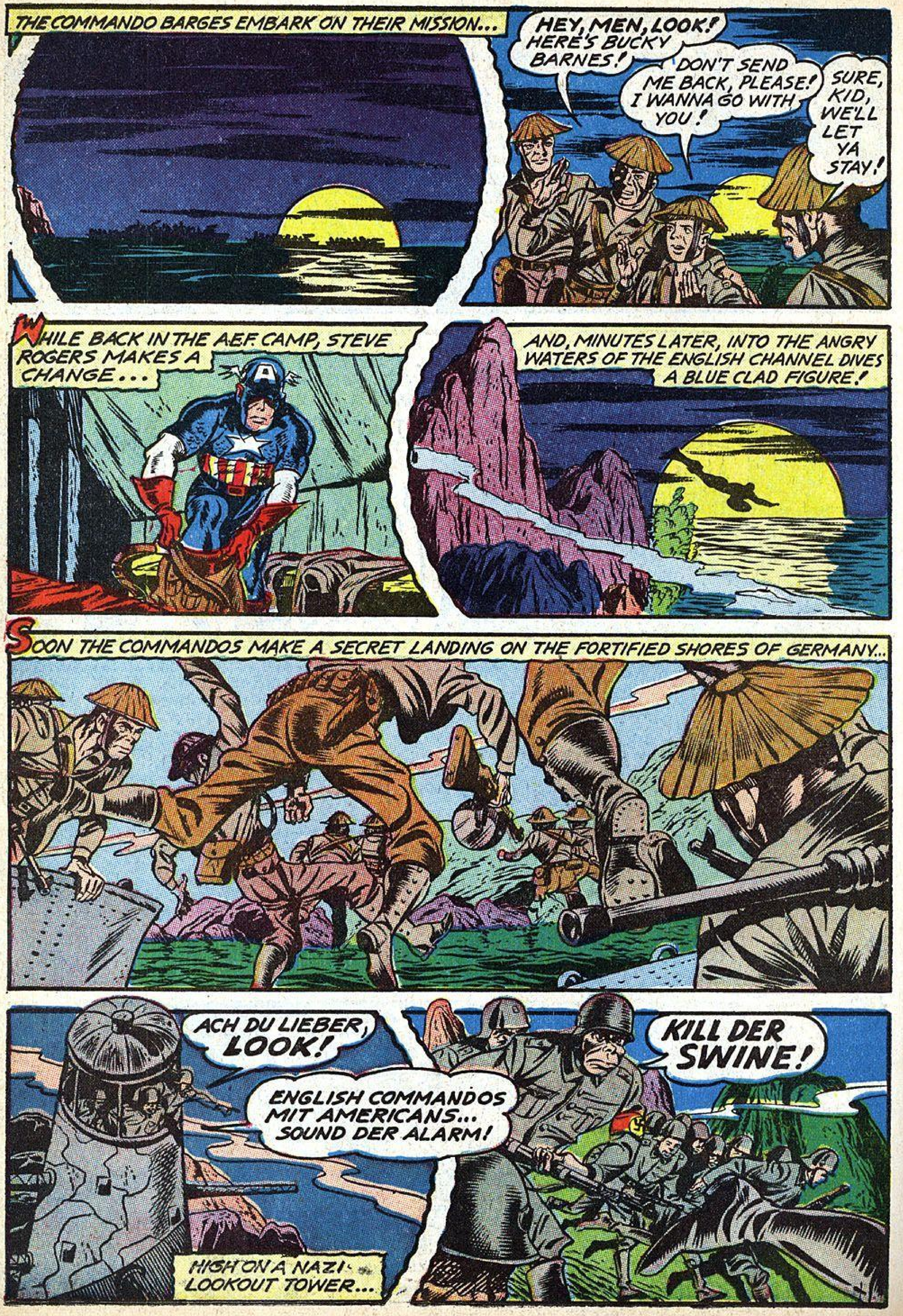
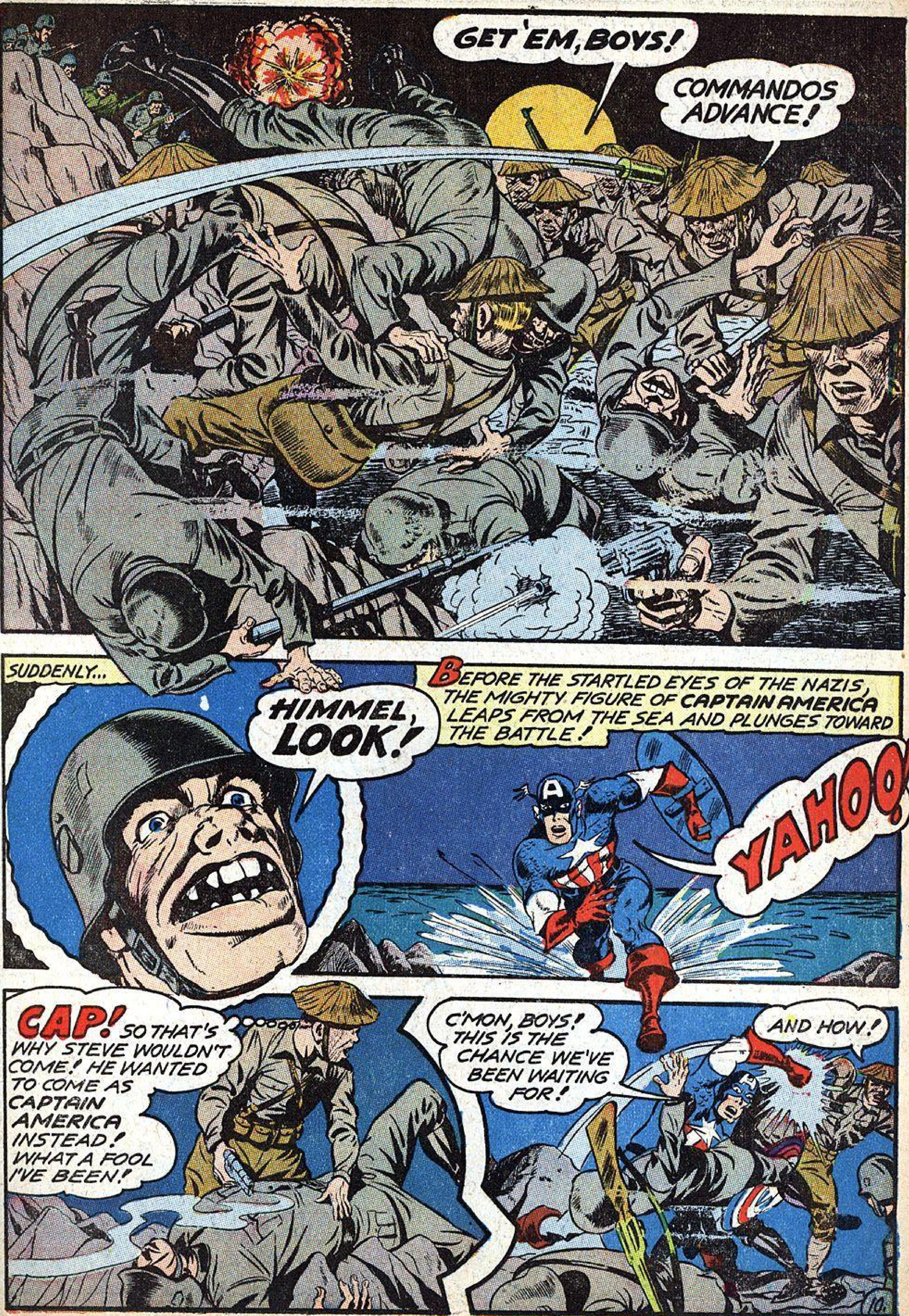
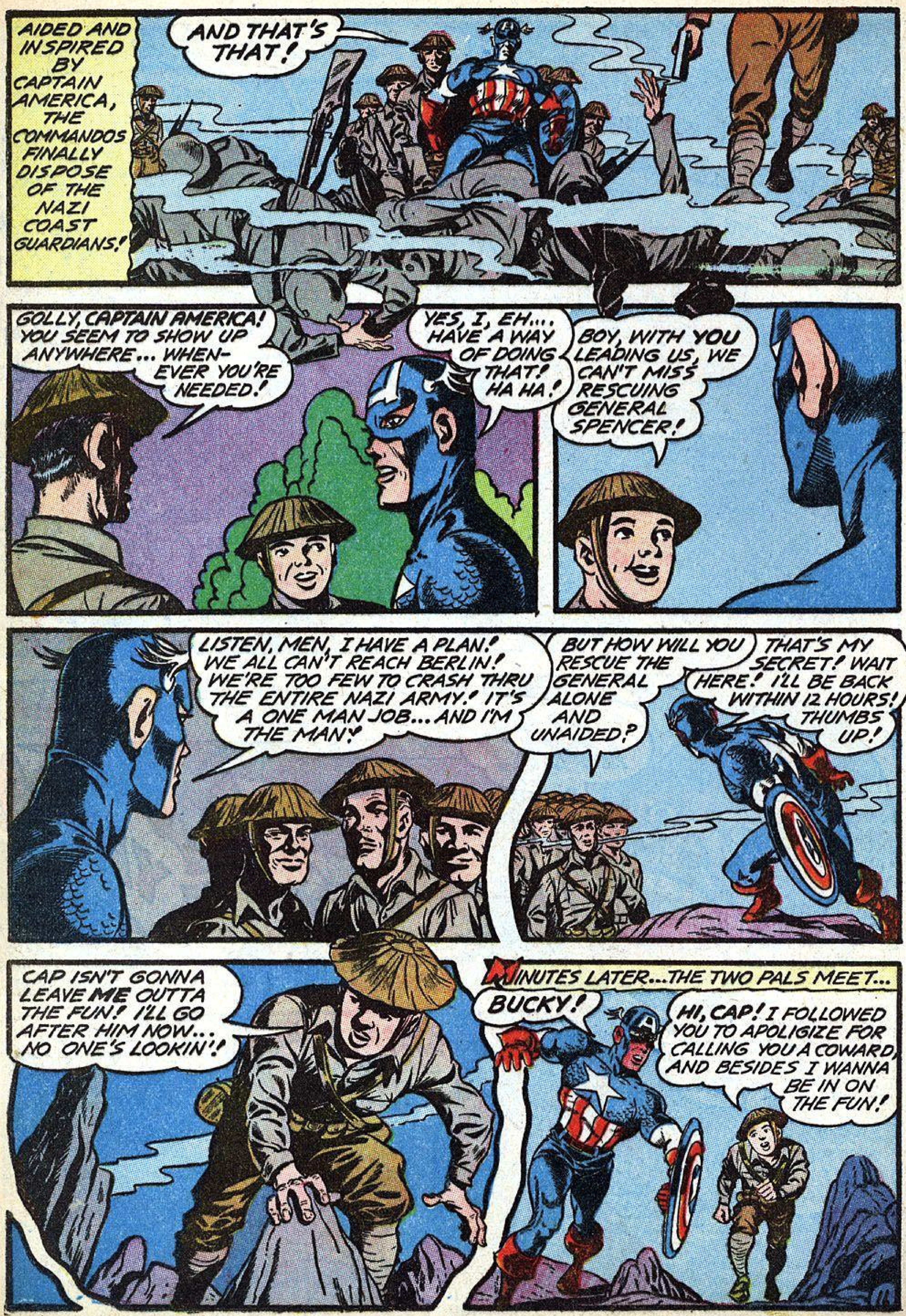
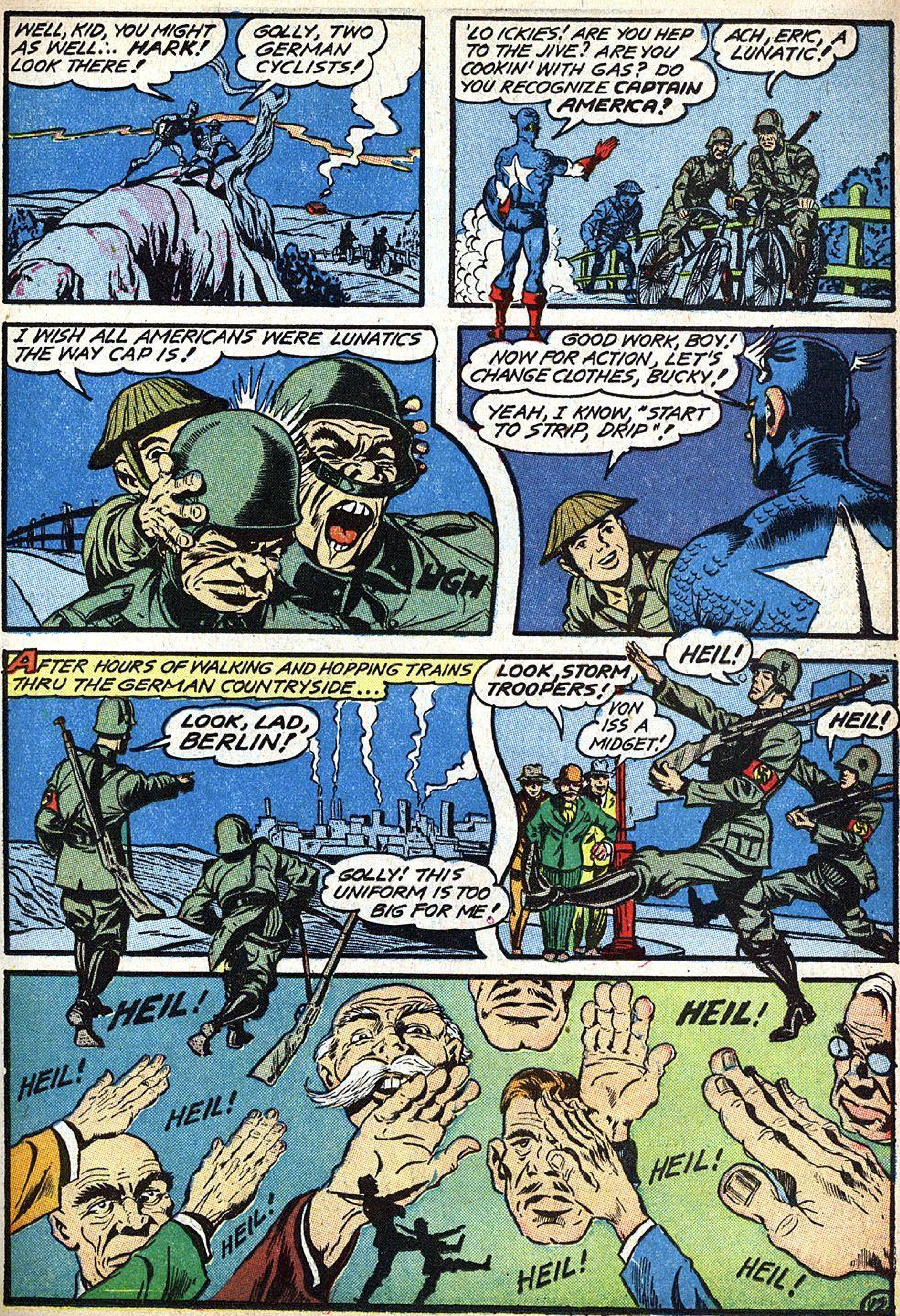
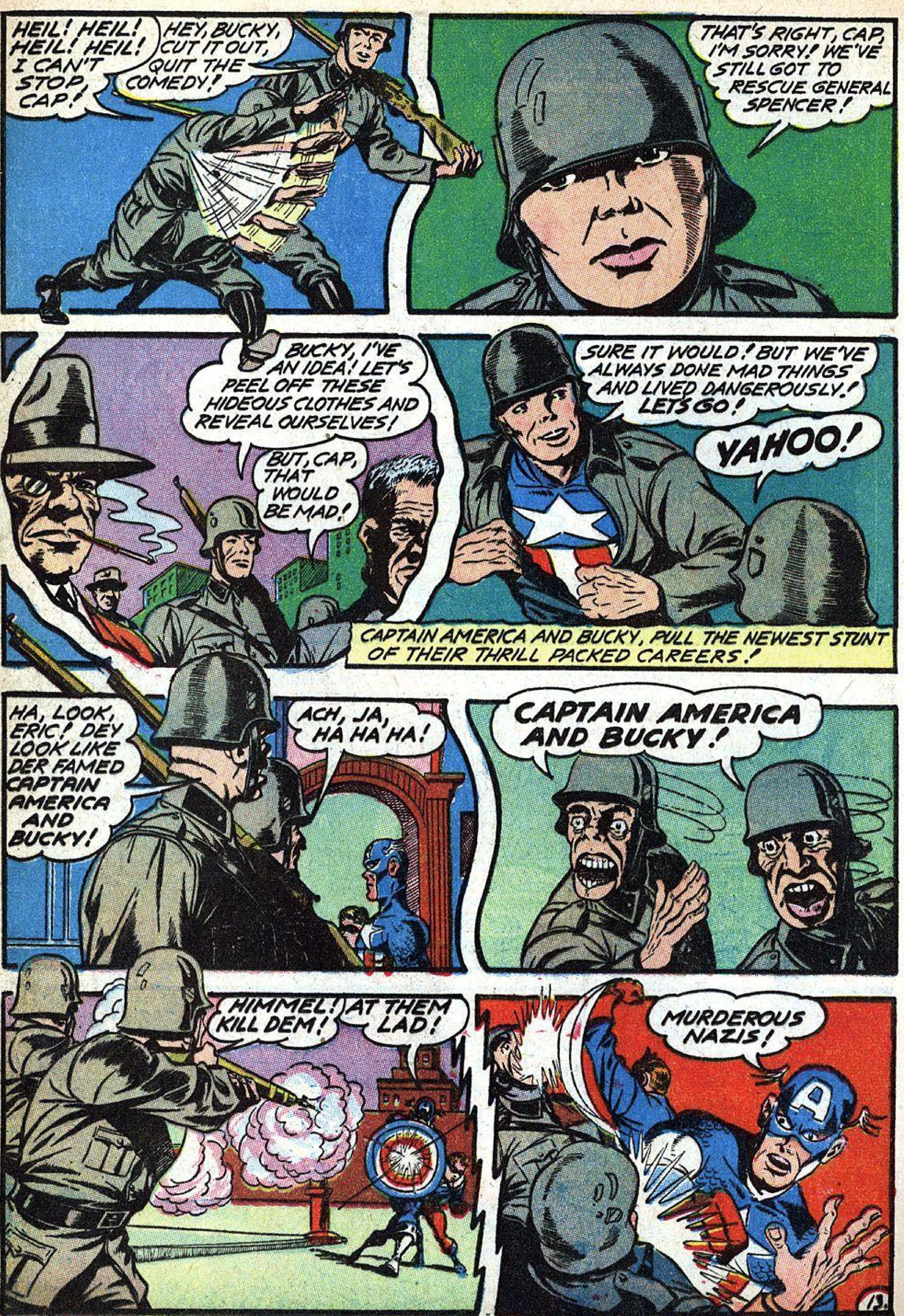
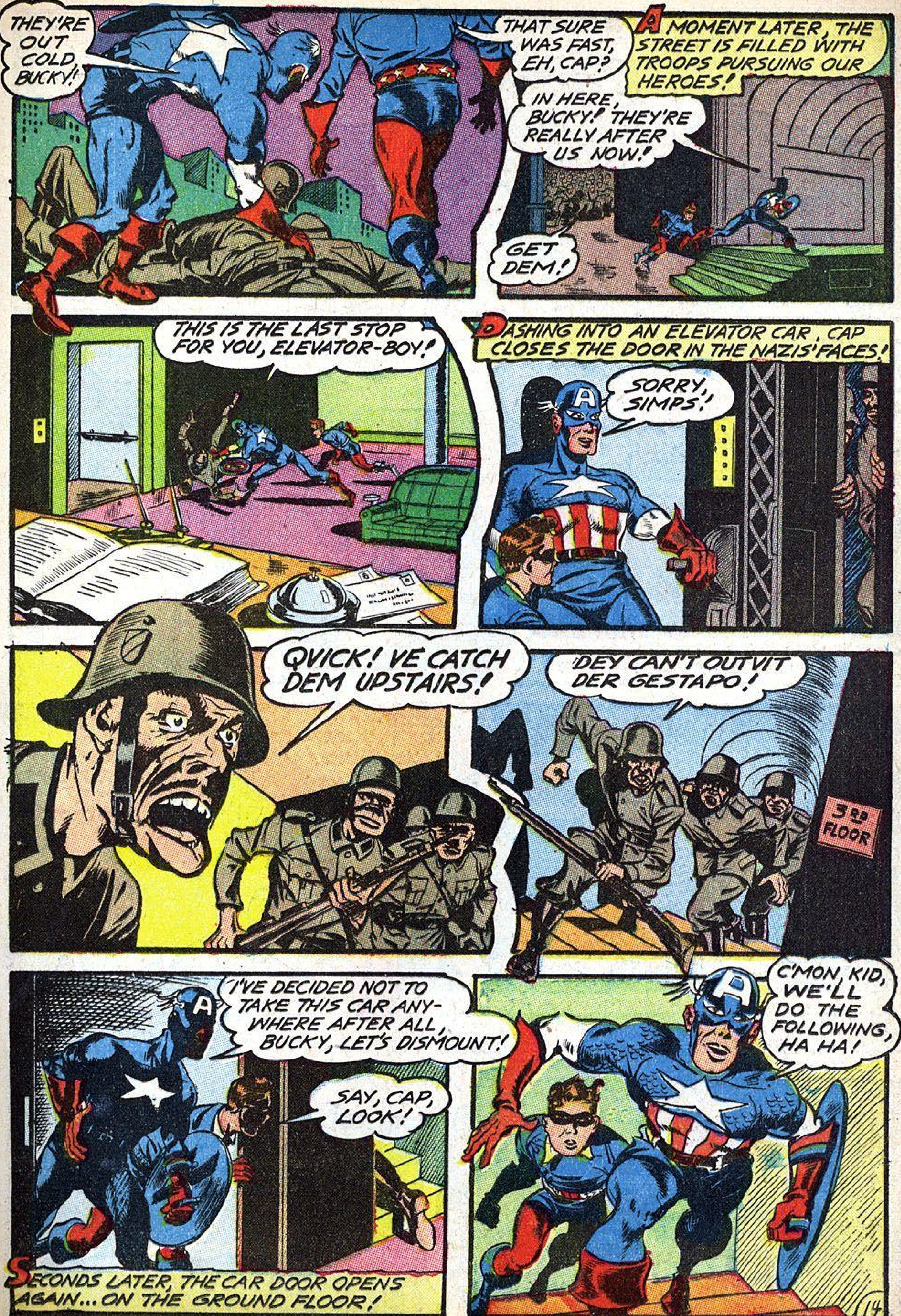

THE COMMANDO BARGES EMBARK ON THEIR MISSION...
HEY, MEN, LOOK! HERE'S BUCKY BARNES!
DON'T SEND ME BACK, PLEASE! I WANNA GO WITH YOU!
SURE, KID, WE'LL LET YA STAY!
WHILE BACK IN THE A.E.F. CAMP, STEVE ROGERS MAKES A CHANGE...
AND, MINUTES LATER, INTO THE ANGRY WATERS OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL DIVES A BLUE CLAD FIGURE!
SOON THE COMMANDOS MAKE A SECRET LANDING ON THE FORTIFIED SHORES OF GERMANY...
HIGH ON A NAZI LOOKOUT TOWER...
ACH DU LIEBER, LOOK!
ENGLISH COMMANDOS MIT AMERICANS... SOUND DER ALARM!
KILL DER SWINE!

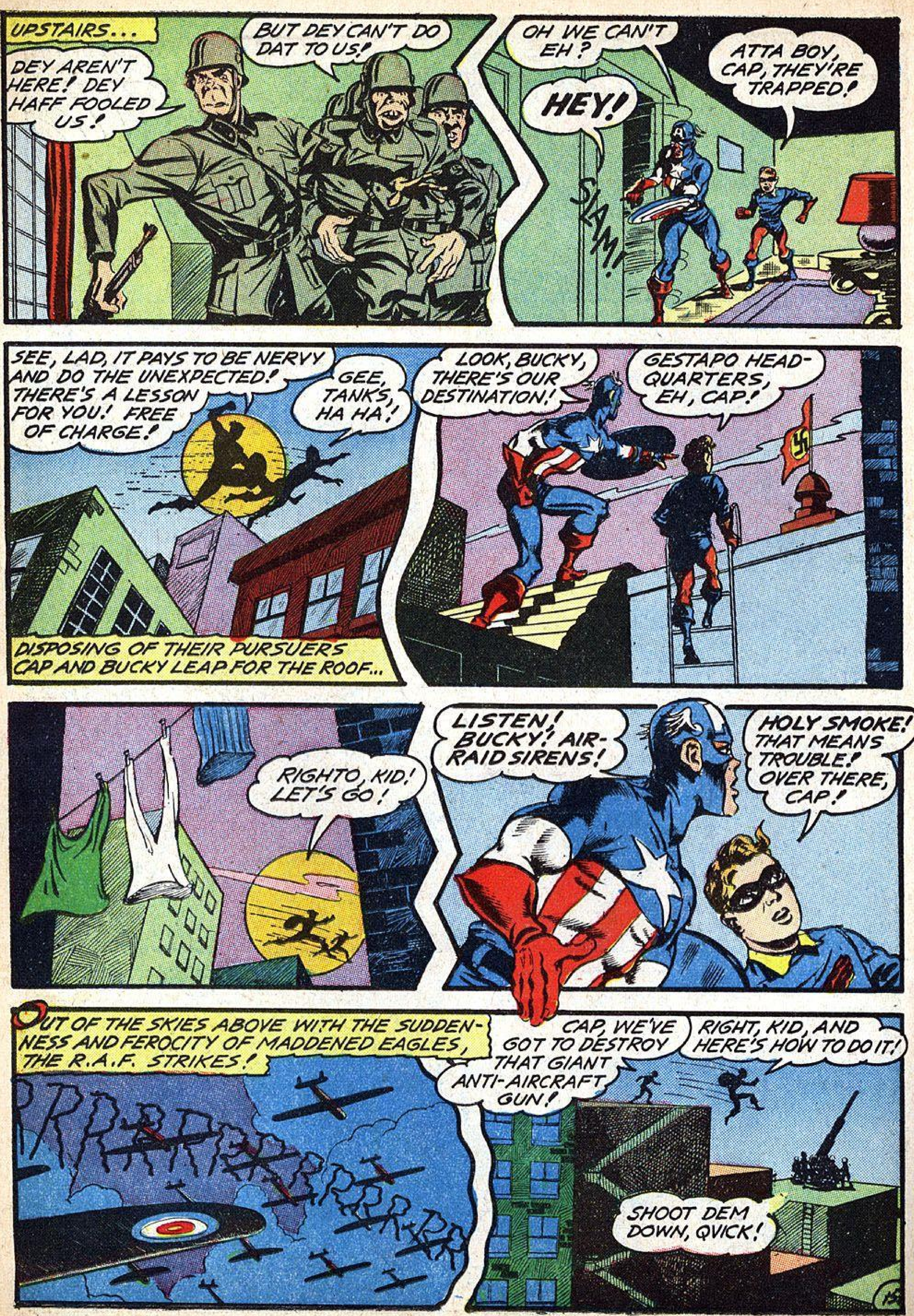

GET 'EM, BOYS!
COMMANDOS ADVANCE!
SUDDENLY...
HIMMEL, LOOK!
BEFORE THE STARTLED EYES OF THE NAZIS, THE MIGHTY FIGURE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA LEAPS FROM THE SEA AND PLUNGES TOWARD THE BATTLE!
YAHOO!
CAP! SO THAT'S WHY STEVE WOULDN'T COME! HE WANTED TO COME AS CAPTAIN AMERICA INSTEAD! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!
C'MON, BOYS! THIS IS THE CHANCE WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!
AND HOW!

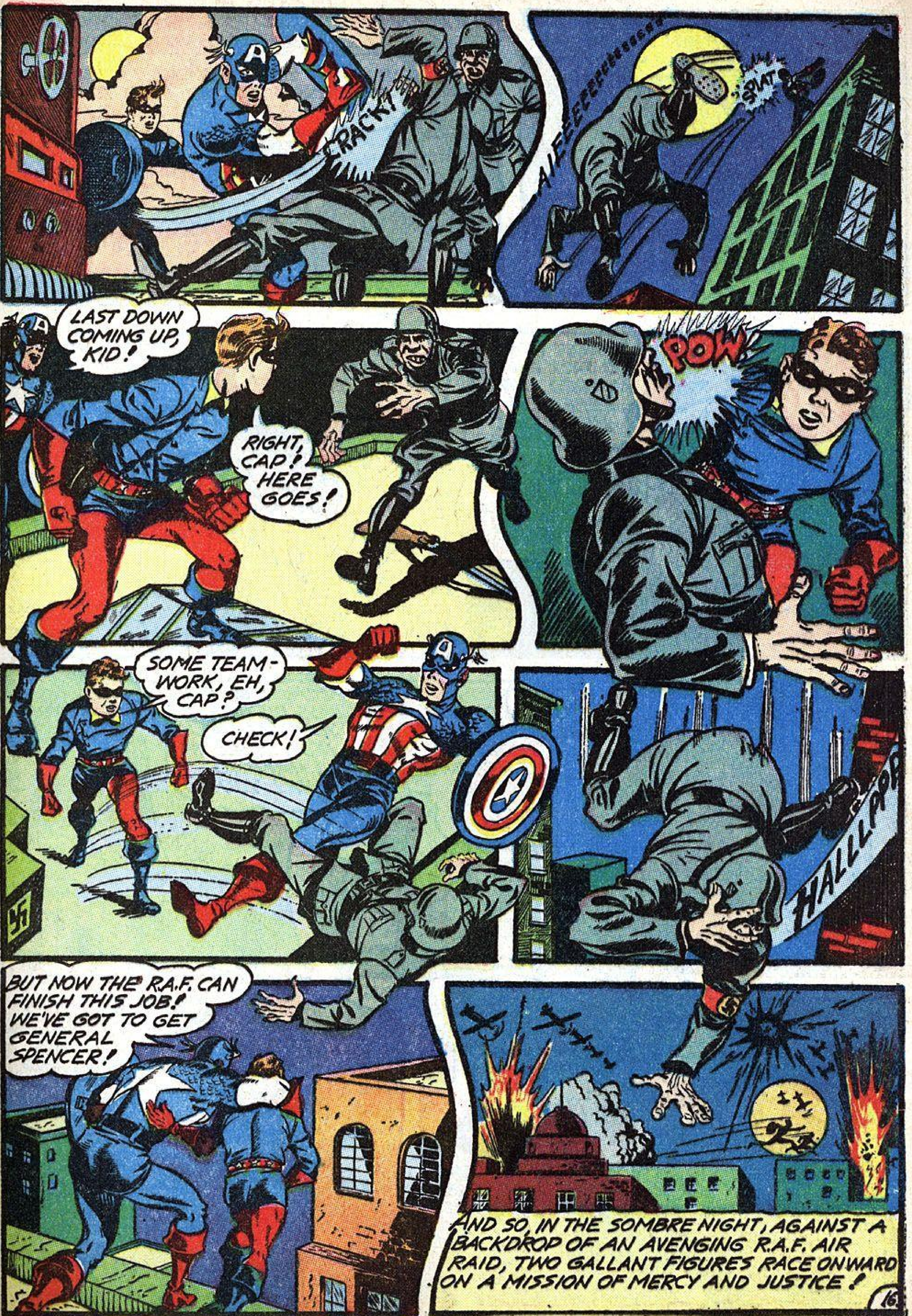

AIDED AND INSPIRED BY CAPTAIN AMERICA, THE COMMANDOS FINALLY DISPOSE OF THE NAZI COAST GUARDIANS!
AND THAT'S THAT!
GOLLY, CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU SEEM TO SHOW UP ANYWHERE... WHEN-EVER YOU'RE NEEDED!
YES, I, EH.... HAVE A WAY OF DOING THAT! HA HA!
BOY, WITH YOU LEADING US, WE CAN'T MISS RESCUING GENERAL SPENCER!
LISTEN, MEN, I HAVE A PLAN! WE ALL CAN'T REACH BERLIN! WE'RE TOO FEW TO CRASH THRU THE ENTIRE NAZI ARMY! IT'S A ONE MAN JOB... AND I'M THE MAN!
BUT HOW WILL YOU RESCUE THE GENERAL ALONE AND UNAIDED?
THAT'S MY SECRET! WAIT HERE! I'LL BE BACK WITHIN 12 HOURS! THUMBS UP!
CAP ISN'T GONNA LEAVE ME OUTTA THE FUN! I'LL GO AFTER HIM NOW... NO ONE'S LOOKIN'!
MINUTES LATER... THE TWO PALS MEET...
BUCKY!
HI, CAP! I FOLLOWED YOU TO APOLIGIZE FOR CALLING YOU A COWARD, AND BESIDES I WANNA BE IN ON THE FUN!

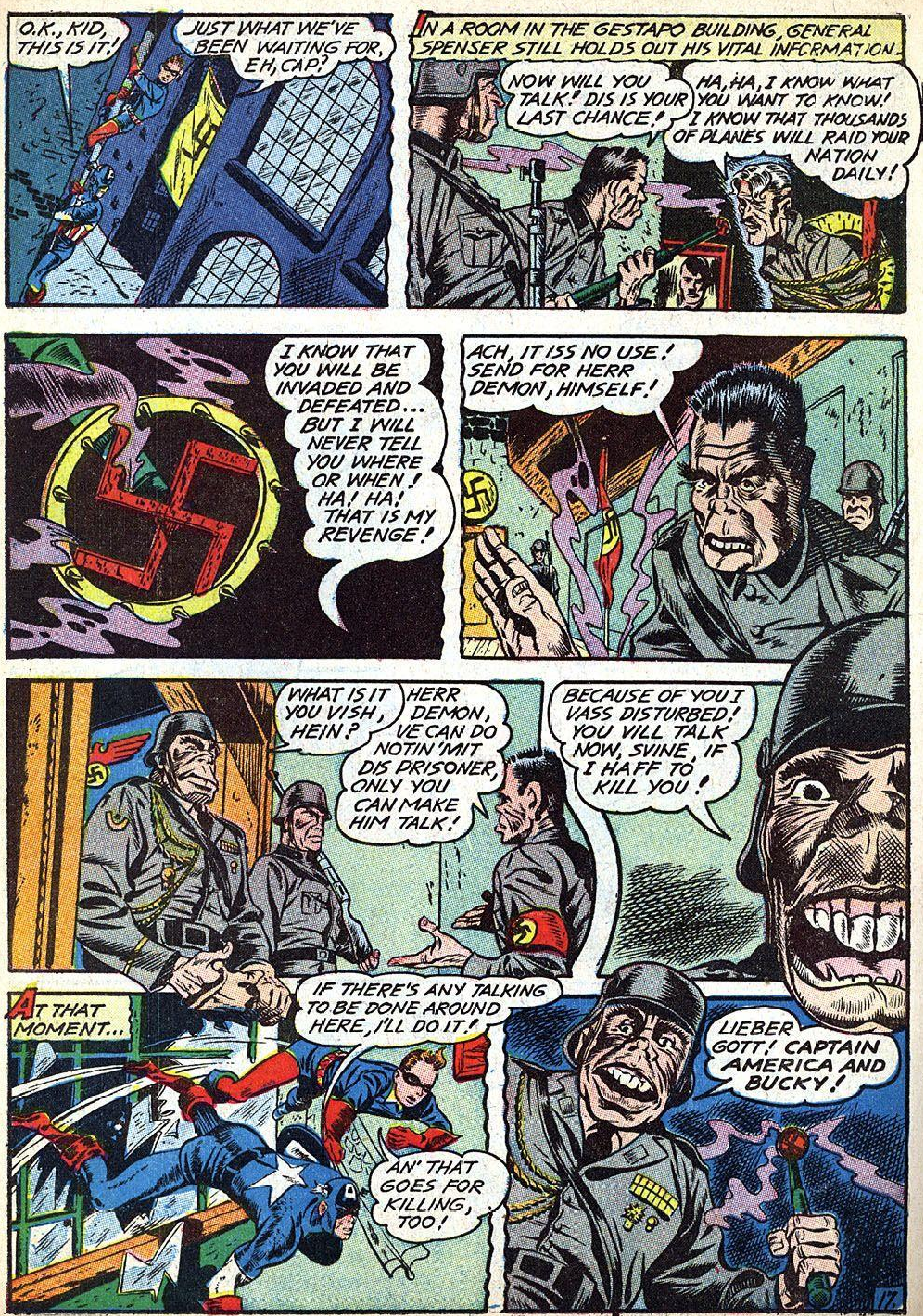

WELL, KID, YOU MIGHT AS WELL... HARK! LOOK THERE!
GOLLY, TWO GERMAN CYCLISTS!
'LO ICKIES! ARE YOU HEP TO THE JIVE? ARE YOU COOKIN' WITH GAS? DO YOU RECOGNIZE CAPTAIN AMERICA?
ACH, ERIC, A LUNATIC!
I WISH ALL AMERICANS WERE LUNATICS THE WAY CAP IS!
UGH
GOOD WORK, BOY! NOW FOR ACTION, LET'S CHANGE CLOTHES, BUCKY!
YEAH, I KNOW, "START TO STRIP, DRIP"!
AFTER HOURS OF WALKING AND HOPPING TRAINS THRU THE GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE...
LOOK, LAD, BERLIN!
GOLLY! THIS UNIFORM IS TOO BIG FOR ME!
HEIL!
LOOK, STORM TROOPERS!
VON ISS A MIDGET!
HEIL!
HEIL!
HEIL!
HEIL!
HEIL!
HEIL!
HEIL!
HEIL!
HEIL!
HEIL!

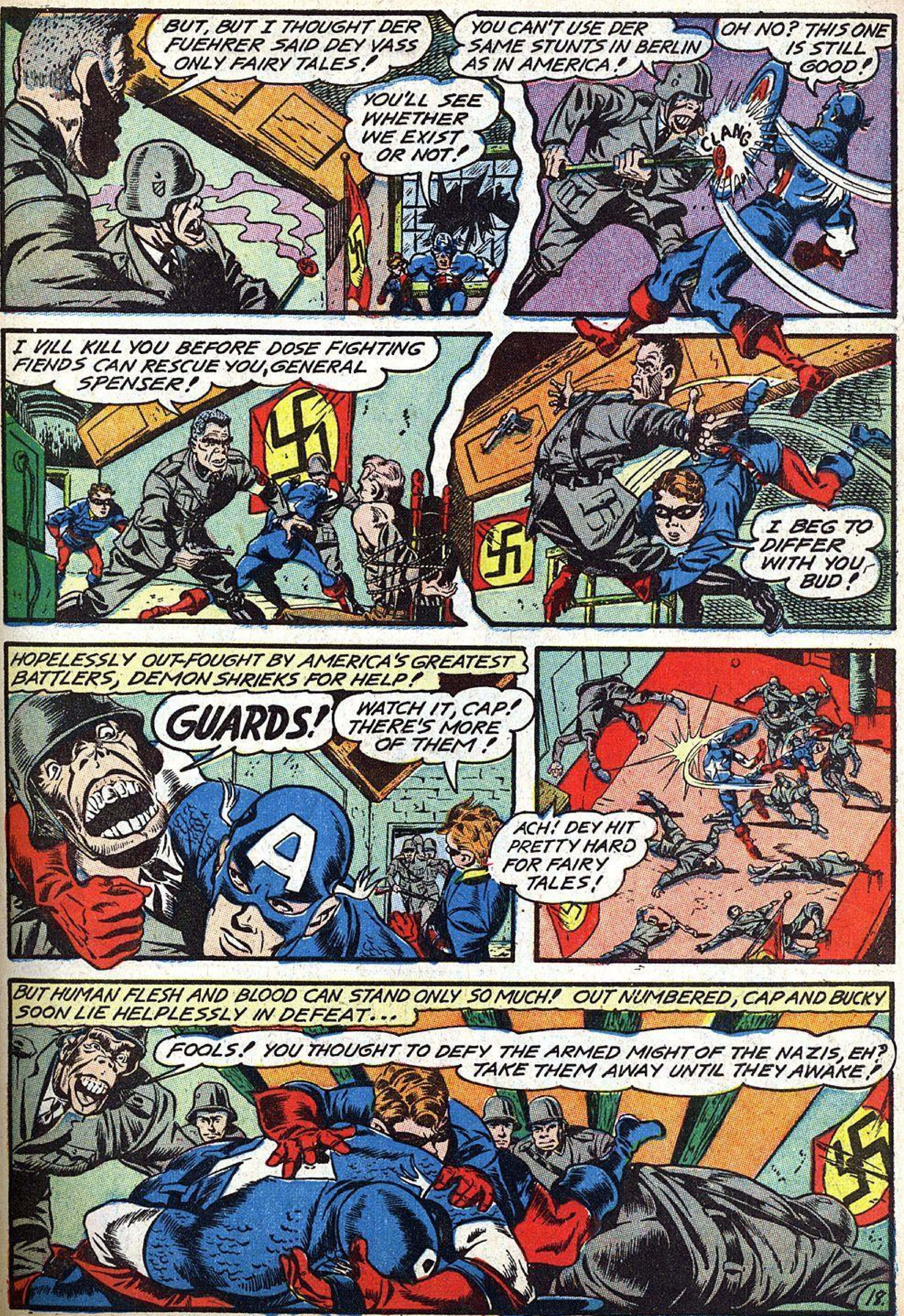

HEIL! HEIL! HEIL! HEIL! I CAN'T STOP, CAP!
HEY, BUCKY, CUT IT OUT, QUIT THE COMEDY!
THAT'S RIGHT, CAP, I'M SORRY! WE'VE STILL GOT TO RESCUE GENERAL SPENCER!
BUCKY, I'VE AN IDEA! LET'S PEEL OFF THESE HIDEOUS CLOTHES AND REVEAL OURSELVES!
BUT, CAP, THAT WOULD BE MAD!
SURE IT WOULD! BUT WE'VE ALWAYS DONE MAD THINGS AND LIVED DANGEROUSLY! LETS GO!
YAHOO!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY, PULL THE NEWEST STUNT OF THEIR THRILL PACKED CAREERS!
HA, LOOK, ERIC! DEY LOOK LIKE DER FAMED CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!
ACH, JA, HA HA HA!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!
HIMMEL! KILL DEM!
AT THEM LAD!
MURDEROUS NAZIS!

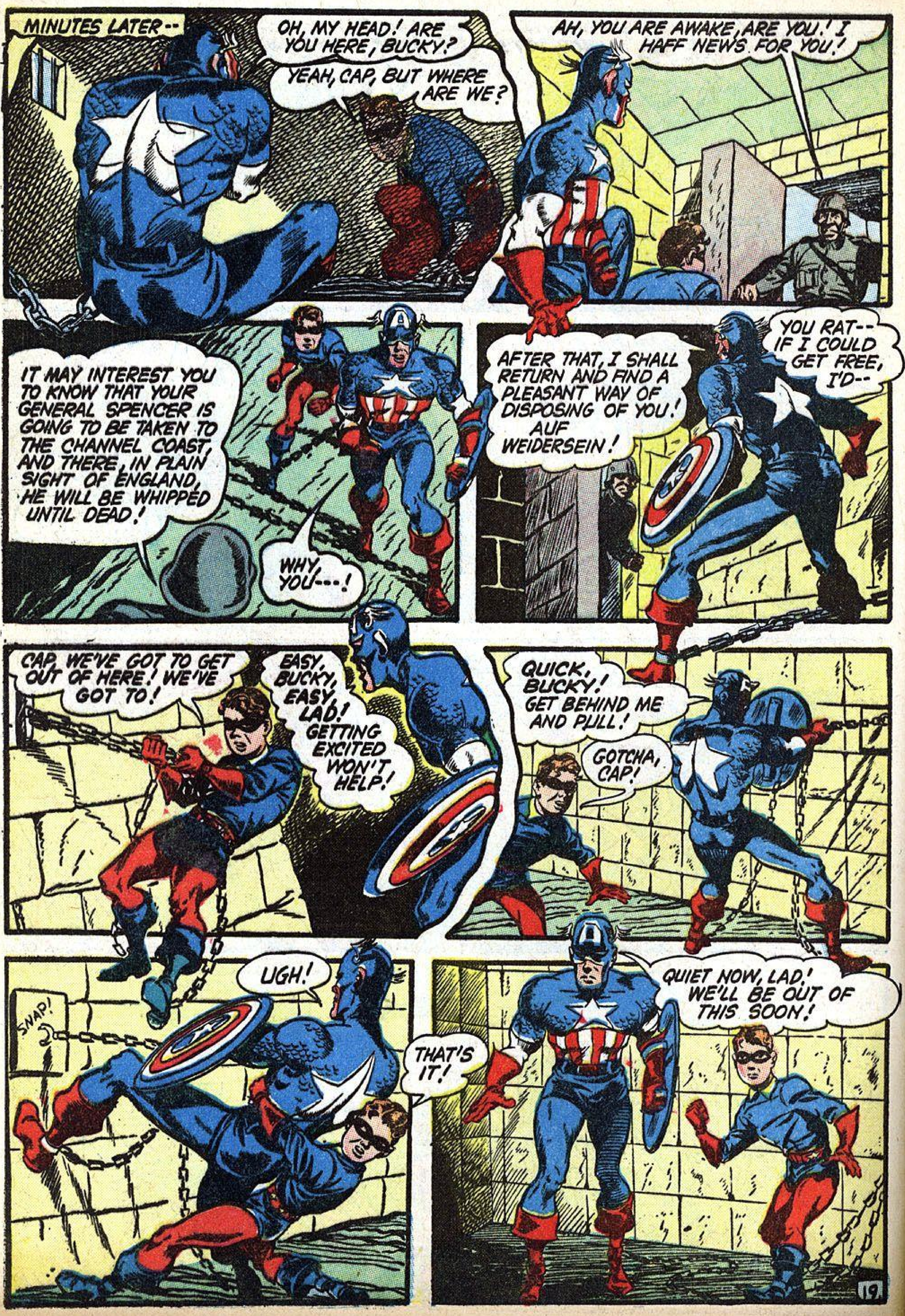

THEY'RE OUT COLD, BUCKY!
THAT SURE WAS FAST, EH, CAP?
A MOMENT LATER, THE STREET IS FILLED WITH TROOPS PURSUING OUR HEROES!
IN HERE, BUCKY! THEY'RE REALLY AFTER US NOW!
GET DEM!
THIS IS THE LAST STOP FOR YOU, ELEVATOR-BOY!
DASHING INTO AN ELEVATOR CAR, CAP CLOSES THE DOOR IN THE NAZIS' FACES!
SORRY, SIMPS!
QVICK! VE CATCH DEM UPSTAIRS!
DEY CAN'T OUTVIT DER GESTAPO!
3RD FLOOR
I'VE DECIDED NOT TO TAKE THIS CAR ANYWHERE AFTER ALL, BUCKY, LET'S DISMOUNT!
SAY, CAP, LOOK!
SECONDS LATER, THE CAR DOOR OPENS AGAIN... ON THE GROUND FLOOR!
C'MON, KID, WE'LL DO THE FOLLOWING, HA HA!

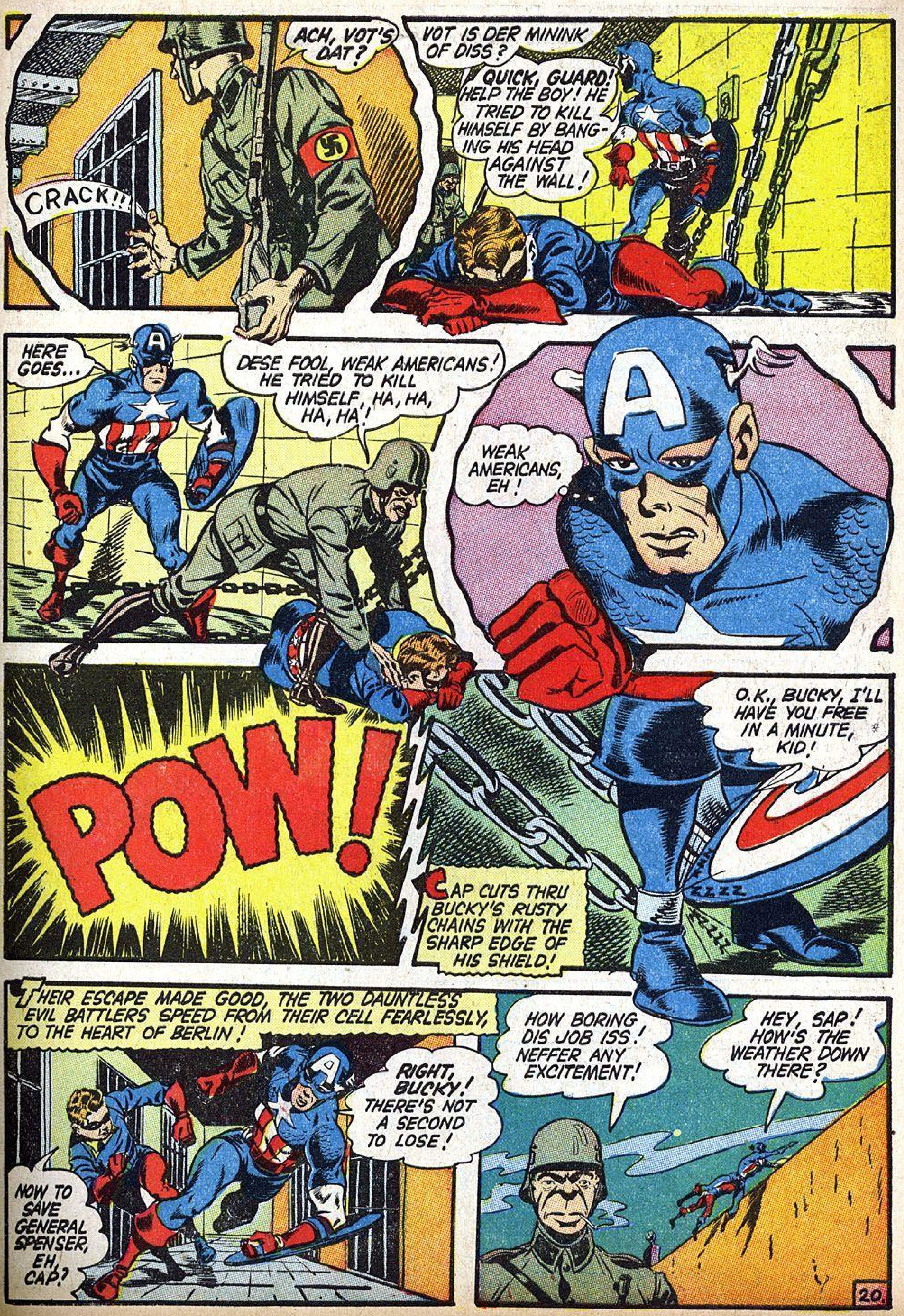

UPSTAIRS...
DEY AREN'T HERE! DEY HAFF FOOLED US!
BUT DEY CAN'T DO DAT TO US!
OH WE CAN'T EH?
HEY!
SLAM!
ATTA BOY, CAP, THEY'RE TRAPPED!
SEE, LAD, IT PAYS TO BE NERVY AND DO THE UNEXPECTED! THERE'S A LESSON FOR YOU! FREE OF CHARGE!
GEE, TANKS, HA HA!
DISPOSING OF THEIR PURSUERS CAP AND BUCKY LEAP FOR THE ROOF...
LOOK, BUCKY, THERE'S OUR DESTINATION!
GESTAPO HEAD-QUARTERS, EH, CAP!
RIGHTO, KID! LET'S GO!
LISTEN! BUCKY! AIR-RAID SIRENS!
HOLY SMOKE! THAT MEANS TROUBLE! OVER THERE, CAP!
OUT OF THE SKIES ABOVE WITH THE SUDDENNESS AND FEROCITY OF MADDENED EAGLES, THE R.A.F. STRIKES!
RRRRRRRRRRRR-RRR
CAP, WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY THAT GIANT ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN!
RIGHT, KID, AND HERE'S HOW TO DO IT!
SHOOT DEM DOWN, QVICK!

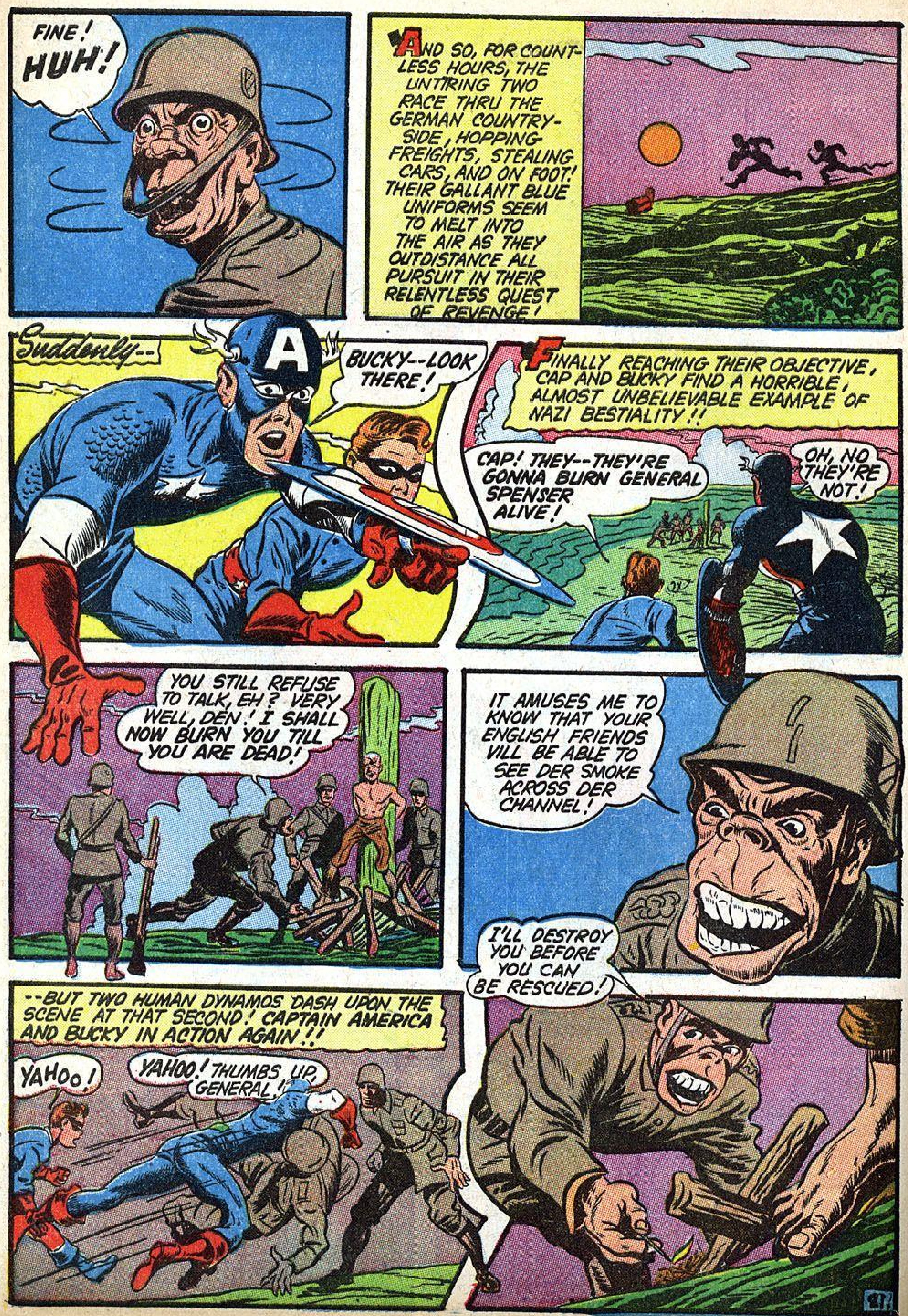

CRACK!
AIEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
SPLAT
LAST DOWN COMING UP, KID!
RIGHT, CAP! HERE GOES!
POW!
SOME TEAM-WORK, EH, CAP?
CHECK!
HALLLPPP
BUT NOW THE R.A.F. CAN FINISH THIS JOB! WE'VE GOT TO GET GENERAL SPENCER!
AND SO, IN THE SOMBRE NIGHT, AGAINST A BACKDROP OF AN AVENGING R.A.F. AIR RAID, TWO GALLANT FIGURES RACE ONWARD ON A MISSION OF MERCY AND JUSTICE!

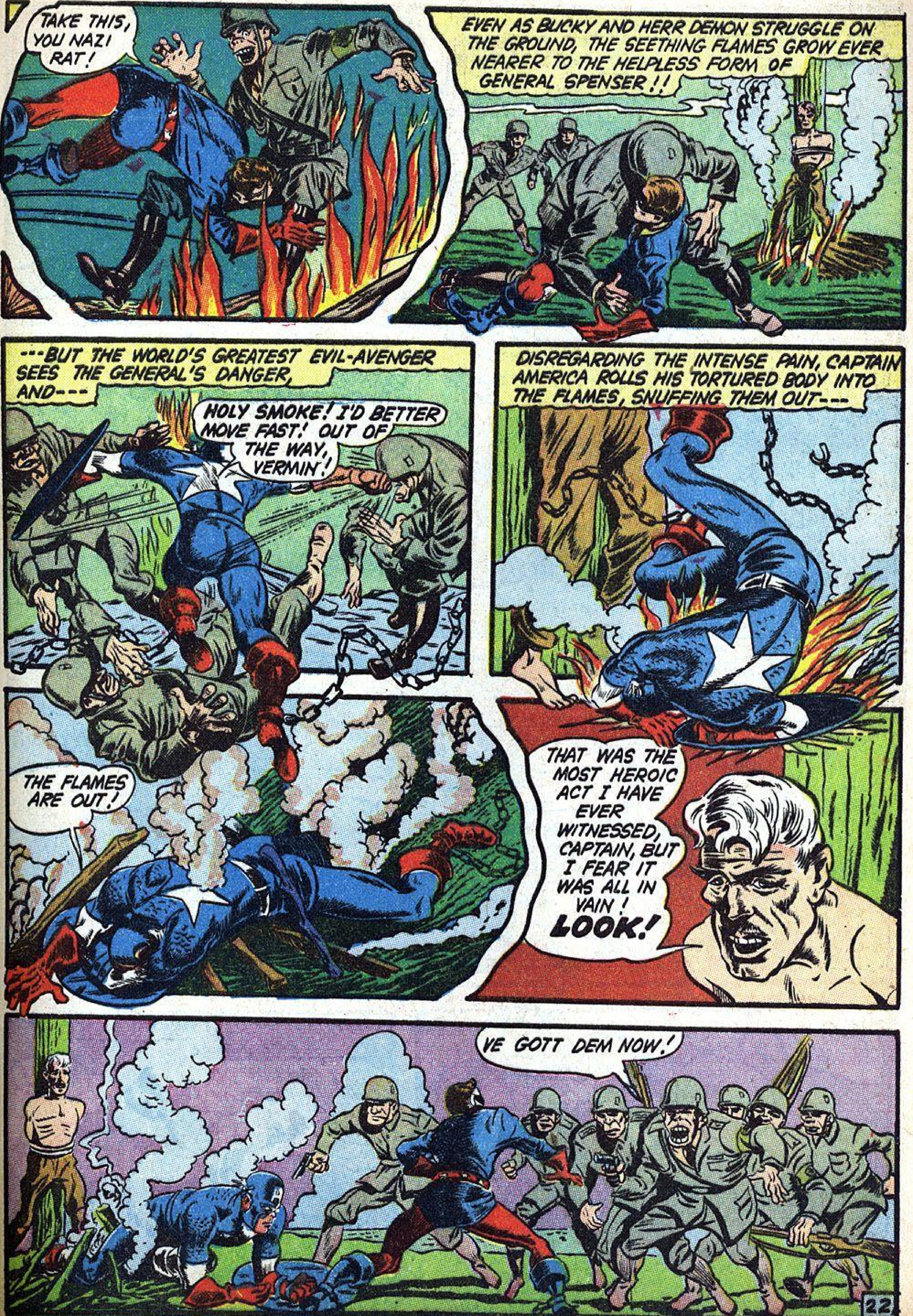

O.K., KID, THIS IS IT!
JUST WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, EH, CAP?
IN A ROOM IN THE GESTAPO BUILDING, GENERAL SPENSER STILL HOLDS OUT HIS VITAL INFORMATION...
NOW WILL YOU TALK! DIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE!
HA, HA, I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW! I KNOW THAT THOUSANDS OF PLANES WILL RAID YOUR NATION DAILY!
I KNOW THAT YOU WILL BE INVADED AND DEFEATED... BUT I WILL NEVER TELL YOU WHERE OR WHEN! HA! HA! THAT IS MY REVENGE!
ACH, IT ISS NO USE! SEND FOR HERR DEMON, HIMSELF!
WHAT IS IT YOU VISH, HEIN?
HERR DEMON, VE CAN DO NOTIN' MIT DIS PRISONER, ONLY YOU CAN MAKE HIM TALK!
BECAUSE OF YOU I VASS DISTURBED! YOU VILL TALK NOW, SVINE, IF I HAFF TO KILL YOU!
AT THAT MOMENT...
IF THERE'S ANY TALKING TO BE DONE AROUND HERE, I'LL DO IT!
AN' THAT GOES FOR KILLING, TOO!
LIEBER GOTT! CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!

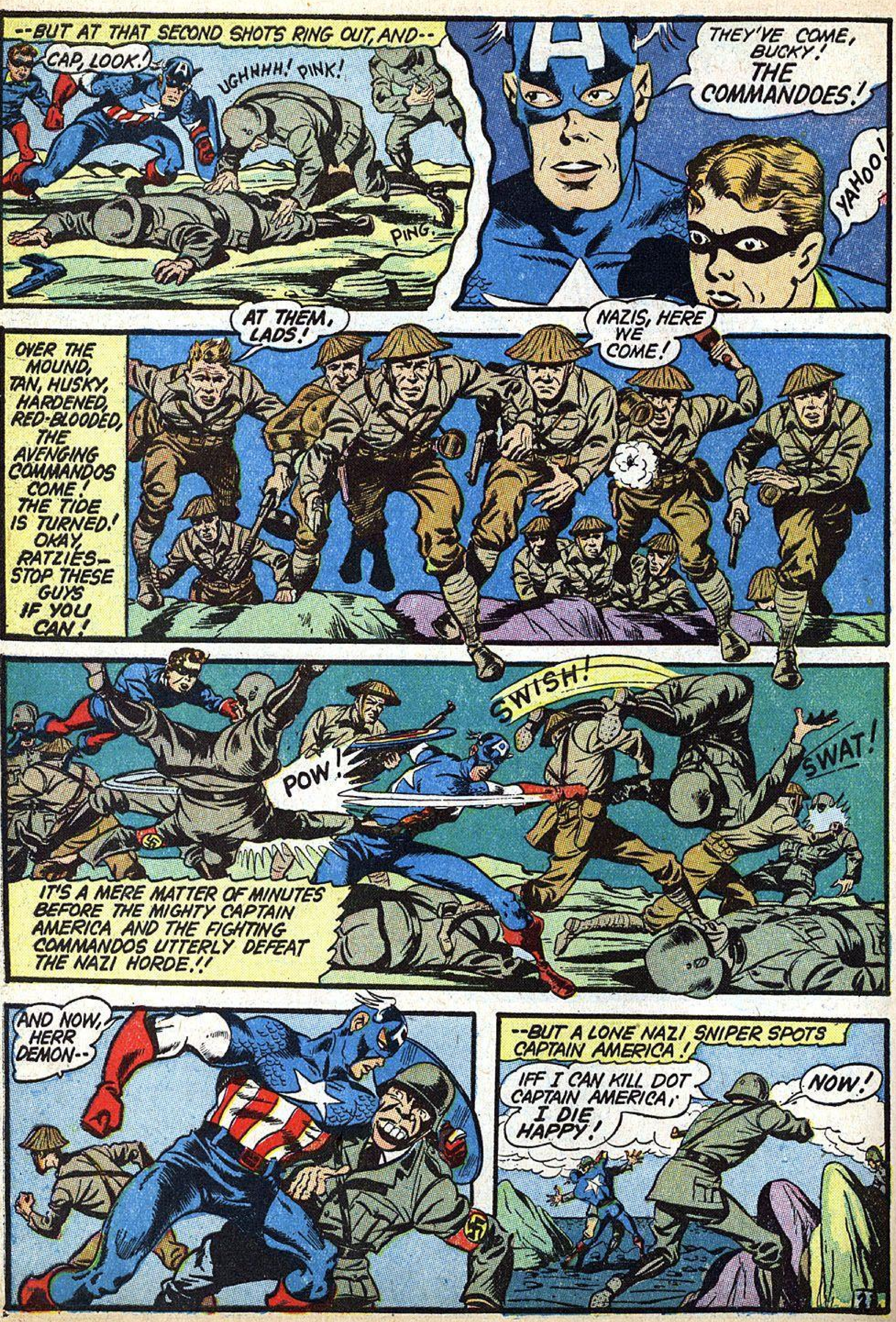

BUT, BUT I THOUGHT DER FUEHRER SAID DEY VASS ONLY FAIRY TALES!
YOU CAN'T USE DER SAME STUNTS IN BERLIN AS IN AMERICA!
YOU'LL SEE WHETHER WE EXIST OR NOT!
OH NO? THIS ONE IS STILL GOOD!
CLANG
I VILL KILL YOU BEFORE DOSE FIGHTING FIENDS CAN RESCUE YOU, GENERAL SPENSER!
I BEG TO DIFFER WITH YOU, BUD!
HOPELESSLY OUT-FOUGHT BY AMERICA'S GREATEST BATTLERS, DEMON SHRIEKS FOR HELP!
GUARDS!
WATCH IT, CAP! THERE'S MORE OF THEM!
ACH! DEY HIT PRETTY HARD FOR FAIRY TALES!
BUT HUMAN FLESH AND BLOOD CAN STAND ONLY SO MUCH! OUT NUMBERED, CAP AND BUCKY SOON LIE HELPLESSLY IN DEFEAT...
FOOLS! YOU THOUGHT TO DEFY THE ARMED MIGHT OF THE NAZIS, EH? TAKE THEM AWAY UNTIL THEY AWAKE!

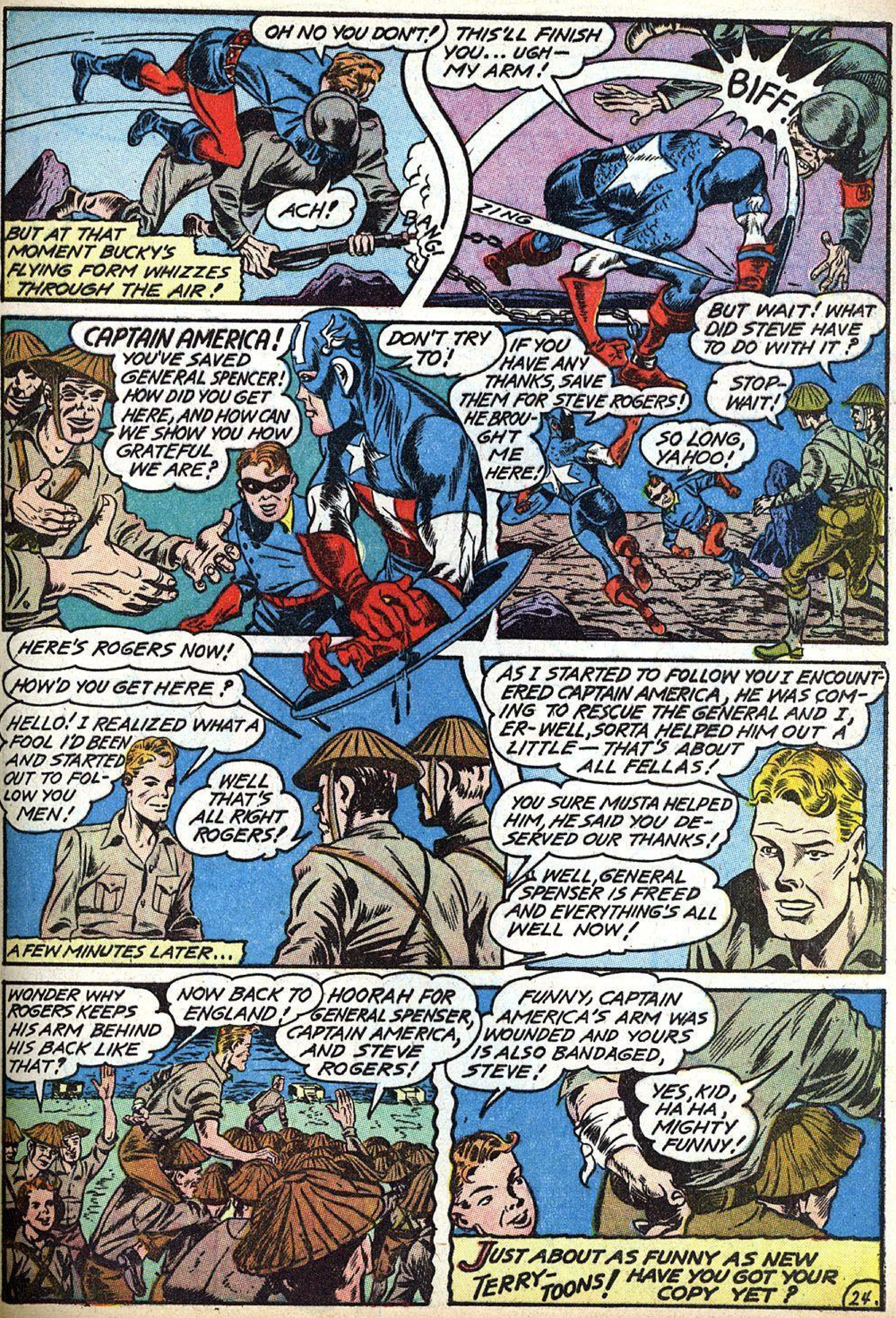

MINUTES LATER--
OH, MY HEAD! ARE YOU HERE, BUCKY?
YEAH, CAP, BUT WHERE ARE WE?
AH, YOU ARE AWAKE, ARE YOU! I HAFF NEWS FOR YOU!
IT MAY INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT YOUR GENERAL SPENCER IS GOING TO BE TAKEN TO THE CHANNEL COAST, AND THERE, IN PLAIN SIGHT OF ENGLAND, HE WILL BE WHIPPED UNTIL DEAD!
WHY, YOU---!
AFTER THAT, I SHALL RETURN AND FIND A PLEASANT WAY OF DISPOSING OF YOU! AUF WEIDERSEIN!
YOU RAT--IF I COULD GET FREE, I'D--
CAP, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! WE'VE GOT TO!
EASY, BUCKY, EASY, LAD! GETTING EXCITED WON'T HELP!
QUICK, BUCKY! GET BEHIND ME AND PULL!
GOTCHA, CAP!
UGH!
SNAP!
THAT'S IT!
QUIET NOW, LAD! WE'LL BE OUT OF THIS SOON!

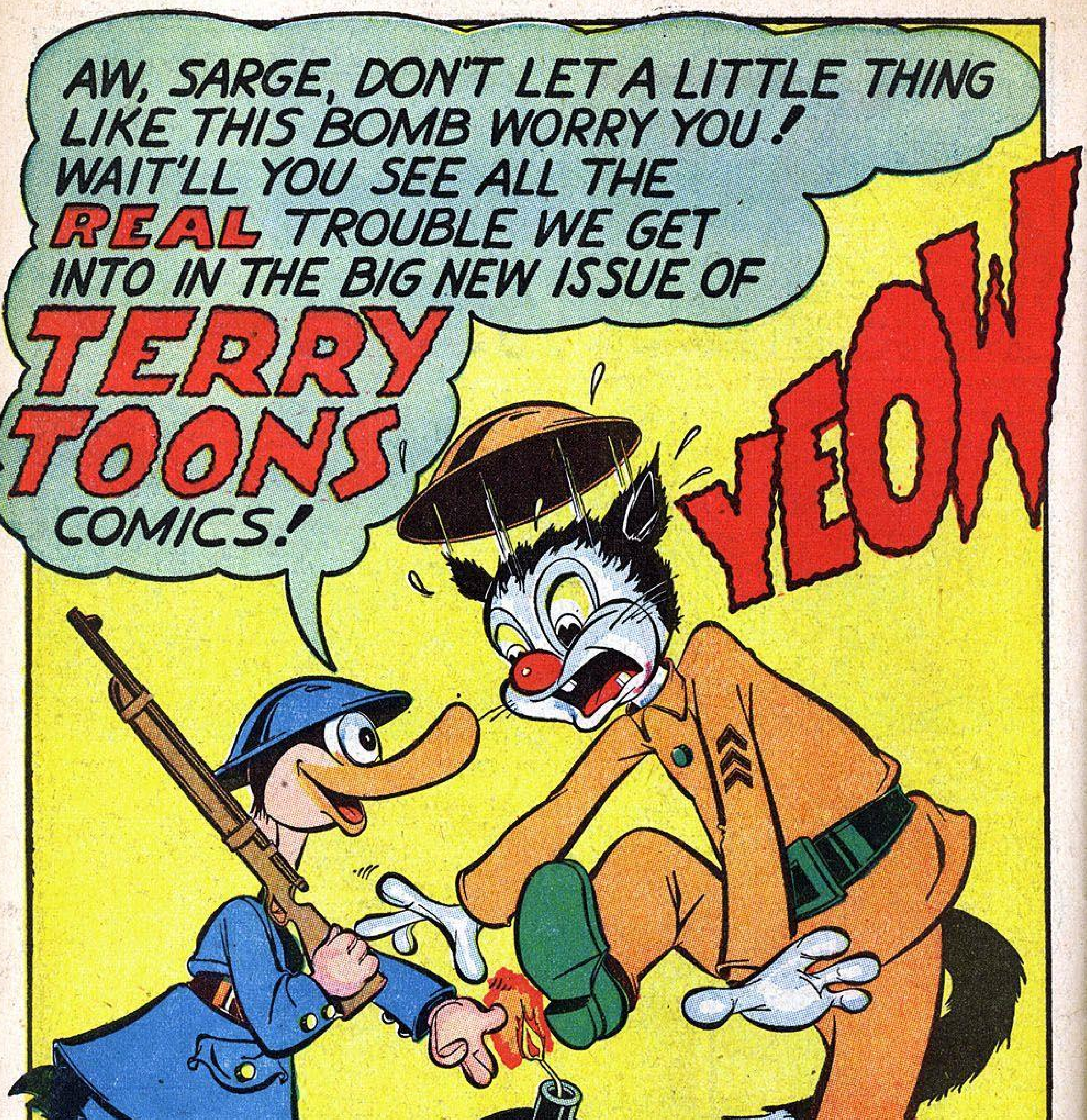

CRACK!!
ACH, VOT'S DAT?
VOT IS DER MININK OF DISS?
QUICK, GUARD! HELP THE BOY! HE TRIED TO KILL HIMSELF BY BANGING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL!
HERE GOES...
DESE FOOL, WEAK AMERICANS! HE TRIED TO KILL HIMSELF, HA, HA, HA, HA!
WEAK AMERICANS, EH!
POW!
CAP CUTS THRU BUCKY'S RUSTY CHAINS WITH THE SHARP EDGE OF HIS SHIELD!
O.K., BUCKY, I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE, KID!
ZZZZ
ZZZZ
THEIR ESCAPE MADE GOOD, THE TWO DAUNTLESS EVIL BATTLERS SPEED FROM THEIR CELL FEARLESSLY, TO THE HEART OF BERLIN!
NOW TO SAVE GENERAL SPENSER, EH, CAP?
RIGHT, BUCKY! THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE!
HOW BORING DIS JOB ISS! NEFFER ANY EXCITEMENT!
HEY, SAP! HOW'S THE WEATHER DOWN THERE?


FINE! HUH!
AND SO, FOR COUNTLESS HOURS, THE UNTIRING TWO RACE THRU THE GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE, HOPPING FREIGHTS, STEALING CARS, AND ON FOOT! THEIR GALLANT BLUE UNIFORMS SEEM TO MELT INTO THE AIR AS THEY OUTDISTANCE ALL PURSUIT IN THEIR RELENTLESS QUEST OF REVENGE!
Suddenly--
BUCKY--LOOK THERE!
FINALLY REACHING THEIR OBJECTIVE, CAP AND BUCKY FIND A HORRIBLE, ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE EXAMPLE OF NAZI BESTIALITY!!
CAP! THEY--THEY'RE GONNA BURN GENERAL SPENSER ALIVE!
OH, NO THEY'RE NOT!
YOU STILL REFUSE TO TALK, EH? VERY WELL, DEN! I SHALL NOW BURN YOU TILL YOU ARE DEAD!
IT AMUSES ME TO KNOW THAT YOUR ENGLISH FRIENDS VILL BE ABLE TO SEE DER SMOKE ACROSS DER CHANNEL!
I'LL DESTROY YOU BEFORE YOU CAN BE RESCUED!
--BUT TWO HUMAN DYNAMOS DASH UPON THE SCENE AT THAT SECOND! CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY IN ACTION AGAIN!!
YAHOO!
YAHOO! THUMBS UP, GENERAL!


TAKE THIS, YOU NAZI RAT!
EVEN AS BUCKY AND HERR DEMON STRUGGLE ON THE GROUND, THE SEETHING FLAMES GROW EVER NEARER TO THE HELPLESS FORM OF GENERAL SPENSER!!
---BUT THE WORLD'S GREATEST EVIL-AVENGER SEES THE GENERAL'S DANGER, AND---
HOLY SMOKE! I'D BETTER MOVE FAST! OUT OF THE WAY, VERMIN!
DISREGARDING THE INTENSE PAIN, CAPTAIN AMERICA ROLLS HIS TORTURED BODY INTO THE FLAMES, SNUFFING THEM OUT---
THE FLAMES ARE OUT!
THAT WAS THE MOST HEROIC ACT I HAVE EVER WITNESSED, CAPTAIN, BUT I FEAR IT WAS ALL IN VAIN! LOOK!
VE GOTT DEM NOW!


--BUT AT THAT SECOND SHOTS RING OUT, AND--
CAP, LOOK!
UGHHHH! PINK!
PING.
THEY'VE COME, BUCKY! THE COMMANDOES!
YAHOO!
OVER THE MOUND, TAN, HUSKY, HARDENED, RED-BLOODED, THE AVENGING COMMANDOS COME! THE TIDE IS TURNED! OKAY, RATZIES- STOP THESE GUYS IF YOU CAN!
AT THEM, LADS!
NAZIS, HERE WE COME!
SWISH!
SWAT!
POW!
IT'S A MERE MATTER OF MINUTES BEFORE THE MIGHTY CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FIGHTING COMMANDOS UTTERLY DEFEAT THE NAZI HORDE!!
AND NOW, HERR DEMON--
--BUT A LONE NAZI SNIPER SPOTS CAPTAIN AMERICA!
IFF I CAN KILL DOT CAPTAIN AMERICA, I DIE HAPPY!
NOW!


BUT AT THAT MOMENT BUCKY'S FLYING FORM WHIZZES THROUGH THE AIR!
OH NO YOU DON'T!
ACH!
BANG!
THIS'LL FINISH YOU... UGH— MY ARM!
BIFF!
ZING
CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU'VE SAVED GENERAL SPENCER! HOW DID YOU GET HERE, AND HOW CAN WE SHOW YOU HOW GRATEFUL WE ARE?
DON'T TRY TO!
IF YOU HAVE ANY THANKS, SAVE THEM FOR STEVE ROGERS! HE BROUGHT ME HERE!
BUT WAIT! WHAT DID STEVE HAVE TO DO WITH IT?
STOP— WAIT!
SO LONG, YAHOO!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
HERE'S ROGERS NOW!
HOW'D YOU GET HERE?
HELLO! I REALIZED WHAT A FOOL I'D BEEN AND STARTED OUT TO FOLLOW YOU MEN!
WELL THAT'S ALL RIGHT ROGERS!
AS I STARTED TO FOLLOW YOU I ENCOUNTERED CAPTAIN AMERICA, HE WAS COMING TO RESCUE THE GENERAL AND I, ER-WELL, SORTA HELPED HIM OUT A LITTLE—THAT'S ABOUT ALL FELLAS!
YOU SURE MUSTA HELPED HIM, HE SAID YOU DESERVED OUR THANKS!
WELL, GENERAL SPENSER IS FREED AND EVERYTHING'S ALL WELL NOW!
WONDER WHY ROGERS KEEPS HIS ARM BEHIND HIS BACK LIKE THAT?
NOW BACK TO ENGLAND!
HOORAH FOR GENERAL SPENSER, CAPTAIN AMERICA, AND STEVE ROGERS!
FUNNY, CAPTAIN AMERICA'S ARM WAS WOUNDED AND YOURS IS ALSO BANDAGED, STEVE!
YES, KID, HA HA, MIGHTY FUNNY!
JUST ABOUT AS FUNNY AS NEW TERRY-TOONS! HAVE YOU GOT YOUR COPY YET?


AW, SARGE, DON'T LET A LITTLE THING LIKE THIS BOMB WORRY YOU! WAIT'LL YOU SEE ALL THE REAL TROUBLE WE GET INTO IN THE BIG NEW ISSUE OF TERRY TOONS COMICS!
YEOW
©T.

YOU'VE READ AND ENJOYED
KRAZY KOMICS!
NOW DON'T FAIL TO RUSH TO YOUR
NEWSSTAND JULY 1ST FOR...

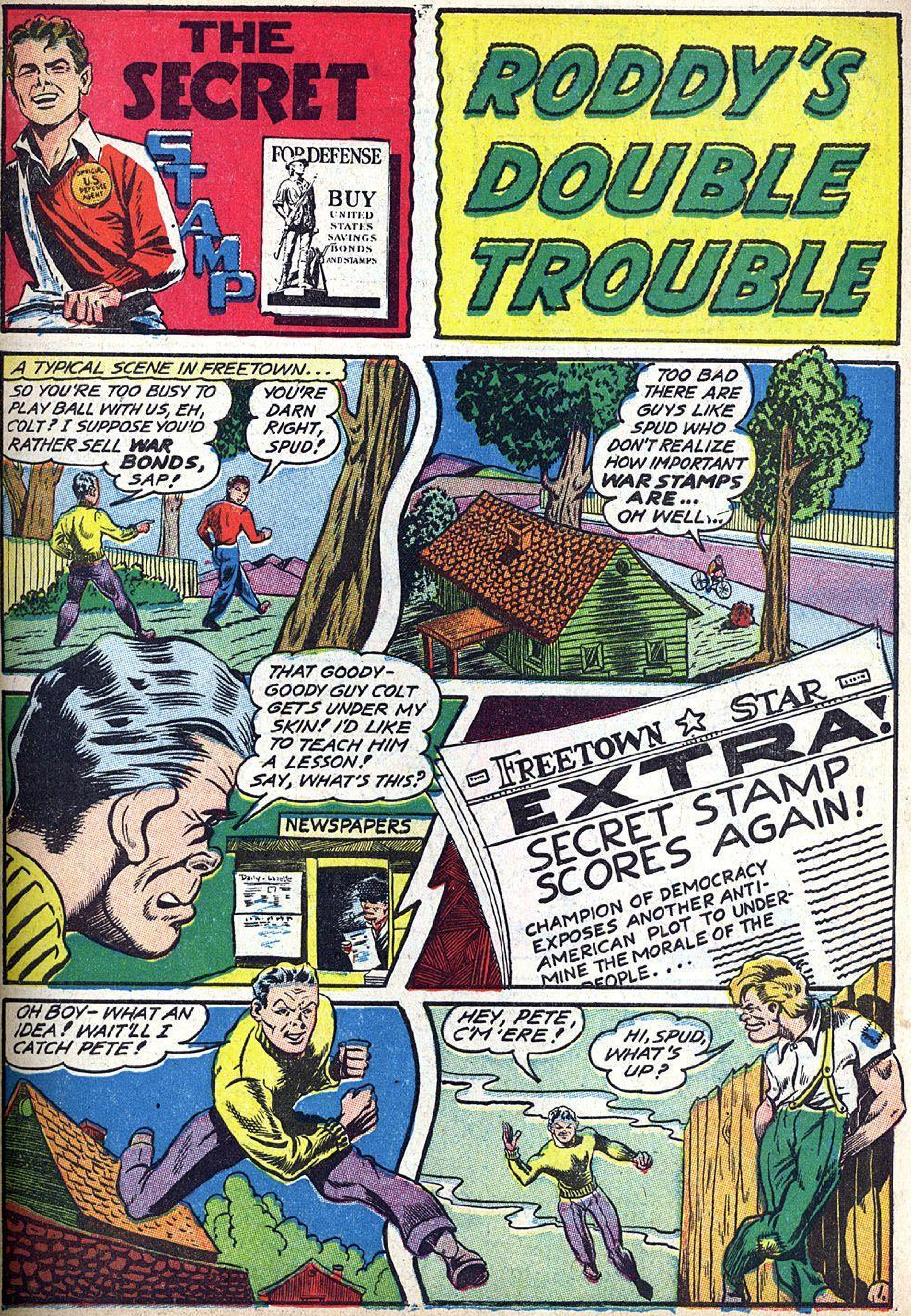
TERRY-TOONS COMICS

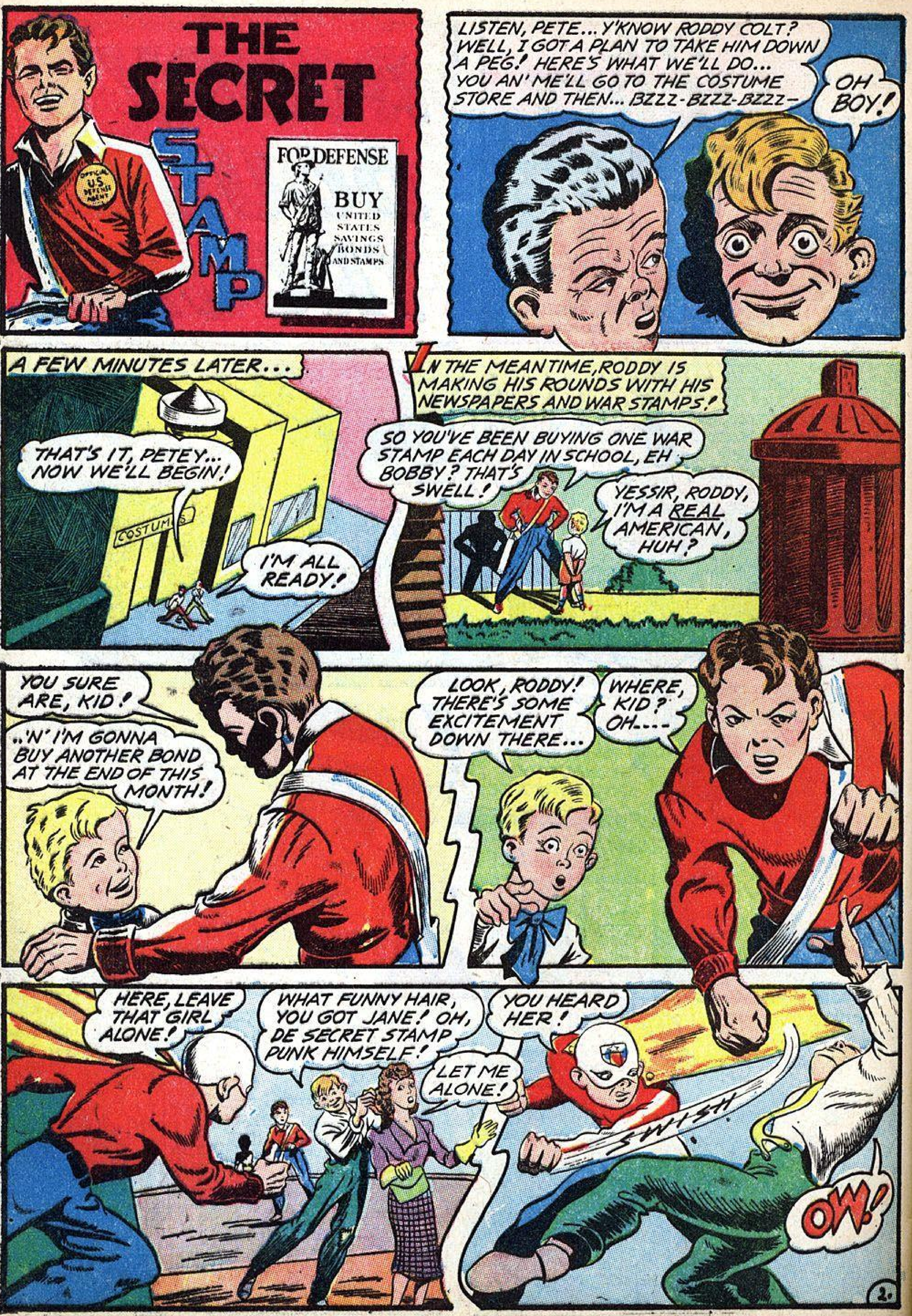
LEE

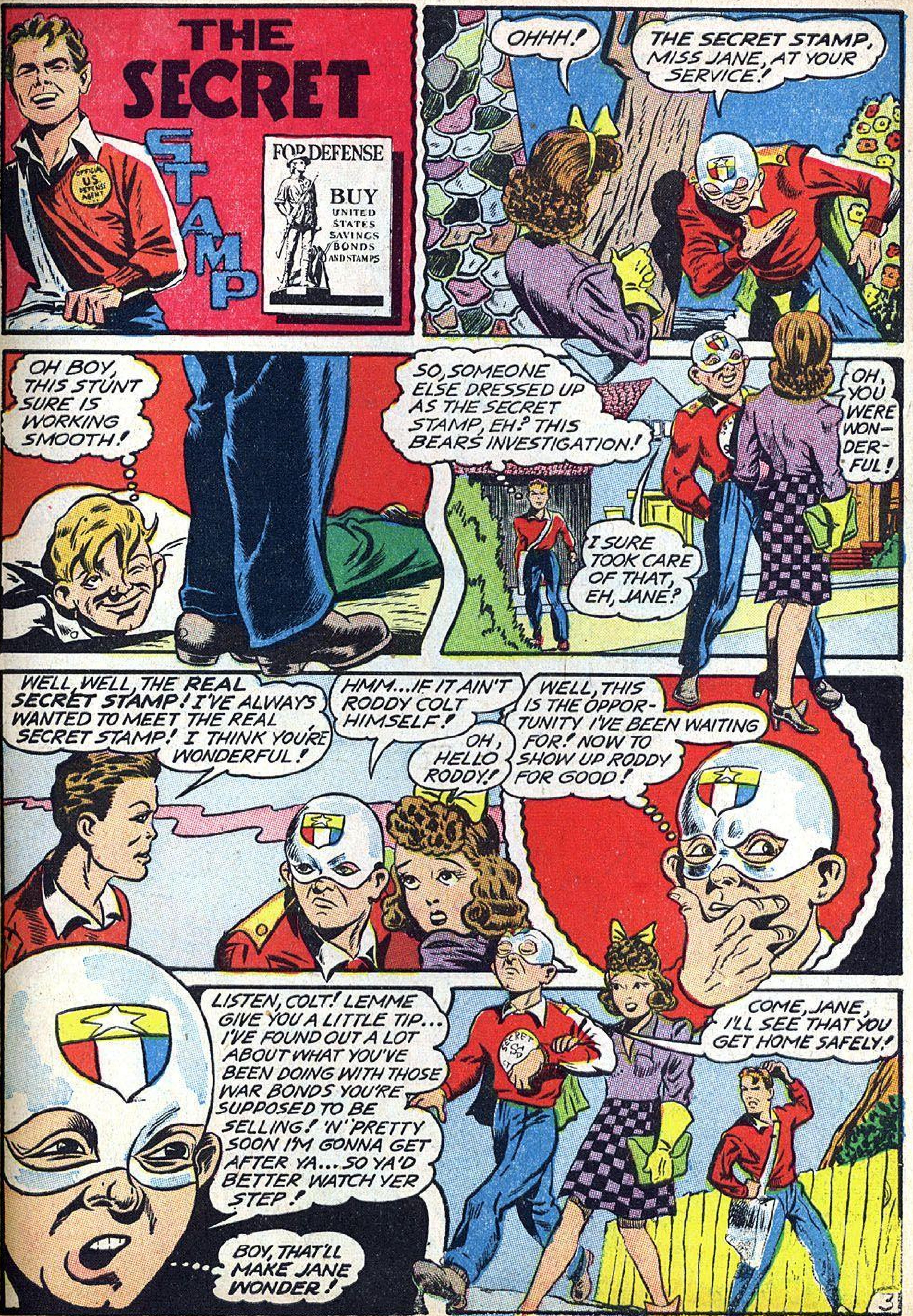
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

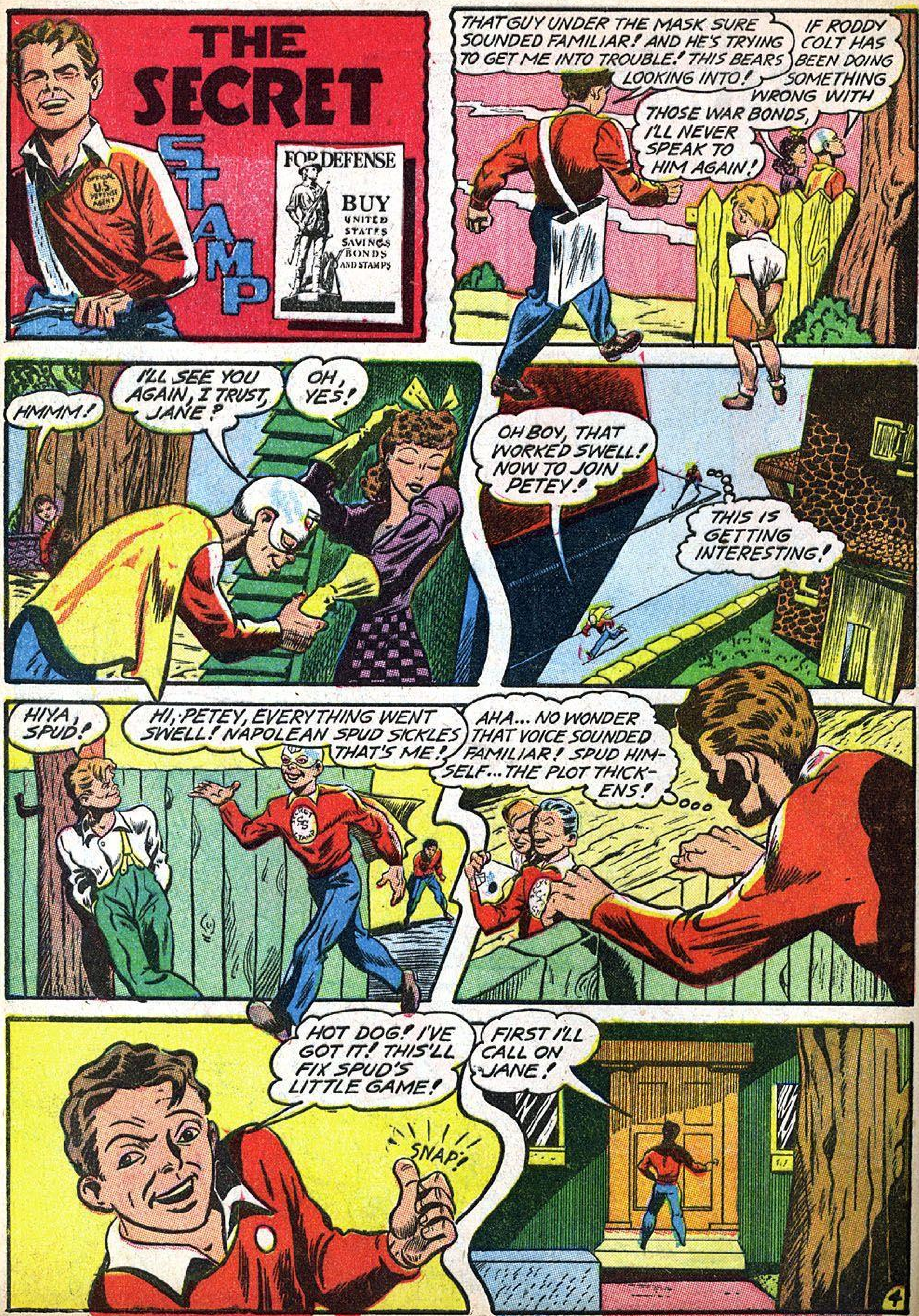
THE SECRET STAMP

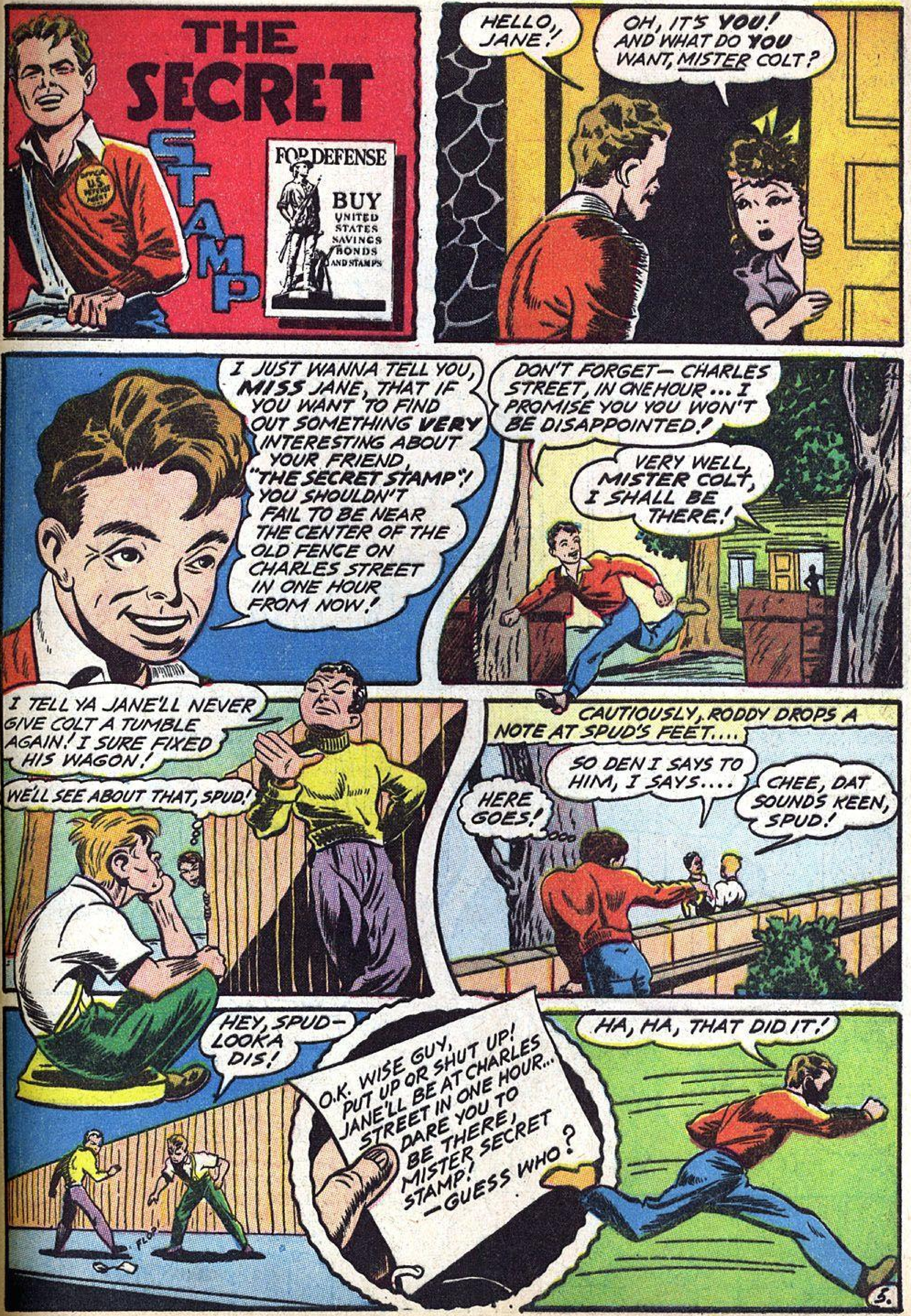
RODDY'S DOUBLE TROUBLE

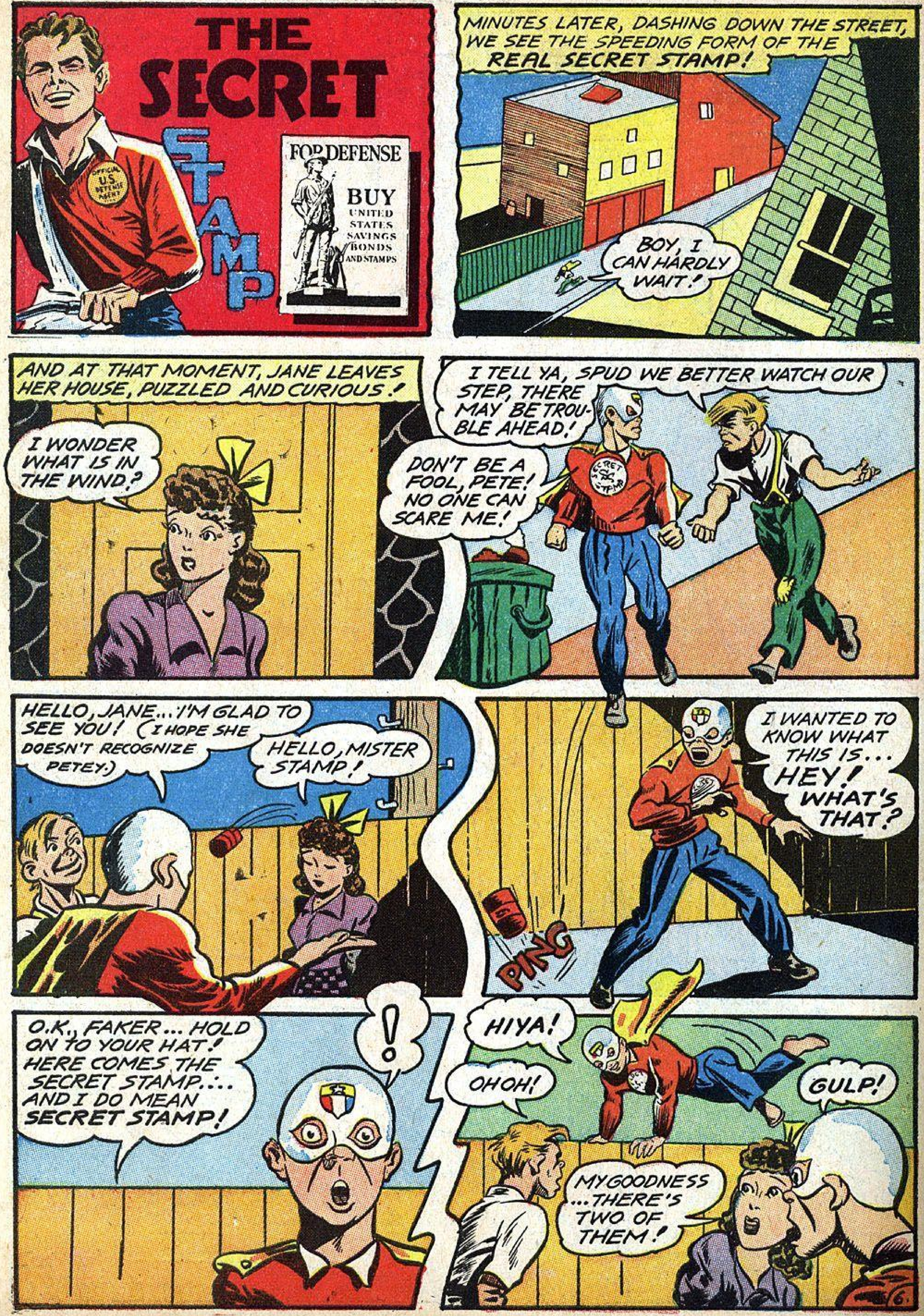

OFFICIAL U.S. DEFENSE AGENT
FOR DEFENSE
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
A TYPICAL SCENE IN FREETOWN...
SO YOU'RE TOO BUSY TO PLAY BALL WITH US, EH, COLT? I SUPPOSE YOU'D RATHER SELL WAR BONDS, SAP!
YOU'RE DARN RIGHT, SPUD!
TOO BAD THERE ARE GUYS LIKE SPUD WHO DON'T REALIZE HOW IMPORTANT WAR STAMPS ARE... OH WELL...
THAT GOODY-GOODY GUY COLT GETS UNDER MY SKIN! I'D LIKE TO TEACH HIM A LESSON! SAY, WHAT'S THIS?
NEWSPAPERS
FREETOWN ★ STAR
EXTRA!
SECRET STAMP SCORES AGAIN!
CHAMPION OF DEMOCRACY EXPOSES ANOTHER ANTI-AMERICAN PLOT TO UNDERMINE THE MORALE OF THE PEOPLE. . . .
OH BOY- WHAT AN IDEA! WAIT'LL I CATCH PETE!
HEY, PETE, C'M'ERE!
HI, SPUD, WHAT'S UP?
1.

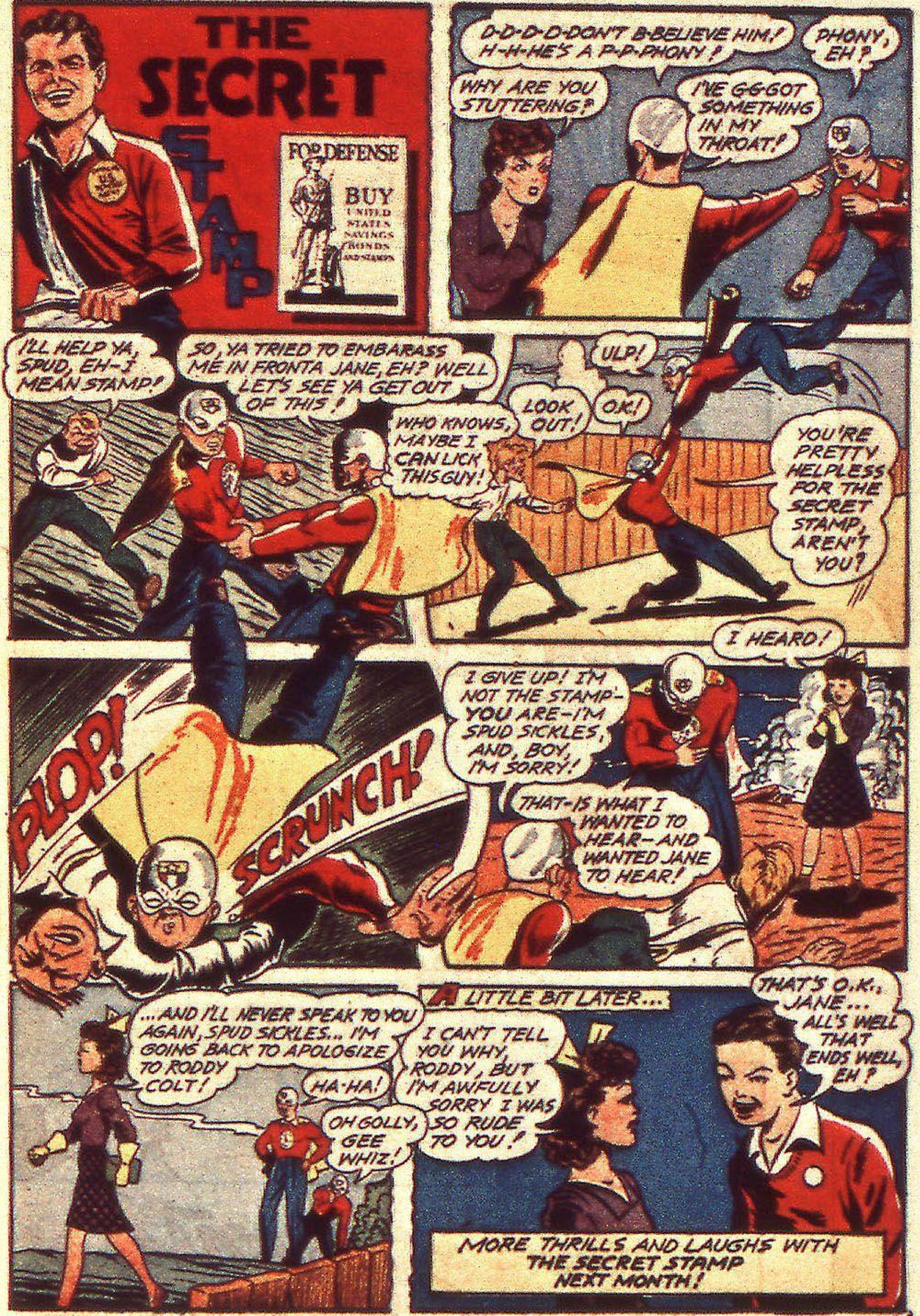

THE SECRET STAMP
OFFICIAL U.S. DEFENSE AGENT
FOR DEFENSE BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
LISTEN, PETE... Y'KNOW RODDY COLT? WELL, I GOT A PLAN TO TAKE HIM DOWN A PEG! HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO... YOU AN' ME'LL GO TO THE COSTUME STORE AND THEN... BZZZ-BZZZ-BZZZ-
OH BOY!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
THAT'S IT, PETEY... NOW WE'LL BEGIN!
COSTUMES
I'M ALL READY!
IN THE MEANTIME, RODDY IS MAKING HIS ROUNDS WITH HIS NEWSPAPERS AND WAR STAMPS!
SO YOU'VE BEEN BUYING ONE WAR STAMP EACH DAY IN SCHOOL, EH BOBBY? THAT'S SWELL!
YESSIR, RODDY, I'M A REAL AMERICAN, HUH?
YOU SURE ARE, KID!
..'N' I'M GONNA BUY ANOTHER BOND AT THE END OF THIS MONTH!
LOOK, RODDY! THERE'S SOME EXCITEMENT DOWN THERE...
WHERE, KID? OH....
HERE, LEAVE THAT GIRL ALONE!
WHAT FUNNY HAIR, YOU GOT JANE! OH, DE SECRET STAMP PUNK HIMSELF!
LET ME ALONE!
YOU HEARD HER!
SWISH
OW!

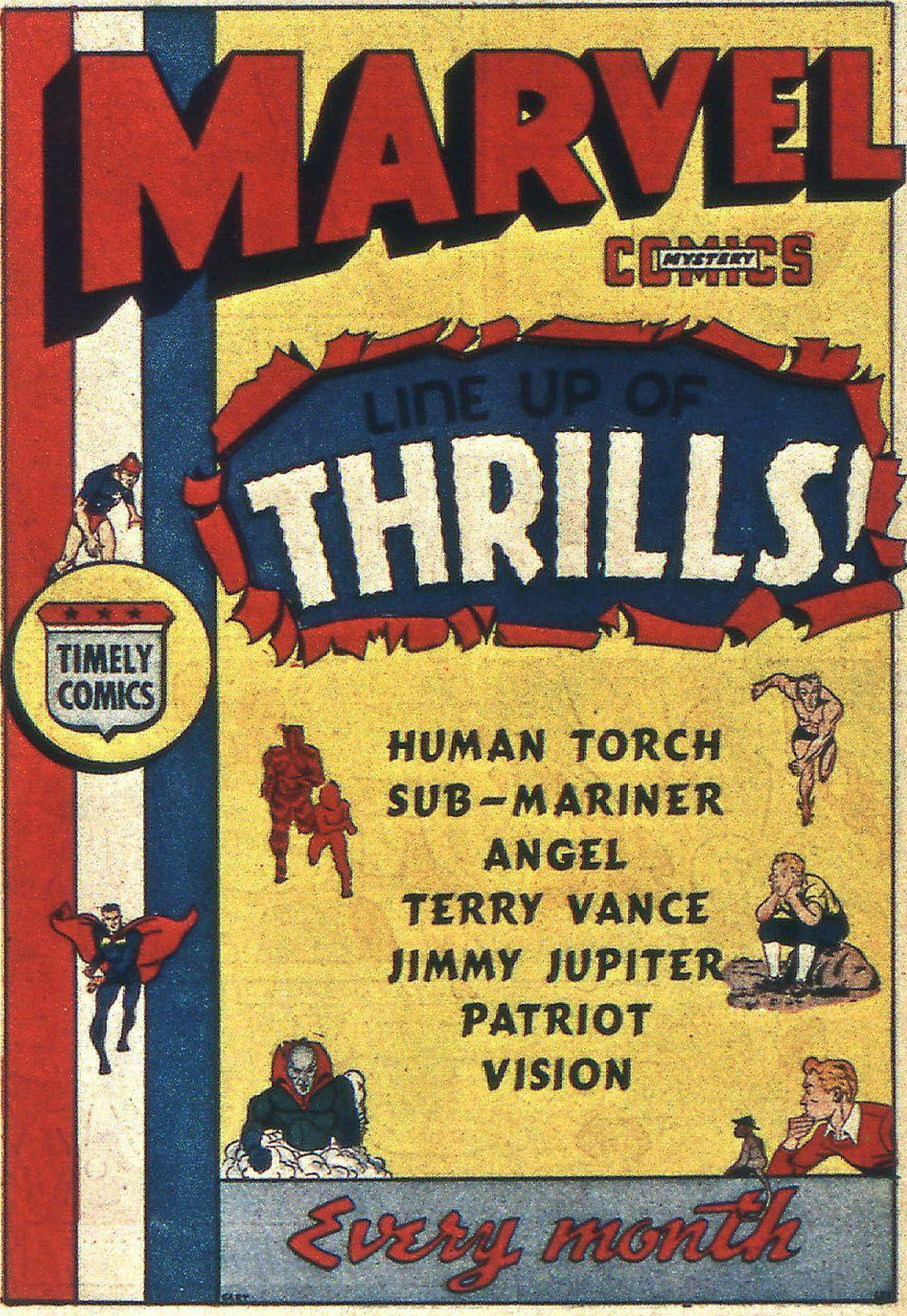

THE SECRET STAMP
OFFICIAL U.S. DEFENSE AGENT
FOR DEFENSE
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
OHHH!
THE SECRET STAMP, MISS JANE, AT YOUR SERVICE!
OH BOY, THIS STUNT SURE IS WORKING SMOOTH!
OH, YOU WERE WONDERFUL!
I SURE TOOK CARE OF THAT, EH, JANE?
SO, SOMEONE ELSE DRESSED UP AS THE SECRET STAMP, EH? THIS BEARS INVESTIGATION!
WELL, WELL, THE REAL SECRET STAMP! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET THE REAL SECRET STAMP! I THINK YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
HMM...IF IT AIN'T RODDY COLT HIMSELF!
OH, HELLO RODDY!
WELL, THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! NOW TO SHOW UP RODDY FOR GOOD!
LISTEN, COLT! LEMME GIVE YOU A LITTLE TIP... I'VE FOUND OUT A LOT ABOUT WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING WITH THOSE WAR BONDS YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SELLING! 'N' PRETTY SOON I'M GONNA GET AFTER YA... SO YA'D BETTER WATCH YER STEP!
BOY, THAT'LL MAKE JANE WONDER!
COME, JANE, I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET HOME SAFELY!


THE SECRET STAMP
OFFICIAL U.S. DEFENSE AGENT
FOR DEFENSE
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
THAT GUY UNDER THE MASK SURE SOUNDED FAMILIAR! AND HE'S TRYING TO GET ME INTO TROUBLE! THIS BEARS LOOKING INTO!
IF RODDY COLT HAS BEEN DOING SOMETHING WRONG WITH THOSE WAR BONDS, I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO HIM AGAIN!
HMMM!
I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN, I TRUST, JANE?
OH, YES!
OH BOY, THAT WORKED SWELL! NOW TO JOIN PETEY!
THIS IS GETTING INTERESTING!
HIYA, SPUD!
HI, PETEY, EVERYTHING WENT SWELL! NAPOLEAN SPUD SICKLES THAT'S ME!
SECRET U.S. STAMP
AHA... NO WONDER THAT VOICE SOUNDED FAMILIAR! SPUD HIMSELF... THE PLOT THICKENS!
HOT DOG! I'VE GOT IT! THIS'LL FIX SPUD'S LITTLE GAME!
SNAP!
FIRST I'LL CALL ON JANE!
4


THE SECRET STAMP
OFFICIAL U.S. DEFENSE AGENT
FOR DEFENSE BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
HELLO, JANE!
OH, IT'S YOU! AND WHAT DO YOU WANT, MISTER COLT?
I JUST WANNA TELL YOU, MISS JANE, THAT IF YOU WANT TO FIND OUT SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING ABOUT YOUR FRIEND, "THE SECRET STAMP", YOU SHOULDN'T FAIL TO BE NEAR THE CENTER OF THE OLD FENCE ON CHARLES STREET IN ONE HOUR FROM NOW!
DON'T FORGET— CHARLES STREET, IN ONE HOUR... I PROMISE YOU YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED!
VERY WELL, MISTER COLT, I SHALL BE THERE!
I TELL YA JANE'LL NEVER GIVE COLT A TUMBLE AGAIN! I SURE FIXED HIS WAGON!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, SPUD!
CAUTIOUSLY, RODDY DROPS A NOTE AT SPUD'S FEET....
SO DEN I SAYS TO HIM, I SAYS....
CHEE, DAT SOUNDS KEEN, SPUD!
HERE GOES!
HEY, SPUD— LOOKA DIS!
FLOP
O.K. WISE GUY, PUT UP OR SHUT UP! JANE'LL BE AT CHARLES STREET IN ONE HOUR... DARE YOU TO BE THERE, MISTER SECRET STAMP! —GUESS WHO?
HA, HA, THAT DID IT!


THE SECRET STAMP
OFFICIAL U.S. DEFENSE AGENT
FOR DEFENSE
BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
MINUTES LATER, DASHING DOWN THE STREET, WE SEE THE SPEEDING FORM OF THE REAL SECRET STAMP!
BOY, I CAN HARDLY WAIT!
AND AT THAT MOMENT, JANE LEAVES HER HOUSE, PUZZLED AND CURIOUS!
I WONDER WHAT IS IN THE WIND?
I TELL YA, SPUD WE BETTER WATCH OUR STEP, THERE MAY BE TROUBLE AHEAD!
DON'T BE A FOOL, PETE! NO ONE CAN SCARE ME!
SECRET STAMP
HELLO, JANE...I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU! (I HOPE SHE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE PETEY.)
HELLO, MISTER STAMP!
I WANTED TO KNOW WHAT THIS IS... HEY! WHAT'S THAT?
PING
O.K., FAKER... HOLD ON TO YOUR HAT! HERE COMES THE SECRET STAMP... AND I DO MEAN SECRET STAMP!
!
HIYA!
OHOH!
GULP!
MY GOODNESS ...THERE'S TWO OF THEM!
6.


THE SECRET STAMP
FOR DEFENSE BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
D-D-D-D-DON'T B-BELIEVE HIM! H-H-HE'S A P-P-PHONY!
PHONY, EH?
WHY ARE YOU STUTTERING?
I'VE G-G-GOT SOMETHING IN MY THROAT!
I'LL HELP YA, SPUD, EH-I MEAN STAMP!
SO, YA TRIED TO EMBARASS ME IN FRONTA JANE, EH? WELL LET'S SEE YA GET OUT OF THIS!
WHO KNOWS, MAYBE I CAN LICK THIS GUY!
LOOK OUT!
OK!
ULP!
YOU'RE PRETTY HELPLESS FOR THE SECRET STAMP, AREN'T YOU?
PLOP!
SCRUNCH!
I HEARD!
I GIVE UP! I'M NOT THE STAMP-YOU ARE-I'M SPUD SICKLES, AND, BOY, I'M SORRY!
THAT-IS WHAT I WANTED TO HEAR-AND WANTED JANE TO HEAR!
...AND I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN, SPUD SICKLES... I'M GOING BACK TO APOLOGIZE TO RODDY COLT!
HA-HA!
OH GOLLY, GEE WHIZ!
A LITTLE BIT LATER...
I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY, RODDY, BUT I'M AWFULLY SORRY I WAS SO RUDE TO YOU!
THAT'S O.K., JANE... ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, EH?
MORE THRILLS AND LAUGHS WITH THE SECRET STAMP NEXT MONTH!


MARVEL
MYSTERY
COMICS
LINE UP OF
THRILLS!
TIMELY
COMICS
HUMAN TORCH
SUB-MARINER
ANGEL
TERRY VANCE
JIMMY JUPITER
PATRIOT
VISION
Every month

SENTINELS OF LIBERTY
SECRET CLUB NEWS

CAP says:

Well, Sentinels, here we are again!

I'm really very excited about all the swell entries you've sent in to last month's contest, and I'll have the names of the contest winners for you as soon as possible! – The Human Torch is helping Bucky and me judge the contest!

By the way, speaking of the Torch, from now on he'll be appearing regularly in your Captain America Magazine–and I hope you'll enjoy his adventures as much as I do! – Oh, and let me know if you'd like to see the Human Torch and me in the same story together some time, eh?

See you next month . .

BUCKY says:

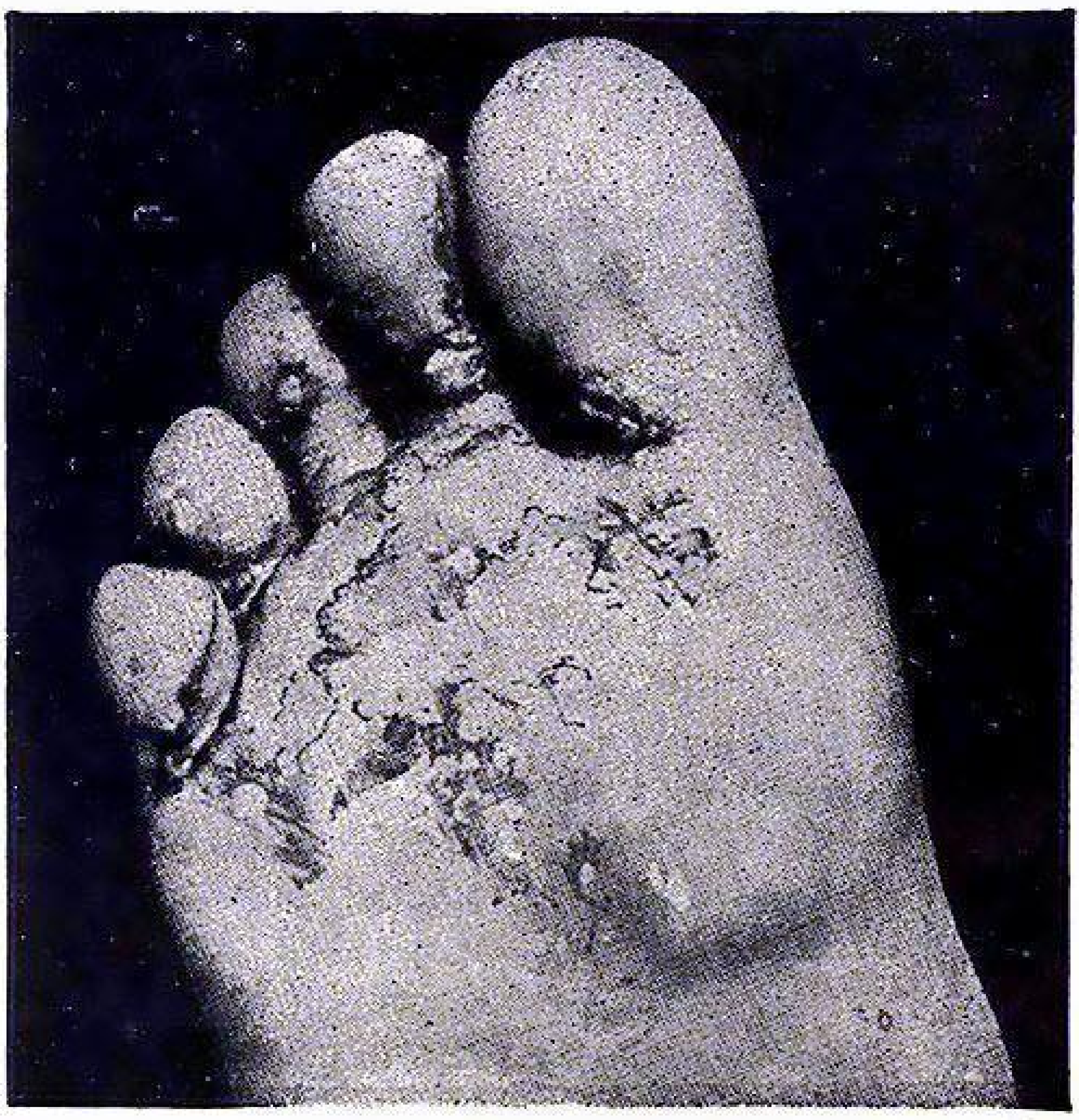
Ya-Hoo, Pals!

Well, how didja like Cap as a Commando? Terrific, wasn't he? And, boy, oh boy, lemme tell you that from now on Cap'll be seeing a lot of action over there on the other side where the fighting's thickest — and here, too, when he's needed! Yessir, Cap sure does get around!

Now, till we meet next month in some of the spookiest and most exciting stories you've ever read, here are your code passwords for this month:

To enter club room — VLN NKQ GYV ZYJG —

To leave club-room — WQCXH HKQRQ IN WQCXZMP!



FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved

SEND COUPON

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medecine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY
H F
CONTAINS: ACETONE PINE OIL, BENZOIC ACID, SALICYLIC ACID
CONTENTS ½ FLUID OZ
PRICE $1.00
Sold By
Gore Products Inc
New Orleans, La

M.C.

GORE PRODUCTS, INC.
835 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

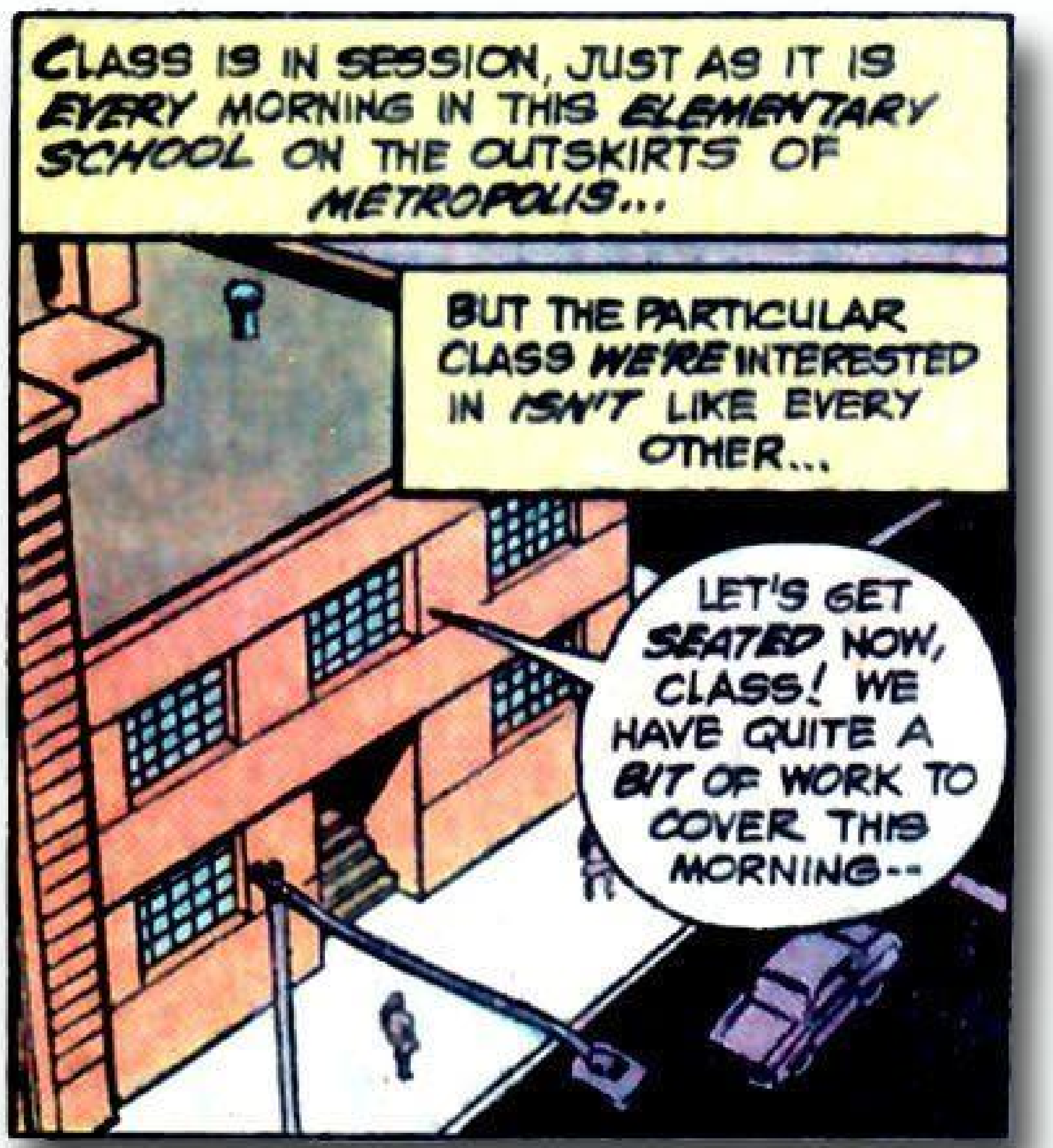
Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

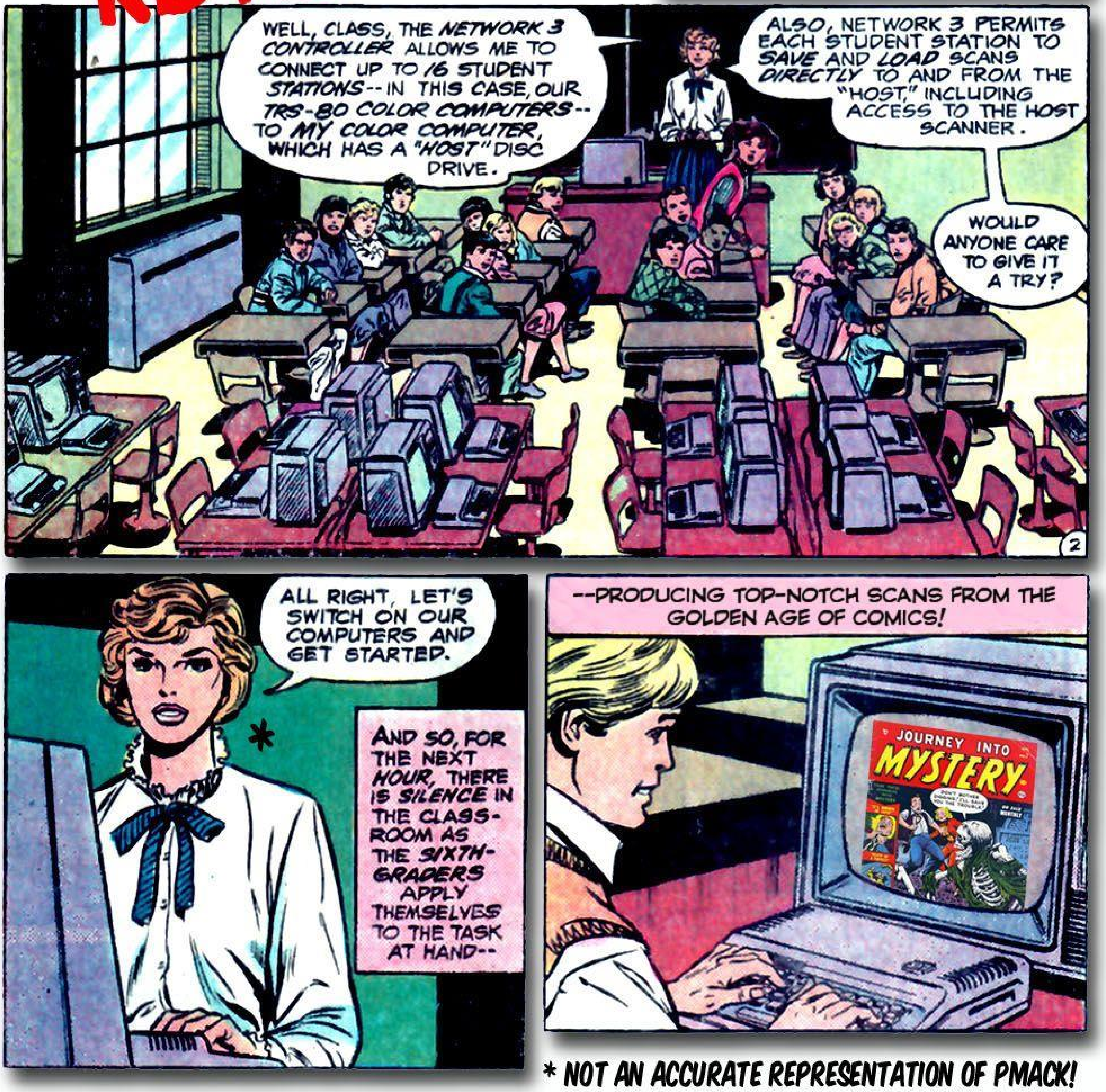
NAME..

ADDRESS..

CITY.................................STATE..............

SECRETS of the PMACK SCANNING EMPIRE REVEALED


CLASS IS IN SESSION, JUST AS IT IS EVERY MORNING IN THIS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF METROPOLIS...
BUT THE PARTICULAR CLASS WE'RE INTERESTED IN ISN'T LIKE EVERY OTHER...
LET'S GET SEATED NOW, CLASS! WE HAVE QUITE A BIT OF WORK TO COVER THIS MORNING--


WELL, CLASS, THE NETWORK 3 CONTROLLER ALLOWS ME TO CONNECT UP TO 16 STUDENT STATIONS--IN THIS CASE, OUR TRS-80 COLOR COMPUTERS--TO MY COLOR COMPUTER, WHICH HAS A "HOST" DISC DRIVE.
ALSO, NETWORK 3 PERMITS EACH STUDENT STATION TO SAVE AND LOAD SCANS DIRECTLY TO AND FROM THE "HOST," INCLUDING ACCESS TO THE HOST SCANNER.
WOULD ANYONE CARE TO GIVE IT A TRY?
2
ALL RIGHT, LET'S SWITCH ON OUR COMPUTERS AND GET STARTED.
*
AND SO, FOR THE NEXT HOUR, THERE IS SILENCE IN THE CLASSROOM AS THE SIXTH-GRADERS APPLY THEMSELVES TO THE TASK AT HAND--
--PRODUCING TOP-NOTCH SCANS FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF COMICS!
JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY

* NOT AN ACCURATE REPRESENTATION OF PMACK!

Pmack Scans: shamelessly exploiting child labor since 2005